REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE

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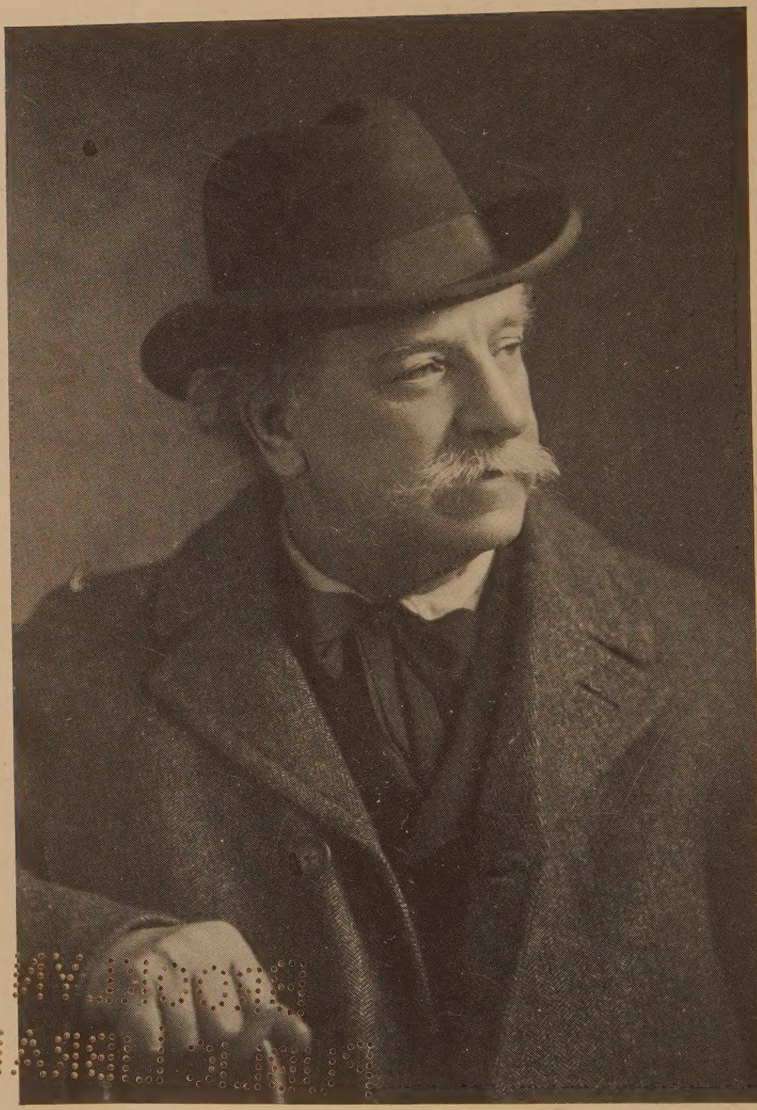

Photo by *Elliott & Fry*

SIR CHARLES SANTLEY

REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE

BY

CHARLES SANTLEY

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DEDICATION

67 Carlton Hill,
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My dear Kilmorey,

Since we first became acquainted, some fifty years ago, you have been my staunch friend and patron; and at a recent important crisis in my career, your unbounded generosity rendered me invaluable service. I therefore beg you to accept the dedication of these "reminiscences," the only return I can offer you.

Your affectionate and grateful old friend,

C. Santley.

To the Earl of Kilmorey, K.P.,
Mourne Park,
Newry.

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Reminiscences of My Life

CHAPTER I

NATIONALITY—Ancestry—An Aunt's Elopement—My Uncle Proprietor of Harrow Coach—Favourite of the Boys—Slight Connection with Geordie Stephenson—A Herculean Alto-soloist—First Introduction to the Theatre—Desire to Appear thereon—The Invisible Orchestra—"Sea" *v.* "Stage"—Puritanical Objections"—Macready.

IN my book, *Student and Singer*, I gave the place and date of my birth, but I did not give any account of "who I am," and "where I sprang from." As I have often been asked, I think I cannot do better than tell what I have learned about myself. In seeking the information, I had no other motive than to satisfy my curiosity about my name which, when a boy, I disliked very much, and often wished it had been Smith, or any other ordinary appellation. My father told me it was originally Sontley; that an ignorant ancestor had converted it phonetically into Sauntley; the "u" having been subsequently eliminated by another probably equally ignorant; moreover, that a large district with a manor-house, in the vicinity of Wrexham, at one time belonged to the family and bore the family name. I let the matter rest until a few years ago, when those who are curious to know all about public

characters began to make enquiries as to my nationality, cognomen, etc.

I have been taken for an Irishman, I suppose because I acquired a "taste of the brogue" during the five years of my apprenticeship, those with whom I came in contact being chiefly Irish; I have been taken for an Italian sometimes; I am told by the natives I have a very slight foreign accent; and I was once taken for a Dutchman, by a waiter at the hotel on the Furca.

I enquired of him what there was to eat, in my German, which is not A1; I afterwards found he talked English well, and I remonstrated with him for not talking English to me, on which he politely told me, he could not commit such a breach of etiquette as to reply in any other language than that in which he was addressed. "Surely," I said, "you could hear I was a foreigner by my accent." "Yes," he replied; "but I took you for a Hollander." I do not know Dutch and have never to my knowledge heard it spoken, except by Mr. Krüger and General Joubert, when I was present at the prorogation of Parliament at Pretoria in 1893. Maybe, some similarity may exist between my "Irish-Liverpool" and the Dutch accent, which would account for the waiter's mistake.

In my search for ancestors I had the good luck to enlist the services of my friend, Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, Garter King-at-Arms, who, having all the records at his command in the Herald's

College, undertook to find out who I was. The search extended over some considerable time, as my forefathers during the eighteenth century were involved in a cloud of mystery. I presume they had got rid of their patrimony and gone to the dogs; as their successors, with whom I was acquainted in my early years, were anything but edifying specimens of a family of any importance.

Some details regarding my immediate ancestors being required, I applied to my father for information; his reply was that "he knew little about them, which little was not to their credit, and he had no desire to know any more." I have mislaid or lost the genealogical table Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty sent me, and all I remember of it is that it was headed by Earl Tudor Trevor; that a Sontley was Rector of Wrexham Parish Church about 1630; that my ancestors were Welsh, and until somewhere in the eighteenth century lived in Wales, when they removed to Cheshire, where my grandfather was born. I confided to Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty that I feared my forefathers must have been a bad lot to have sunk so deep in the mire. "Oh!" said he, "we find many cases worse than theirs; your endeavour must be to restore the name which distinguished your early ancestors." As I have already said in *Student and Singer*, my singing qualities I inherited from my mother, who, as well as her brothers and sisters, had a charming voice, not

of great volume but very sympathetic in quality. My musical qualities I had "rubbed in" with very little oil, at an early age; they ought to be worth something, for they cost me a young Niagara of tears.

A sister of my mother, when a young girl, was leading soprano at the Parish Church of St. Peter, Liverpool. One evening, leaving the church after rehearsal, she tumbled into a newly-opened grave, from which she was rescued by a gallant young man who had been an attentive listener during the rehearsal. He insisted on seeing my aunt home, and thus an acquaintance was formed which soon ripened into mutual affection. My grandparents would not consent to give their daughter in marriage to a man of whom they knew little or nothing, so the young people took the "bull by the horns" and eloped, my grandfather chasing them not far behind, but too far to prevent the knot being tied. This is the only romantic story I know recorded in the family archives. I was called Charles, after the hero, by my mother's desire, which roused from sleep the "green-eyed monster" in the paternal bosom. Before his death, my uncle became proprietor of the coach which plied between London and Pinner, passing through Harrow, where the young philosophers used occasionally to amuse themselves by stoning the vehicle and frightening the passengers out of their wits. However, they always paid for any damage which accrued, although they could not offer

adequate recompense for the annoyance and fright they caused the unfortunate travellers.

They were boys' freaks, in which, unpleasant as they proved to their victims, there was no feeling of malice or ill-nature. My uncle was a very sympathetic, good-natured man, and was always a great favourite with the Harrow boys, many of whom showed the respect in which they held him by attending his funeral.

The following may be interesting to some readers. When Stephenson was constructing the railway from Liverpool to Manchester, my grandfather, bookseller and bookbinder in Berry Street, Liverpool, was entrusted by the great engineer with the mounting of his plans on stiff cardboard; my father used to take them back to the office, so both became acquainted with Stephenson. On one occasion, when he was showing my grandfather over the works connected with the Olive Mount cutting, they were examining some portion on the top platform, when my grandfather stepped back on a hole in the wood-work, Stephenson seized him by the arm, pulled him back, and so saved him from breaking his neck.

As I have recorded, I commenced my career as a singer when I was about six years of age, my efforts being confined to amusing "visitors to tea." I could not have been more than eight when I began to attend the performances of the "Festival Choral Society," which, with the

exception of the choral numbers, did not excite my enthusiasm. Sitting on a hard form, not too broad, with a strip of glazed calico for a cushion, made me feel more as though I were expiating my sins than taking part in a concert. The principal singers provided me with the only alleviation of my pains; they acted as soporifics, and I slumbered peacefully during their part of the performance. There was one exception, a male alto, a big, full-chested man, whose appearance gave promise of the voice of a Jupiter Tonans. When he started to hold forth, I used to open my eyes to gaze with wonder on the contortions of his features, and my ears to catch the squeaky sounds which issued from his Herculean throat. I always felt a mingling of sorrow and shame in sympathy with what I imagined must have been his own feeling at having to make such an exhibition. Possibly I had no reason, he may have enjoyed himself; I certainly did not.

In 1849 I heard the alto solos in the "Messiah" sung for the first time by a contralto, Martha Williams, afterwards Mrs. Lockey. Although the music is not well adapted to the contralto voice, notably the air, "But who may abide," with the allegro movement, "For He is like a refiner's fire,"—which at the Sacred Harmonic Society and Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace was always entrusted to the contralto,—the substitution of the female for the male alto I found a decided

improvement. I know Macfarren decided that "But who may abide" was intended for the alto, but I find, on referring to the facsimile of the original score, that it is written in the bass clef in $\frac{12}{8}$ time throughout, including "For He is like a refiner's fire," etc. It is quite probable that when Handel wrote an allegro movement to these words he entrusted the song to an alto, but the *tessitura* is unmistakably bass.

It is a mistake, in my opinion, to give the air "But Thou didst not leave" in the same oratorio to the tenor. It was always sung by a soprano, and I never heard it otherwise until Reeves sang it at the Sacred Harmonic performances. The *tessitura* of the song is not tenor; certainly Mozart, or whoever added the wind accompaniments to it, was of the same opinion. At the Handel Festival, held in Westminster Abbey in 1834, Mr. Machin (bass) sang "But who may abide," etc., and Miss Shirriff (soprano) "But Thou didst not leave." Sir George Smart conducted the festival, and as he had the traditions direct from Handel, I presume the solo music was allotted to the voices for which it was intended by the composer.

My first introduction to the stage was at the amphitheatre, when little more than three years of age. I have somewhere said I was "stage-struck," but after upwards of seventy years' experience of life, I can truly say I "fell in love" with the stage, and my love has been constant

been placed outside the theatre entirely; the perpetual "tremolo" of the violins and "buzz" of the reed instruments were so irritating to my nerves.

I have also said I had a violent *passion* for the sea. I was merely "sea-struck," for when I learned that "porter and skittles" were chiefly conspicuous by their absence from a sailor's life, my passion cooled like most other violent passions. I had ample opportunity of inspecting the *accommodation* (?) the forecastle afforded the hardy seamen who braved the dangers of the deep to earn a scanty living, whilst helping to provide the pampered landsman with food, raiment, and luxuries. Saving sufficient to eat a crust in his old age was out of the question. If he escaped drowning or making a toothsome meal for a shark, he had to end his days in the workhouse, where consideration for age and infirmity was not as plentiful as it is in most of our workhouses now.

Two sights I remember had a great effect in stifling my sea-going passion. A sugar-laden ship lay in the middle of one of the old docks waiting for a berth to discharge her cargo; for yards round her hull there was a belt of big, fat, red cockroaches struggling for life; later, I saw the discharged cargo being stored in a warehouse close by the dock; the carts which transported the sugar to the warehouse were literally swarming with the loathsome "beasties," and

I found out that the whole ship had been infested with them throughout her voyage from the West Indies—hammocks, bunks, pantry, every nook and corner. This served as a strong moral antidote.

The other sight was a ship laden with pine-apples in bulk, also lying in the dock waiting for a berth ; she was surrounded by an army of rats which had enjoyed a free passage and plenty of food, and were now striving to escape a watery grave, having been driven from their comfortable quarters by the preparations made for discharging the ship. My idea of " a life on the ocean wave " was " the blue above and the blue below," and " dancing dolphins sparkling in the brine " ; an occasional " capful " of wind would not have troubled me ; but when it became a question of cockroaches of gigantic dimensions, red or black, or swarms of rats for bedfellows, I made up my mind that " a sailor's life was *not* the life for me."

I flew back to the embrace of my own true love, resolved never again to swerve from my allegiance to her. I can say with truth that I have been a faithful swain, yet I make no boast of it, for she merited devotion far beyond any I have ever been able to bestow on her, not from lack of affection or perseverance, but owing to circumstances over which I had no control.

First I had to combat the puritanical ideas which pervaded, and, to a certain extent, still pervade all classes in England. My father had a strong objection to my going to the theatre,

though he used to descant in glowing terms on the wonderful performances he had himself witnessed, especially those of Edmund Kean; and often of an evening, when the family circle was gathered round the hearth, he would read us one, or a part of one, of Shakespeare's plays. He never objected to my reading them when I had prepared my lessons, and so I became intimately acquainted with them early in life, but it was only by begging and praying that at last he relented and took me to see Macready in "Hamlet." Absurd as it may appear, for I was only eleven or twelve years of age, I was disappointed. I knew the play well, and the actor did not satisfy my idea of the personage he represented. I saw Macready after in "Richelieu": that was a performance never to be forgotten; it was superb!

Alfred Mellon told me a very amusing anecdote of Macready, *à propos* of his irritability when engaged in a performance. He was playing *Macbeth* one night at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, during a starring engagement.

When the bell rang for the second act, the call-boy, who was an Irish lad, gifted with the ready wit of his countrymen, entered the great actor's room to tell him the curtain was about to rise, and placed on the table the dagger used in the first scene. Macready called out in a gruff voice as the boy was disappearing, "What is that, sir?" "That's the dagger, sir," the boy replied.

"Take it away, sir, and bring me another," said Macready. "Very sorry," said the boy, "but we have no other." "Take it away!" shouted the actor, "I must have a better." "But we haven't got a better, sir," replied the young joker. "That's a very good dagger, sir; it's the one Mr. Kean used, and—with a snigger—he wasn't a bad actor, sir!"

Then I saw *Macbeth* played by a renowned actor in a manner which caused me to grieve; I found my favourite tragedy converted into a long, dull farce; and my drooping spirits were only revived by the short, sparkling farce which followed it, entitled, I think, "The Married Bachelor," the principal character being played by James Browne, one of the finest comedians England ever produced. I have seen various representations of "Macbeth" since, but I never saw the tragedy *played* but once, that was at the Odéon, in Paris, somewhere in the sixties.

My theatrical treats were not as numerous as I would have liked, but I certainly made the most of them, I did not leave a bone unpicked. There was *Jack Sheppard*, played by Henry Beverley, a brother of the famous scene-painter, and, better still, Charley Mathews (whose birth-place at the corner of Basnett Street, opposite the old Theatre Royal, Liverpool, I never pass without a mixed sigh of pleasure and regret) and Mrs. Frank Mathews in "Little Toddlekins," "Used up," "Cool as a Cucumber," etc.,

Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, John Vandenhoff in " Cato," Barry Sullivan, Emmeline Montagu, afterwards Mrs. Henry Compton, and many others of the stock company of the Theatre Royal, all admirable actors. At a benefit performance given at this theatre I had the happiness of seeing one of the great actresses of my time, Charlotte Cushman, as *Meg Merrilies*, in the dramatic version of " Guy Mannering " ; it was a great impersonation, and I always regret that I never had the opportunity of seeing her in any other characters. Her sister Susan married Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, the celebrated disciple of the great chemist, Liebig.

A propos of this performance of " Guy Mannering," I always wish the tragic *prima donnas* who have favoured us with " Home, Sweet Home " of late years as an encore, could have heard Annie Romer sing it, as I heard her sing it that night and on many subsequent occasions. It was a delightful realization of " the art of vocal declamation."

A strange friendship sprung up between the doctor and me. He used frequently to lecture at the Liverpool Institute whilst I was a pupil, but he never spoke to me. Soon after I started my career as an operatic singer our acquaintance began by his sending me an invitation to dinner, which I, unfortunately, could not accept. We never met ; our friendship was entirely carried on by correspondence, which lasted as long as he lived.

CHAPTER II

My First Opera—Male Soprano—Tamberlik's high C sharp—*Devilshoof*—Low Comedians—Sims Reeves in Opera—Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company—An Angel in Blue and White—Weiss's First Appearance in London—Our Acquaintance—"Il Trovatore" at Astley's—Gassier's Larks—Harry Corri—An Aspiring Baritone—Work and Musical Studies.

I was about thirteen when I saw my first opera, the evergreen "Bohemian Girl," the part of the protagonist being sustained by its original representative, Bessie Rainforth, who sang very well, but without any dramatic warmth, so failed to produce a spark of enthusiasm under my juvenile waistcoat. Her "lachrymose parent" was played by the *Devilshoof* in the original caste, and I only remember him by "the dejected haviour of his visage," and my impression that age had deprived him of his teeth, his version of "The heart bow'd down" being "M-n-e a-at mow, wow." Of the tenor, I can only recall a dreadful sound he emitted at the close of "When other lips," which appeared to issue from an orifice, several sizes too small for its free passage, in the crown of his head. It gave me such a shock that I shot down under the benches and remained there until I felt sure there were no little bits of the remains floating about in the atmosphere. I have heard nothing like it, except when some of our modern tenors will insist upon exposing in

public their "high chest C's"; but I do not tremble now, as I know it is all in play, and they have no intention of inflicting bodily injury.

Something similar was the effect on my nervous system when I heard a few years ago in Rome one of those dreadful creatures, a "male soprano"; each time he "scooped" a high note I was fain to groan with internal pain. I do not mind a fit of the "jumps" if it is produced in the right way, as, for instance, Tamberlik, in Rossini's "Othello," when he gave his high C sharp (mind, C *sharp*, my young friends), it was a clear, ringing, full-bodied note, that had never suffered from even a touch of measles; it gave you the jumps, but to jump *over* the benches and give the singer a hearty hug, not to dive down *under* the benches to avoid any danger from chips flying about.

Devilshoof was impersonated by Thomas Bishop, a cousin of Sir Henry (the most charming of English composers). He played the part very well, as he was a good actor, but, I fancy, being a tenor, he could not have done full justice to his music. It is a favourite part with English basses, but I have never seen it artistically played, except by Vialetti (a Southern Frenchman), who was the *Devilshoof* when the opera was mounted in Italian in 1857 for Piccolomini with Giuglini and Belletti, and again in 1863, when it was given with Louisa Pyne, Giuglini, and myself at Her Majesty's Theatre. His delineation of the

character was genuine "low comedy," to which our "home-made" low comedians seem, as a rule, to find difficulty in confining themselves; they invariably turn the opening of the last act into a comic scene of a pantomime.

My impression of the opera itself was limited to the Gipsy chorus; it took such hold on my youthful soul that for some time I lived on it, I could think of nothing else, it was my delight, and at the same time my torment, for though the melody was constantly playing in my ears, to my intense vexation I could not solace myself by humming a single bar of it.

My visits to the theatre were after this confined almost entirely to operatic performances. I did not encounter the same difficulty with music as I did with the drama; the puritanical rigidity, probably like the savage breast, melted under the soothing influence of music. I did not pause to enquire; the barrier was shaken to a certain extent, I could pay more frequent visits to the theatre without going through the labours of Hercules to obtain permission (and the necessary sixpences for admission), so I took advantage of the change and heartily thanked my stars for having procured it.

We used to have some very good performances of both Italian and English opera at the Theatre Royal. The year after I heard Reeves at the Rhuddlan Eisteddfod he came to Liverpool with Miss Emma Lucombe, Miss Lanza, Delavanti,

Whitworth, and Fred Horncastle. I heard them in "The Somnambula." After the opera, Reeves played the last scene of "Lucia di Lammermoor," a stiff night's work for a tenor who was singing an opera every night in the week; it could only have been done, as Reeves did it, by one who was a master of his art.

Louisa Pyne and Harrison, with a very good company and an excellent conductor, Lavenu, used to visit Liverpool every year for a season of two or three weeks; the band was increased on those occasions, so I had the felicity of hearing some very good performances. They were not many, for I was not endowed with worldly wealth; I could only afford an occasional visit to the gallery, when I could "raise the wind" to the tune of sixpence. I used to wait for about half-an-hour at the outer door, and another half-hour at the inner, and yet another half-hour when I had secured a front place, before the opera commenced. How things change! I do not care now to go to the theatre unless a friendly manager provides me with a comfortable stall or box which I can occupy at my leisure, though I make a point of being seated at least some minutes before the curtain rises.

In those days my attention never flagged for a moment throughout the performance. I heard some delightful music: Auber's "Crown Jewels," Wallace's "Maritana," Balfe's pretty opera, "The Enchantress," in which Louisa Pyne enchanted me

to the extent of beatifying my night's rest with the vision of an angelic boy, clothed in an ethereal blue jerkin and white silk tights. I related my dream to her when years after I was a member of the Pyne and Harrison Company at Covent Garden, and, strange to say, the fair Louisa did not seem at all annoyed. Her voice was not powerful, but it possessed that rare sympathetic quality which, developed by serious study of the "art of singing," gave it the power of expansion that carried every tone, soft or loud, to all parts of the theatre. She was not a great actress, but in such operas as those I have mentioned she was elegant, vivacious, and attractive. Her sister, Susan, was a very useful member of the company.

William Harrison, the manager of the company, and leading tenor, must have been to some extent a victim to the puritanical disorder, for his mother, who lived to a great age, could never be induced to enter a theatre even to hear her son, to whom she was devotedly attached. I never heard how he cleared the puritan fence and became a free agent; he was a great favourite with the public from the beginning of his career, notably as *Thaddeus* in "The Bohemian Girl," written expressly for him. He had a fine voice, but whether from some organic defect or defective teaching, the tone was decidedly nasal, growing more decided as time passed on. I am convinced now that he suffered from adenoids (of which we heard nothing in those days), as his musical

ear was also defective ; at times, probably from the influence of damp weather or our favourite east wind, painfully so. I remember one night when he was singing Brinley Richards's song, " Oh, whisper what thou feelest," which he introduced into one of the operas, he got so flat that when a few of his admirers tried to raise an " encore," I tried to hush them down ; one of them seated by me threatened to have me ejected if I continued.

I told the gentleman I had as much right to my opinion as he had to his, and also to express it in the only possible way; besides, I added, I did not pay my money to have my ears set tingling. Despite these defects he was a good artiste. His best part was *Don Cæsar de Bazan ;* occasionally, his deportment was scarcely what might be expected in a Spanish grandee, but he was earnest and animated, and sang the music, which fitted him like a glove, to perfection. He was never a favourite with the Dublin public. After " The Rose of Castille " had been played at Her Majesty's Theatre for one of the entertainments during the festivities organized to honour the celebration of the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick, it was given at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, announced " as played before Her Majesty, H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and suite, at the recent festivities," etc. When Harrison had finished his song, " 'Twas rank and

fame," there was not a sound of applause, and a voice called out from the gallery, "And was that the way ye sung it for the Queen?" His managerial peculiarities and my managed-erial ones never coincided; each season, after about the first fortnight, we glared at each other as we passed on the stage without recognition on either side, like a pair of Vincent Crummleses, only he had the advantage: being of superior height he could look down on me, and being of much superior weight, could have crushed me into jelly had he fallen on me. Had we been sensible, and studied each other's peculiarities, we might have avoided all hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. Thank goodness! after he gave up management until his death not a cloud ever shadowed our friendship.

The principal basses were Weiss one season and Borrani another. Willoughby Weiss, a Liverpudlian, was son of a music-seller and publisher in Church Street. He was a fine, handsome fellow, about six foot two in height, slim in his youth; Chorley, in the *Athenæum*, writing of Adelaide Sartoris's appearance in an English version of "Norma" at the Princess's Theatre here in London, thus mentioned him: "The *Oreveso* was a young bass named Weiss, from Liverpool; he sang well and looked like a giraffe." Weiss's own account of his first appearance, which I had from himself, was more amusing, at least to his audience. On his first

entry he had to cross a ground-piece on the stage which—being very shortsighted—he did not see; he tripped over it and went flat on his face head foremost down to the footlights, to the amazement and amusement of the spectators, who were not prepared for such an acrobatic performance from a Druidical high priest.

When first we met he took me for some cheeky young upstart, bent on usurping his well-merited position as the leading basso of his time, but the little ruffle his suspicions aroused was soon smoothed down when we were engaged together in the Pyne and Harrison Company, and each had a part in the same opera. He died at a very early age.

Borrani was the son of a Dr. Borragan, of Birmingham; he had studied in Italy, from whence he imported his professional name. He had a fine voice, rather limited in compass; he sang well and was a really good actor. He had great facility of execution, which he displayed to an immoderate extent; the orchestral players used to declare they could go out of the theatre at the commencement of one of his cadences, partake of a sandwich and a glass of beer, and return to their desks in time to play the last chords of his song. I never knew him personally; the last appearance for which I saw his name announced was in an "equestrian" performance of "The Trovatore," music by Verdi, horses of course by Lord Sanger, at Astley's, in conjunction

with Augustus Braham, second son of Reeves's celebrated predecessor.

My old comrade at Her Majesty's Theatre, Louis Gassier, told me of an equestrian adventure he had in the same opera at the Birmingham Theatre whilst on a tour with Willert Beale. The pantomime was in preparation, and a number of hobby horses required in one of the scenes were lying at the back of the stage. Louis could never resist a "lark," so he mounted one of the steeds and was prancing about behind when he was suddenly called on to make his appearance in front; he could not disengage himself from the saddle; on he dashed, mounted, and went through the scene with as much assurance as Charley Mathews in "Cool as a Cucumber," the audience evidently satisfied that the steed formed an integral part of the representation.

Another member of the Pyne-Harrison Company was Henry Corri, always known among his friends and comrades as Harry Corri. He was the second of three sons of a professor of music in Dublin, I believe, all three bass singers. The eldest, known only as Pat, was a member of the stock company in Liverpool—I saw him in the performance of "Guy Mannering," with Charlotte Cushman, of whom I have already spoken; he played the gipsy, *Gabriel*, introducing Shield's song, "The Wolf," which he sang admirably. The youngest son, Eugene, was a member of the Pyne and Harrison Company at

Covent Garden in my time. He was a fair actor, but not much of a singer; he was chiefly remarkable for his brogue, which certainly was thick enough to "cut with a knife." Harry was the clever one; he was a tall, wiry, good-looking fellow, brimful of good nature and anecdote. His voice was a fine baritone of great power and extensive range, and he possessed uncommon abilities both as singer and actor; had fortune provided him with the means of cultivating them early in life, he would assuredly have become one of the greatest artistes of his day.

As it was, there were some of his performances that I have witnessed which could not have been surpassed here or abroad; one was unique, the porter of the convent, in Auber's "Black Domino," produced during the short reign of "The English Opera Company, Limited," at Covent Garden, with Louisa Pyne in the character of *Angela*. As he was never thrust, and certainly never thrust himself forward, it is probable few of my readers will even remember his name; but those who were intimate with him and worked with him will never forget him! One of his anecdotes I can relate (they were not all intended for publication). He was going home one night from the Haymarket Theatre, where the performances used to consist in those days of three, and at times four, pieces. Going down Waterloo Road he heard sounds of revelry; there was nobody in the road except himself, there

were no lights in the windows, nothing to give a clue to the source from whence the joyous sounds proceeded. At length his attention was attracted by a most singular shadow of a lamp-post he was approaching. As he drew nearer he became aware that the sounds came from overhead, and looking up, to his astonishment he discovered the singer was a highly convivial member of the profession, who, in his enthusiasm for Handel, had swarmed up the lamp-post and was executing a portion of the duet in "Israel in Egypt," "The Lord is a man of war," at the top of his voice, clinging to the bar on which the lamplighters used to rest their ladders.

I had very little time at my disposal to prosecute my musical studies, as my office hours were 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., with an hour, from 12 to 1, for dinner, subject to expansion; during a press of business, eight or nine o'clock struck, and even beyond that, before I was relieved from the toils of the day.

I was not fond of early rising, but my enthusiasm in the musical cause made me turn out in time to have half-an-hour's fiddling before I left home in the morning, and during the dinner hour I generally succeeded in devoting a quarter of an hour to practising my voice. I met with little encouragement; my father upbraided me with paying more attention to "notes" than to business.

It is true that my mind was more occupied

with music than anything else, but I never neglected my work, I did my duty, and a great deal more than my duty, conscientiously. I believe I never hated anybody or anything except liars, and their father, the devil, but I thoroughly disliked everything connected with business; for me it had not a single attractive phase. Buying I had nothing to do with, selling appeared to be merely haggling over trifles, and office work, dull routine that any ordinary boy might master in a few weeks.

This portion of my early history I omitted in *Student and Singer*, against my own conviction, in deference to what I felt bound to consider superior judgment. I concluded that volume with the season of Italian Opera at the Academy, New York. I then resolved to quit the stage and confine myself to oratorio and concert singing. But "*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*"; there was still another operatic trial in store for me, of which I will speak in its place.

CHAPTER III

NERVOUS Temperament—Criticisms, Serious and Amusing—Professional Tour in 1872—An Eccentric Accompanist—An Oblivious Agent—John Boosey—His Hospitality and Piping Bullfinch.

ON my return to England I had a great deal of work to do in London, and still more in the provinces, more than I ought to have done at times. I found that my chronic (as I believed) nervousness was increasing, without any cause that I could discover. I lived simply, seldom indulging in society dinners or other entertainments, and always arranging to have a good holiday in the summer, generally spent at Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, a place little frequented at that time in the months of July and August. We were generally, my wife and children with two friends, the only occupants of the Hotel Beau Rivage.

My greatest trouble was that, when occasionally I was out of voice, the fact was carefully noted in the press and reported to me by candid (candied would be better, as the coating of sugar removed, there remained only an insipid lump) well-wishers and friends. I never, except on a few occasions, read anything about myself which appeared in print. Once, by accident, I read in a Melbourne paper, among a number of short notes on

notabilities, that "Mr. Santley does not care to read criticisms on his performances, as he does not like to be told of his shortcomings." Not the exact words, but the substance of the note. This is not true ; I do not take offence at remarks made in a proper spirit, however deep they cut ; but I do resent ill-natured criticism of my work while, in the same article, I find incompetency held up to admiration ; indiscriminate praise I find equally offensive. You may say, "How do you know this is so, if you do not read criticisms ?" Simply from the reports of the above-mentioned sugar-coated friends and well-wishers.

I often call to mind what Mrs. Garrick said to Edmund Kean's wife, when she was complaining about the rough handling and slighting remarks to which her husband was often subjected. "My dear ! Kean should do as Davy did, write his own criticisms." I fancy Kean was of my opinion, it would not be worth the trouble. Newspaper criticism cannot make an inferior artiste into a superior one, but it can and does at times, by unmerited praise, elevate mediocrity to an undeserved position in public favour and ensure, for a time at least, monetary gain ; or by unmerited censure or "damning faint praise" keep back a genius from attaining the position he can claim by right, and his honestly earned reward.

At one of the Three Choir Festivals I introduced a song—written by a good musician—at an

evening concert, accompanied on the piano by a man who, though a fine musician, had not the remotest idea of accompanying a singer; my effort in consequence fell flat. Shortly after, walking in the cathedral cloisters, I met a well-known critic, who assailed me with, "Why do you sing rubbish?" "I don't sing rubbish," said I. "Yes you do," he replied; "this stuff you have just sung, because you are paid a royalty for singing it, I suppose; and you sing 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' and that's rubbish." I was on the point of saying, "Why do you write rubbish?" but my good angel trod on my toe and I walked away.

At another festival, the same gentleman made anxious enquiries about an oratorio by Sir F. G. Ouseley, which we were just about to rehearse. The conductor sent for the score that Mr. Critic might peruse the work, and so be better prepared to give his weighty opinion of its merits. On closing the book he made the sage remark, "How extraordinary it is that whatever key the music may be in, the trumpets and horns are always in the key of C."

The same individual, for no reason that I can imagine, took upon himself to draw a parallel (or the opposite) between Faure and myself; he gave the palm to me as *Hoel* in "Dinorah," and to Faure in *Hamlet; Hoel* being a "rustic," *Hamlet* a "gentleman." Ambroise Thomas, the composer of "Hamlet," did not

share that opinion, if what he told me was true, that my performance of *Hamlet* was fine throughout, and especially in the play scene, which I acted "*en vrai tragédien*."

God rest his soul! I never nursed any resentment towards him; we had been very good friends for many years and, the clouds blown over, we became so again.

As a rule, I have every reason to thank the gentlemen of the Press for their kind consideration and courtesy, of which my real friends have made me aware. The most amusing notice of myself I ever read was contained in a *resumé* of the season, written in verse by Ghislanzoni, a well-known critic in Milan, the year I sang at the *Scala*. I can only remember the last line of the verse of which I was the subject, "*Giammai due gambe simili io non udii cantar*," "Never two such legs have I heard sing!" Not very flattering to my artistic pride, though they may have been intended to flatter my personal vanity.

A good funny story, of which I was the hero, appeared some years ago in a provincial comic paper. Two young fellows were on the road to their places of business; a short distance in front of them walked an individual, solacing himself with some florid vocal passages. One of the two said to his companion, "I'll bet you a sovereign that I kick that fellow in front of us, and he won't retaliate." "You'd better be careful," said the other, "or you'll get yourself

into trouble." "Not a bit of it," said the first, "not the slightest danger! Will you take the bet?" "Very well, I will," said the other, "but mind, I'm not going to help you out of the mess, if he shows fight." "Oh, he won't do that," said number one, and starting off at a rapid pace, overtook the vocalist, on whom he bestowed a sounding kick. The victim turned furiously upon his assailant, prepared to administer condign punishment; the aggressor started back, as though intensely surprised. "God bless me!" said he, "I have made a dreadful mistake, I beg your pardon, I mistook you for my friend Santley; I am really very sorry." "Don't mention it," replied the victim, taking off his hat and making a graceful bow; "but pray be more careful another time."

The most touching piece of criticism of my singing I ever heard was at Annecy, in Savoy, where I spent my summer holiday in 1897. I had a letter of introduction to the Mother Superior of the Convent of the Visitation, a cousin of Adelaide Procter, the poet. In my early days I had been on fairly intimate terms with Mrs. Procter and her family, and, in consequence, was very kindly received by the reverend lady. In return I volunteered to assist in the choir of their church during a "neuvaine" in honour of Saint Jeanne de Chantal, the foundress of the Order, held on the day of her feast and eight following days; mass early in

the morning, and a service with sermon each morning and afternoon. I was much interested, and sang at all the services.

I paid several visits to the Mother Superior to have a little chat (through the grating). She was always accompanied by two of the sisters; but on one occasion she was called away, and I was left alone with her companions. The evening preceding I had sung Gounod's beautiful hymn to the "Blessed Sacrament," "*Le ciel a visité la terre*"; the sisters were delighted with it; one of them told me that as she was leaving the choir she heard one say to another, "*Quelle belle voix, comme il chante bien ce monsieur*"; the other replied, "*Ma soeur, ce n'est pas une voix, c'est une âme qui chante!*" A delicious morsel which amply repaid me for many a fast.

To this the following will serve as a wholesome contrast. Bound for Manchester, to sing for Hallé, some two or three years after Gounod's "Faust" was produced at the Italian Opera, I was buying some literature at the bookstall at Euston, when I heard, "Hullo, Santley, where are you off to?" Turning round, I found an old friend from Manchester. "I am going your way," I replied. "Then," said he, "come in with us, my wife and I have a compartment reserved." I excused myself, saying I was going to have a smoke. "That will be all right," said my friend, "my wife is used to it, I am going to smoke a cigar myself." I was introduced to Mrs.——,

had my things removed to my new place, and off we went. We had not gone far when my friend started up from his paper exclaiming, "I say, Santley, look here, this is most extraordinary." His better half started, too. "What did you say, dear?" she remarked, rather more warmly than appeared necessary. "Nothing, my dear," he replied. "I was only calling Mr. Santley's attention to . . ." "Who?" she interrupted. "Mr. Santley—I introduced him to you at Euston." "I beg pardon," said she, "I did not hear his name." Then, turning to me, she demanded, "Are you the singer?" "I am," said I. "But you are not the one who plays *Valentine* in 'Faust'?" "I have the honour to be that individual." "Oh dear! how different you look now, not at all like you do in the opera. Why don't you wear that beautiful blonde wig always?" I suggested it would look rather frowsy by daylight; but it was of no use. All she could say, in conclusion, was, "Good gracious, I never was so disappointed in my life."

I had a tour in the provinces during the autumn of 1872, extending over about three months. I had pleasant companions, well-attended concerts, and few long journeys, so altogether we passed a very agreeable time. Our accompanist was a first-rate man, and a very amusing companion, but occasionally inclined to vagaries.

One Friday evening we were engaged to sing in "Samson" at St. George's Hall, Liverpool; my erratic friend, having nothing to do in the oratorio, begged me to allow him to go to London to transact some very pressing business. I gave him permission, on his binding himself solemnly to be in Dublin (where we had to appear on the Monday) not later than Sunday evening. He did not turn up, nor on Monday morning, so we were placed in a dilemma. Fortunately, an amiable member of our Company volunteered to play the accompaniments allotted to the piano; the rest the orchestra supplied, so we pulled through fairly well. Tuesday evening we were due at Cork, and had to leave Dublin by an early train. The truant arrived by the morning mail, with a black eye, on which a limner had performed, with the result of producing the most extraordinary disfigurement I ever beheld on a human face. Sundry devices were proposed to hide the blemish from the public gaze; we ultimately arranged to have the piano placed so that the offending member should be towards the back of the platform, its penitent owner taking his place with his sound orb turned towards the audience, where he had to remain doing penance until the concert terminated.

The tour was very successful financially, but I nearly lost the hard-earned reward of my labour, for I found my agent had omitted to place the funds remitted to him to my credit with my

bankers, and I had to resort to strong measures to recover what was due to me.

After this I dropped into the routine of concerts, oratorios, etc. The "ballad concerts," under the management of John Boosey, were in full force, in which the best available English singers took part, including Mdme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mrs. Patey, Mdme. A. Stirling, Reeves, myself, Foli, and others.

I had many little spars with J. Boosey, but we never quarrelled; we were very intimate friends, both personally and professionally. He was one of the few men connected with music who could or would converse upon interesting subjects apart from music; he had a plentiful store of wit—caustic occasionally but not offensively so. He had a fine house at Acton, where I often dined with him and his hospitable spouse. There was only one small drawback to my enjoyment—a piping bullfinch that could only pipe one tune, and that minus the last note; the constant repetition of the lopped melody used to drive me crazy, while my host only enjoyed the fun, as he called it. John Boosey was one of the most courteous and generous men in business I ever dealt with, and one of the most hospitable in private life. Such friends are not easily replaced; I felt his loss deeply.

CHAPTER IV

CONNECTION with the Kemble Family—Impecunious Relations—An Exception—Secret Matrimonial Engagement—"The Gaff Blown"—"All's well that ends well"—Honeymoon—Dismal Lodgings—Ghostly Disturbances—Monotonous Diet—Change for the Better—A Windfall.

THROUGH my marriage with Gertrude Kemble I became connected by a very slender tie with the family of great actors, of whom one only, Charles, I had ever seen in the flesh; I heard him read Henry VIII, at the Mechanics' Institution, when I was a pupil there. I do not remember much about it, except that he was a fine, dignified old gentleman, for I never was fond of "readings." I became intimately acquainted, in spirit, with John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons through the medium of a book I found in the cockloft of my grandfather's shop, containing the "bills of the play" during their occupancy of Covent Garden Theatre, a treasure I longed to confiscate, but I had not the courage to ask for it, nor the audacity to pilfer it. My slight connection by marriage was with Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Pierce Butler), Adelaide Kemble (Mrs. Edward Sartoris), and my wife's brother and sister; her father, John Mitchell, the great Anglo-Saxon scholar, died a short time before I made her acquaintance.

I was introduced by Lady Grant to one she styled a cousin of mine, a charming old lady who

resided in Edinburgh—I believe a daughter or granddaughter of Mrs. Siddons—but I failed to understand where the relationship existed, though I was told that in Scotland it would be held perfectly valid. Theoretically and legally I am bound to acknowledge the relationship of a cousin; practically, with very rare exception, I do not. In the case of one who was troubled to get rid of superfluous income, such relations would be invaluable, at any rate, the specimens I have had to deal with generally, would be. I am not complaining; it is the lot of man, though I do not remember that Job makes any mention of petitions for small loans, the repayment postponed *sine die*. It is strange how affectionate these relations become, and how deeply concerned regarding one's health, when the encroaching spirit moves them. Though I have little to spare for outsiders, it is not giving money that I care about, but I hate the wheedling process; it rubs me up the wrong way, and I feel more inclined to give the wheedler a clout on the ear rather than the coin he craves.

What a blessing it is to meet with an "angel's visit" in the shape of a relation who is not impecunious! I met with one during my last visit to the United States in 1891, at Cleveland, Ohio. I was busy writing my letters for the English mail, when a bell-boy appeared to announce that a gentleman below desired to speak to me; he had not asked his name, so I

packed him off to find it out; he returned with the information that the caller's name was Santley. I murmured to myself, "Another fiver." I said to the bell-boy, kindly (you must be very polite to bell-boys, or they will challenge you to mortal combat), "Ask the gentleman if he would do me the favour to call again in the afternoon, as I am very busy with my mail letters." He did not call again, so I felt sure I had made a "fiver."

I had to leave for St. Paul the same night; when I had supped I strolled into the vestibule of the hotel to smoke a cigar. After a few minutes, a gentlemanly individual approached me, saying, "You are Mr. Santley, I think." (I was delighted he did not say, "I guess.") I replied, "I am, and I presume you are the gentleman who called on me this morning." "Yes," said he, "and I came to pay you a visit, hoping you might have a week or two free to accompany me to my home. I am a lumber merchant, doing a large business; I have a charming residence not far away, a charming wife, and some very nice children. I came over expressly to try and induce you to come and stay with us as long as you like, to do what you like, and I guarantee you shall have a very pleasant time."

Here was a revelation! Unfortunately, I had to explain to him that I was at the disposal of my manager, who, having arranged his tour, could not, however kindly disposed he might be (he was one of the few kindly-disposed managers I

have met with), let me off for a holiday. We had time for a chat before my train started; comparing notes, I found he was a grandson of my grandfather's eldest brother, who had emigrated in the year 1832 or 1836 and had never been heard of after. Probably he had gone West, and in those days there were few, if any, opportunities for dispatching letters from the backwoods. Evidently, as far as my cousin was concerned, the Santley phœnix had risen out of the ancestral cinders.

Let us now return to our sheep which have been straying for a while; I would have said lambs, as more delicate and more polite, but neither sheep nor lambs would be a name applicable to a family of lions—ferocious withal when there was a meaty bone to pick, though their "*fortiter in re*" never sat upon me so heavily as their "*suaviter in modo*" when they donned the lambskin for the nonce.

My engagement with Miss Kemble was to be kept a profound secret from the world, except from her sister, until I should find myself in a position to warrant me in presenting myself as a suitor for her hand in matrimony. Like the ostrich, we buried our heads in the sand, forgetting that the rest of our anatomy was visible. We had been singing at a party at Hallé's one night. I left the house first and engaged a cab, waited until my *fiancée* joined me, and then saw her safely landed at her residence. The next morning,

early, I received a message from Chorley to go to him immediately, as he had some important business to communicate.

I started off at once, my brain crowded with visions of lucrative engagements at the Italian Opera, or goodness knows where else. I was ushered into the dining-room, Chorley greeted me with a loving smile ; then I beheld Aunt Adelaide, smiling too, the smile rather forced, it struck me.

Chorley left us together, to my dismay, merely remarking, " Mrs. Sartoris has something to say to you, Santley ! " My visions vanished in a trice, even my poor little love engagement I saw hanging by a spidery thread. Had Auntie assailed me with vituperation, execration, or any other dreadful " ation," I would have been ready for her, and replied with some strong " ations " of my own ; but she had invested herself in the robe of lambskin, and all my courage sank into my shoes. I sat staring at the floor like a booby ; even when she asked me why I had not spoken to her, I had not the courage to put my reply in words, " It is your niece I want to marry, not you ! " " All's well that ends well."

There was to be no talk of an engagement for twelve months, an interminable period it seemed to me, but I was only twenty-five ; I was allowed to pay my sweetheart a formal visit every Sunday evening ; with the assistance of sister in the character of " gooseberry," we managed occasional informal visits, or rather meetings, in Regent's

Park to keep our hands in for the Sunday formals. Before the twelve months expired, in consequence of my success in my profession, or perhaps to get us safe off her hands, Mrs. S. signified to me that when I felt I was prepared, we might enter on domestic bliss as soon as we chose ; we chose an early date, and were married within the period stipulated for our probation.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Harniss, in the presence of Mrs. Sartoris, Mildred Kemble, Miss Harniss, and H. F. Chorley, who wanted to escape attendance on the plea that he was a bird of evil omen, but we insisted, as we looked upon him, if not as the instigator of the movement, certainly as being the primary cause of our meeting, of which this was the result. My father came up from Liverpool to see his son and heir disposed of, and rather upset my equilibrium by appearing in a dress coat and white kid gloves ; but once I felt I had my little wife all safe, I did not trouble my head about trifles ; I even forgot to pay the church fees, and can only hope my father atoned for my neglect.

I had an engagement at Leeds to sing in the "Messiah" the following week. So the happy couple left, after a plain, substantial breakfast, given by the kindly ladies with whom my bride had resided for some time, for Skipton, to be near Bolton Abbey. My fee for the concert covered the expenses of our short honeymoon, and left a little to add to the £10 I had already in hand.

We returned to my old lodgings in Somerset Street, Portman Square, about the most dismal place with which I have ever been on intimate terms. When first I occupied them, before my marriage, for a few nights I scarcely had a wink of sleep, or thought I had not, which amounts to the same thing. I have known many people who, according to their own account, never close their eyes, yet I have heard them snoring during the watches of the night. It may be (?) they merely imitate a snore as an effective startler to scare aggressive blue-bottles or daddy-long-legs. It is a pity these wide-awake individuals could not try a mosquito or so, goodness only knows what the result might be; Jove would be nowhere with his paltry thunders, and the poor victims of insomnia would be like the fabled what's-his-name, eyes all over.

However, I do not belong to the noble army of insomnious martyrs. I do not sleep long, but broad, while I am at it, and beyond dreaming I am chased by a bull or other pet animal, I get through my nights most satisfactorily. When I was singing at Covent Garden in 1859–60, I dined early, 3.30 or 4; and after a heavy opera and a fast of about eight hours I felt ravenous, ready for anything, from bread and cheese to roast donkey stuffed with horse soldiers. I frequently ate for my supper a sheep's heart roast, with sage and onions, accompanied by an abundant salad, and went off to bed and to sleep in a jiffey. I

may have snored, but I was not aware of the fact, and my dear better half never hinted at such an unhappy conjuncture of affairs (see Imperial Dictionary, under *conjuncture*).

I was really disturbed by a noise for which I could not account; at times I was convinced it was the ghost of one of those rascally ancestors of mine, doomed for a certain term to walk the earth, or my bedroom floor, hung in chains as a warning to me, his unhappy descendant, to abjure the evil paths he had been accustomed to tread; at other times my fancy flew to the chimney where I imagined a creature of flesh and blood was making his way down to clear my chamber of any articles of *vertu* that might be lying about.

I consoled myself with the happy thought that he was making "much ado about nothing," as I knew he could not find my ten pounds, all the *vertu* I possessed, and I indulged in the Christian hope that he would scrape the bark off the salient angles of his body, probably disable a limb or so, enough to deter him from venturing down forbidden routes again! I discovered at last what I might have discovered at first, had I been sharp, but I am not; I am somewhat obtuse, to which I owe my escape from many abrasions, both of body and mind. I found that the cause of my disturbed slumbers was nothing more than the noise the horses in a stable behind the house made, rattling their chain halters; my fears were

dispelled, and I was again able to sleep the sleep of the just.

When my better half and I returned from the honeymoon, I found other causes which determined us to change our quarters. To avoid the bother of housekeeping we arranged for board as well as lodging. The former we found monotonous; the food consisted of shoulder and loin of mutton alternately, with ordinary vegetables. I became at last really ashamed to look upon the countenance of a sheep. Cabbage and potatoes are excellent vegetables, but their daily consumption we found tedious, and, I thought, conducive to dyspepsia.

It was easy to resolve upon leaving our unsympathetic lodging and seek the shelter of "a pleasant cot, in a tranquil spot with a distant view of the changing scene," but where was the furniture to come from? Ten pounds is a sum not to be "sneezed at" under certain circumstances, but when it is a question of furnishing a house, or even a cottage (the "cot" of the poet whose lines I quote above), any negotiations with Messrs. Maple, or Druce, or even a second-hand dealer in Wardour Street, based on the possession of such an amount of capital, might end in ironical smiles.

Fortunately we were spared the pain of being "put to shame." My wife had a fairy godmother (she was rather stout for the part, but was gifted with a kind heart, stout in proportion) who with

another lady rented a house in Porchester Place, Connaught Square. They were desirous of spending a year in Switzerland, and offered to let us their tenement during their absence for the same rent they themselves paid and taxes, the house to be kept in proper condition. Naturally we jumped at the offer, and in a short time became householders on easy terms in a highly respectable neighbourhood, with a prospect of being able to save sufficient to face Messrs. Maple or Druce boldly when we should be left to our own resources.

I had already a number of concerts booked, and before long I had booked myself for the Pyne and Harrison English Opera season of 1859–60 at Covent Garden. A windfall dropped into my wife's lap which set us completely on our legs, so at the end of the opera season I was able to return the money I still owed my father, leaving a nice little sum to our credit in the bank. I had gone through much hard work and excitement at the theatre, besides no small amount of wear and tear of nervous system consequent on scrimmages with managers. I felt I required a thorough rest, and my wife and self determined upon taking a good holiday.

CHAPTER V

THE Kemble Family—John Kemble on Edmund Kean—Terror of Dogs—Four-footed Beasts in General—The Purveyor of Buttermilk—How to Baffle the Bull—Introduction to Gertrude Kemble and Aunt Adelaide (Mrs. Sartoris) at Chorley's—Dinner at Aunt A.'s—Dante Rossetti, Frederick Leighton, Henry Greville, Virginia Gabriel—The Dowager Countess of Essex—Funereal Festivity—Opposition to Chorley's Views—A Contrast to the Countess of Essex taken in.

BEFORE relating our adventures, I must turn back for a while to introduce other members of my new family connection. Besides my spiritual acquaintance with the great John and Sarah, I heard several anecdotes which, while they increased my admiration for their plain speaking, inspired me with a certain amount of awe. Of John it was related that the first time he went to see his rival, Edmund Kean, who was playing opposition at Drury Lane, after the play the box opener, probably with an eye to future chances, asked him, "What do you think of our little man, Mr. Kemble?" To which the great tragedian replied, "True, sir, he is a little man, but he is *terribly* in earnest!" A most sensible and polite snub for Mr. Officious, but it struck me as savouring too much of the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." Again, when he was teaching the King elocution, and told His Majesty to open his royal jaws a little wider, and say "oblige" instead of "obleege," I admired his manly, artistic

spirit, but I thought if the next generation with which I had to come in contact inherited the spirit of their ancestors, I should most probably be in for a " bad time."

In my early youth I had no fear of animals, with the exception of dogs, and it was rather their bark than their bite which frightened me. My summer holidays I generally spent with friends in the country; several times I spent them at a farmhouse in the Isle of Man (I paid a visit to it in 1906, and found it unchanged from what I remember it in 1841). I was on terms of intimacy with horses, horned cattle, pigs, poultry, and even the dogs, after a few days' acquaintance. I had doubts about the bull, he was such a savage-looking beast, but as I was informed it was he that supplied the buttermilk, for which I had a great liking, I soon made friends with him, and he gave me no further concern. In after years, when I had no further opportunities of extending my acquaintance with the lower animals, I dropped into scepticism with regard to their friendly feeling towards the human race, and me in particular.

On several occasions I have—only a short distance from Kilburn Gate—been scared out of my wits on finding myself suddenly face to face with John Bull (of course I mean the horned beast). I have consulted experts in animal manners as to the best way to act in such a dilemma; the advice I invariably received was

"Cut your stick, as fast as your legs can carry you, or, if that is not feasible, face the animal with courage" (ahem!); "like all dumb animals he is nervous and really more afraid of you than you are of him, he is aggressive simply because he wants to do unto you as he suspects you would do unto him, and intends to do it first."

Without the slightest thought of disrespect to my fellow-creatures, I have, on mature consideration, arrived at the conclusion that there are people who in this bear a striking resemblance to the horned J. B.; they glare at you, when introduced, so fiercely, you might suppose they were about to make a meal of you. Face them with courage, in nine cases out of ten you will discover their fierceness is but a mask to hide nervousness, and at heart they are good-natured folk, ever ready to do you a kindness. I have tried the experiment on the human being with success, but I never had the courage to face the horned beast. This is merely a preamble, let us "cut the cackle and come to the osses"—lions, I mean!

My introduction to them was, as I have before recorded, at Chorley's. I found J. B. decidedly rampant, even the object of my affections glared, but a monitor within suggested that the glare was merely put on to save appearances, that a change would come o'er the spirit of the dream and smiles take the place of frowns; it was a case of love at first sight, and I allowed my

thoughts to wander in the realms of bliss. With Auntie the case was different; I had no desire to gain her affections, though I did wish to gain her esteem; for some time I had to face the fiery glare, assumed I believe to cover her apprehension in regard to my ill-concealed admiration for her niece. However it was, as I began to win my spurs the glare gave place to a friendly smile and a cordial reception. *Deo gratias!*

Shortly after our marriage we received an invitation from Mrs. Sartoris to dine at her house. I would have preferred spending the evening at home, so also would my wife, but there was no excuse possible, go we must; it was an honour we dared not refuse. The honoured guest was Dante Rossetti, just then bursting into fame; Frederick Leighton, Henry Greville, Virginia Gabriel, Mary Boyle (a charming little lady who some years later, when she had lost her sight completely, told me my voice always reminded her of the bright warm colour and softness of ruby velvet) were among the guests.

As I had not yet mounted spurs, I was relegated to the bottom of the table on the left of our host. I had never heard of Rossetti, but I soon guessed from the great attention he received from the hostess and her more honoured guests that he was the "lion" of the feast. It was the first time I found myself in company with a society lion, my curiosity was aroused, and I watched him.

I had plenty of opportunity, as Sartoris was a very quiet man, though he talked well when he did talk. I used to meet him often at parties at his own house, Hallé's, and sometimes at Chorley's, etc. He generally ensconced himself in a quiet corner away from the "madding crowd," but wherever he might be placed, sooner or later he would edge his way to me, shake hands, then after a word or two find his way to another retired nook. Richard Doyle used to execute a similar performance whenever we were fellow guests.

The "lion" did not impress me favourably, neither subsequently did his works, poetical or pictorial. When we were in the drawing-room after dinner, and Rossetti had departed, Henry Greville was very eulogistic in his favour; he said he had never seen such an eye since he saw Edmund Kean in "Richard III." I never saw Edmund Kean, to my sorrow, but I have very often seen finer eyes than Dante Rossetti's. Whatever else he had an eye for, he certainly had not one for a pretty woman, judging from the plain-looking type he was so fond of reproducing; I cannot imagine who it was dubbed him poet. I never saw him again, so had no personal acquaintance with him. *R.I.P.!*

I do not intend to arrogate to myself the office of critic; I am jotting down experiences, impressions, and personal opinions; the first are real, the second may be in some cases false, and

the third all wrong, except where my opinion is based on knowledge and experience.

Henry Greville was a true gentleman and a true friend; he did not belong to that unpleasant class who are "hail fellow, well met" one day and pass you in the street without a sign of acquaintanceship the next. We had one "tiff" through a misunderstanding on his part and lack of knowledge of the world on mine; when he discovered his mistake, he acknowledged it, and in a most substantial way—a valuable present of old silver—though I appreciated the restoration to his friendship much more highly.

Virginia Gabriel was another staunch friend of mine; I was a standing dish at all her musical parties, unless I happened to be engaged at a public concert. I was also a frequent visitor at other times, as I was of service in trying over her compositions. Her songs were always melodious, several became great favourites; she was a pupil of Molique, and would have achieved some solid, enduring work had she not allowed enthusiasm to override discretion; she possessed the "fatal facility" which has militated against the lasting success of many composers of higher rank.

At her house I was introduced to many members of the aristocracy; of all, the most sympathetic to me was the Countess of Essex, in her youth the celebrated ballad singer, Miss Stephens. What a charming old lady she was; in the high

position she held in society she preserved the same sweet simplicity of manner for which she was noted in her singing days. She honoured me with an invitation to dinner, which Chorley insisted on my accepting, very much against my will.

There were present, besides the Countess and her niece, Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble), the Rev. Francis Young (son of the celebrated actor, Chas. Young), Lady Beecher (Miss O'Neill, the original *Jane Shore*), M. Viardot (Pauline Viardot-Garcia's husband), and others whose names I do not remember. I thus found myself in very distinguished company. I took little part in the conversation, and limited myself to observation of people whose names had been familiar to me through my acquaintance with their biography.

We men remained at table a very short time after the ladies departed, and when we joined them in the drawing-room, Mrs. Sartoris asked me to join her in a little music. Lady Essex immediately came to me, and very kindly said, "Do not sing; I asked you, Mr. Santley, for the pleasure of your company, not to entertain my friends." However, Mrs. Sartoris insisted, and we sang a duet and one or two songs. How different to the treatment I have experienced from people who, aristocratic by position, lack aristocratic feeling! I do not object to taking my share in entertaining a party of pleasant people at any time, but I strongly object to find

myself invited to dinner for the sole purpose of entertaining the guests after.

In the early part of my career I found myself in that position occasionally, and, acting on my experience, I always declined invitations to dinner, except with friends who I knew would not expect me to "sing for my dinner." I like to dine with my friends and have friends to dine with me in an informal manner, but I do not like "dinner parties" in England, they are as formal as a state banquet; all the proceedings are carried on with a gravity more becoming a funeral than a festival; the black suits and white cravats of the men adding to the solemnity of the function.

On the Continent, except on "state occasions," there is no formality. The ladies do not appear *décolletée*, and men can appear in the dress that suits them best. The guests enter into conversation freely, and not in a whisper; the consequence is that people really enjoy themselves. Somebody said we English take our pleasures sadly. "Use is second nature": it may be that with use "the funereal" may represent "the festive."

After the Countess's dinner party, I several times made up my mind to pay the call *de rigueur;* at last I did arrive so far as to lift my hand to ring the bell, when my courage failed me and I beat a retreat. I had a small row with Chorley in consequence, he vowed I should never again receive an invitation for such an important function; and, moreover, my chance of stepping

into high society was ended, with which information I was delighted, though I did not let him into my secret. He often bewailed my lack of ambition to scale the society ladder, but finding me incorrigible, he left me in peace.

A lady of an opposite stamp to the Countess, a frequent guest at Chorley's, was very lavish in her encomiums anent my singing; she invited me on two or three occasions to her parties, but never went so far as to offer me the hospitality of a dinner. I found her admiration of my talents only led to making use of them to entertain her friends on economical principles. The day after I had taken my usual part in one of her entertainments, a footman arrived at my house, bearer of a pineapple with her ladyship's compliments; the footman had disappeared before the message was brought to me, or I would have sent it back with *my* compliments.

To the next invitation her ladyship honoured me with, at my request my wife replied that I was singing every night at the Opera, and had only one day, Sunday—the day she always chose for her parties—to get a little rest, and she must kindly excuse me. She showed the reply to Chorley, and the next time I called on him, he informed me in a most impressive manner, that in consequence of my wickedness he never could any more include me as a guest at his own parties, as he also was a Sunday entertainer.

I did not see that because I helped him to

entertain his friends, as a slight return for his great kindness to me, I was bound to do the same for a person who could afford very well to pay for her music in money, not in patronage. Her ladyship was in the habit of exacting gratuitous service from any new musical star which might appear in the artistic firmament, on the strength of her having risen from the artistic to the aristocratic ranks herself. The victims either had not the courage or were too proud to make any demand.

On one occasion, though, she met with a Tartar in the shape of Viver, the celebrated French-horn player. He was playing at a party at which the heroine of our narrative was present ; of course she made up to him, and invited him on the spot to favour her with his company on the ensuing Sunday, and bring his instrument ; he went and played each time he was called upon. The next day, having been put up to her ladyship's tricks, he sent her a reminder that his terms for playing were ten guineas, which she could not dispute and consequently had to pay. I cannot help chuckling when I know of such meanness meeting with the reward of merit. Unfortunately, there is no small amount of such patronage offered and accepted on the strength of the probability of its leading to paid engagements, which, however, seldom turn up.

At the present time, the cheap patronage system is much in vogue ; there are such crowds

of struggling people, that any bait, however washed out, is eagerly snapped at. For a man it is bad enough to turn out to do an evening's work when, in the regular course of things, he would be about retiring to rest ; what then must it be for a girl, who *must* be dressed tastefully, *must* pay for a conveyance to and from the scene of her duties, *must* remain there until the entertainment finishes, then find her way home alone ?

There are people whose consciences are so obtuse, that the only remuneration they ever think of offering to an artiste is a cup of tea or glass of wine and some empty eulogy of their talents, while they figure as warm patrons of, and subscribers to, dogs' and cats' homes and such-like charitable institutions.

CHAPTER VI

Mrs. Fanny Kemble comes on the Stage—My Nerves Agitated—"Spikes"—Taking "the Bull by the Horns"—*Tête à têtes*—A Nervous Lady Squashed—A Promise Redeemed—Osculation—A Conceited Old Woman—Little Tempers—A Loveable Old Lady—Her admiration of Edmund Kean—A Pot-house *Richard*—Old Actors who were Great—Artificiality of English Tragedians—My Brother-in-law—"An Eye like Mars"—His Doubts about my "Status"—A Prime Haunch of Mutton—The Tiger-slayer in Love—My Cousin's Precocity—Effects of Nervousness—Always an Old Man—Effects of my Dull Company.

Fanny Kemble was to arrive in London from America shortly after our marriage. I have to confess that I did not look forward to meeting her with unalloyed pleasure. My wife and her brother and sister were afraid of her, and imparted a share of their timidity to me. I was desirous of making a good impression as far as my singing was concerned, and, despite Aunt Adelaide's adverse criticism, I had no fear; but being comparatively a raw provincial, I did feel nervous about my *h*'s (in Liverpool that letter is not always a distinctive feature in conversation). In Italy I had neglected the study of "etiquette," and I felt I was altogether unequal to the task of holding converse with a highly educated woman somewhat intolerant of the vagaries of youth.

Notwithstanding, the ordeal had to be gone through, so I girded up my loins and accompanied my wife and sister to the tribunal. Mrs. Kemble

was very amiable to me, a little less so, I fancied, to her nieces; for a short time we got on swimmingly; my wife picked up a piece of knitting which lay on the sofa, and after examining it, she asked her aunt if it was her work. "It is my work," replied Auntie; "why do you ask, child?" "I wondered if it could be," said my wife, "it is so dirty!" With fiery glance and inflated nostril, in suppressed tragic tones the offended lady pounced on her shivering niece and remarked, "My dear, if I were you I would not touch it, you might soil your fingers."

The reprimand was just, no doubt, but there was more of *Lady Macbeth* about it than seemed necessary in the cause of a dirty antimacassar. Tolerance of the weaknesses of their fellow-creatures I found was not a conspicuous Kembleonian trait; the dear lady often attacked me and hit hard. I found that her ferocity proceeded from a highly-strung nervous temperament, acted on by the grovelling adoration of timid devotees; not caring to be one of them, I took the bull by the horns and courteously returned her a Roland for her Oliver, whenever she attempted to ride the "high horse." I spent many an afternoon *tête à tête* with her; I became callous to her blows, and let her hit as hard as she liked until a favourable opportunity occurred, when I landed my contribution to the entertainment.

One of our merry meetings was interrupted by a call from an acquaintance who had taken upon

herself to present a friend—a pretty, delicate little Lady something—pale as a parsnip, and shivering with fright, as though she were about to be presented to the polar bear in the Zoo. I saw directly by the inflated nostril and heightened colour that Mrs. Fanny resented the intrusion on our sparring, and ere long there would be "ructions."

The conversation turned on a book recently published; after sundry arguments with regard to its merits, for her sins the unfortunate Countess timidly advanced her opinion; the mine exploded and the poor little creature was literally squashed.

The visit ended somewhat abruptly. I noticed that the young intruder bowed at a respectful distance from the royal presence, and disappeared with alacrity. Our *tête à tête* was resumed by Aunt Fanny with a volley of snorts; I waited until she had "cooled off," then began my little say with "How on earth could you be so cruel?" "What do you mean, Santley?" was the reply, made with an air of dove-like innocence. "How could you find of your heart," I pleaded, "to drop down on that pretty little woman like a load of bricks? I expected to see her sink through the floor!" "Silly little fool," said Auntie, "she did not know what she was talking about." "But," said I, "it was not worth while getting into such a tantrum for a trifle like that; the poor little lamb." "Rubbish!" exclaimed Mrs. K.,

" you men are all the same, a pretty face is excuse sufficient for anything with you ; you are as great a fool as the little lamb, Santley ; in fact, you men are a pack of fools, I have no patience with you." Dear old lady, she was not overburdened with patience at any time ; still, when in the mood, she could be as affectionate and loving as the tenderest lamb in creation.

On my next visit I found her in one of her most amiable moods. I congratulated her upon her happy looks, when she told me it was her birthday, and if I liked I might kiss her. I availed myself of her permission, and imprinted a chaste salute on her cheek, and we had a very jolly time.

One of the last times I visited her in Queen Anne's Mansions, I reminded her of a promise she had made me when in one of her benevolent moods. At her request I had one day sung several pieces of my répertoire for her sole benefit. Maude White, who accompanied me, was the only other person present. She expressed herself greatly pleased and ready to oblige me in any way that lay in her power. I closed the bargain at once by asking her to read for me some day when she felt quite in the vein ; she promised she would do so. As I have said, I reminded her of this promise ; she tried to shirk it, I could see, through sheer nervousness, but I would take no denial, I insisted on exacting my pound of flesh. When she found I was resolved, after a few snorts, she ordered me to get the book. I found it and

placed it on the table open at the speech I desired to hear, Mark Antony's oration from "Julius Cæsar." I felt a little remorse, for the dear old lady was twitching all over with nervousness; but I would not budge from my position of dictator. At last, pulling herself together with a sudden start, she struck the book with her fist, and exclaimed, "Damn it, Santley, why should I be nervous about reading before you?" I murmured, *sotto voce*, "I cannot see any reason," and off she went. It was fine, I enjoyed her reading immensely, especially as I had it all to myself. When I left I was allowed the privilege of another osculation.

She was a dear, good woman, nervous to an inordinate degree, which accounted for the wide variations of her temper barometer. Like my friend, John Bull, she resented aggression; to folks who showed they were afraid of her she gave no quarter. I discovered her weakness, and as I had a great admiration for her, I studied how to smooth the knots when they shot out too far; I even went so far as to indulge in a little quiet banter judiciously applied. One day she was indulging in a great tirade about something or somebody, and it struck me the *ego* predominated more than was necessary; when she came to a pause, I quietly remarked, "Do you know, madam, that you are a conceited old woman?"

She bounced up from her chair aghast at my temerity. She almost shouted, "How dare you?

Do you know that nobody ever dared to speak to me so before ? " I replied with a smile, " That is a pity, for it is a positive fact." She saw from the expression of my countenance that I was jesting, and she soon recovered her equanimity and joined in the laugh against herself ; but she did not forget it, and ever after, when she had been giving vent to a burst of pungent eloquence in my presence she invariably concluded with " although I am a conceited old woman, dear ! "

Chorley told me he once had occasion to call on her rather early in the day, before visitors are expected. Whilst waiting in the drawing-room he whiled away the time looking at the articles of *vertu* it contained, among the rest a very handsome porcelain vase which had sustained some damage. Her eldest daughter, then a child of eight or nine, ran into the room. Chorley, putting on a serious look, said, " I hope, my dear, it was not you who broke this precious vase." " Oh, I don't know," replied she, " mother and I did it between us ; mother and I have devils of tempers ! " Mrs. Kemble was not an ill-tempered woman ; she was naturally hasty, and the unwholesome adulation which had been showered upon her all her life only increased her impatience until it became chronic. A little wholesome opposition in her early days would have been an inestimable boon to her ; the love her excellent qualities inspired would not have been tarnished by the fear which her hasty temper provoked.

She had great admiration for her talented predecessors, for her father more than the others. During a conversation about them, I asked what was her opinion of Edmund Kean. She said, "I have seen all my own family, and the fine actors, their contemporaries and successors; I have seen Talma and Modena, but the greatest actor I have ever seen was Edmund Kean!" Two of the great admirers and friends of the Kembles, Fladgate and Harniss, did not share her opinion. Fladgate, when we spoke on the subject, would not admit that Kean could compare with John Kemble.

I was dining one evening with Harniss, Dyce being the only other male guest; when the ladies retired and we were left alone, the conversation turned on the stage. I kept respectfully silent, being so much younger, and anxious to hear all I could about the great actors of whom I had heard and read much. Dyce said something in eulogy of Kean in *Macbeth* or *Lear;* Harniss turned quickly on him and said, "My dear Dyce, Kean was not a great actor; they said his *Richard* was the finest ever seen. I say he was a pot-house *Richard!*"

Comparing these two diametrically opposite opinions, the one, that of a highly talented member of the family, herself an actress, the other that of a friend and great admirer, but merely a spectator, I have often wondered what my impression would have been had it been my

good fortune to live in their time. I must confess to having doubts about some of the great things I only know by hearsay, for in my own time I have heard performances bespattered with praise which in my estimation were either inane or ludicrous, sometimes both. *Hamlet*, in his advice to the players, distinctly lays down what an actor ought to do, yet I have seen many actors of undoubted ability who, when essaying the part of *Hamlet*, distinctly ignored that advice, tearing passion into tatters, or droning through the entire part in wearisome monotony. Alas! I cannot go back and see for myself; I content myself with the great actors now passed away or retired whom I have had the good fortune to see, Pauline Viardot, Giorgio Ronconi, Mario, on the lyric stage; Macready, Charles Fechter, Got, Benjamin Webster, Samuel Emery, Fred Robson, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Ristori, Tommaso Salvini on the dramatic stage, all of whom were great in any line.

I wonder why it is that many English actors invariably "put on" a different voice, different walk, different everything when they are engaged in delineating any of Shakespeare's tragic characters, to those they adopt when playing what I should designate "character parts," or parts in the works of other authors. They seem to drop any attempt at being natural: voice, walk, action, diction all artificial. I was talking to Fechter on the subject once, after his last

production of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum; he said, "The only defect your actors have is, they none of them know what they are capable of; they accustom themselves to one particular line, and are often mistaken about the line which suits them best!"

All those who remember him must remember what a fine actor Sam Emery was; for years he had confined himself to such parts as *Captain Cuttle, Peggotty*, and such like. When Fechter gave him the part of the *King* in "Hamlet," he threw up his hands in despair, and declared it was impossible, he never could play it; Fechter insisted he not only could, but must, and eventually he did, with the result that his performance was as fine as anything in the representation, and that was a fine one. I said so to Fechter. "My dear boy," said he, "tell Sam Emery he is nothing much of an actor, and he will merely shrug his shoulders and not even reply, and he is a *great* actor; but tell him he cannot play billiards (he can't play a bit), and he will be ready to murder you."

But I have wandered sufficiently and more. I mounted my hobby; you must forgive me. I will not do it again—until next time? I have now to introduce another family connection in the shape of my brother-in-law; not a huge shape certainly, but judging from his awful frown and his eye like Mars, one of whose sons he was, he was terribly in earnest. He had gone to India

in 1857, subaltern in one of the East India Company's cavalry regiments; in 1859 he was sent home in charge of some disbanded troops. My wife was in some trepidation on his account, as she could not procure any tidings of the ship he sailed in, nor of the probable date of her arrival.

Towards Christmas, she was startled by receiving a note from her gallant brother informing her that he had safely landed a fortnight previously. On being upbraided for his delay in presenting himself, his excuse was that "he wished to see what sort of person it was upon whom his sister had bestowed herself, and for that purpose he had waited until he had attended the theatre two or three times to examine him minutely." I must have come off victorious in my involuntary exam., for he soon after put in an appearance, and a highly amusing relation I found him. He was about five feet four in height, which grieved him sorely, as he found it difficult to make an impression on Afghans or some other "ans," tall athletic fellows whom he had to keep in order.

Aunt Fanny, when I confided to her his grievance that he was so short, burst forth in scornful accents, "Short, Santley! Henry must remember that Frederick the Great was a short man; that the Cid and another great military hero whose name I don't remember were likewise short in stature; short or long, what man had done man might do again, if he possessed the

genius for leadership" ; all of which, though a fine specimen of declamation, seemed rather beside the question of Cornet Kemble's desire to add two or three inches to his height. What he lacked in stature he put on in frown ; it *was* a frown—terrible ! He was every inch a military man in the way of pomposity ; he had, of course, wonderful things to recount of tiger and other ferocious animal hunts. I do not question their truth, but I was not there to see ; had I been in the vicinity, I would certainly have "made tracks" for some safe spot where there was no risk of being butchered to satisfy a wild beast's lust for flesh.

I took him to Dublin to keep me company during one of our Italian opera seasons. An old friend of mine after hearing one or two jungle stories christened him "The Tiger Slayer," by which name he was always known among our acquaintances in the Irish capital. He was anything but terrible in reality ; he was a good-natured lad, clever in many ways, which his oddities prevented him putting to any serviceable account ; when he opened his mouth he had a remarkable knack of putting his foot in it (Hibernian !). During his short stay in London, he accompanied us one evening to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Heywood—the latter was originally Miss Louisa Vinning, who in her youthful days was known as "The Infant Sappho." The roast was a very fine haunch of mutton, which the

host told us had been hung for a fortnight to bring it to perfection, "but perhaps," said he, turning to the Captain (we called him Captain for short), "it may be too mature for you." "Oh no!" said the gallant officer, "I don't mind, its all one to me, I am used to roughing it!"

As soon as we were comfortably seated in the cab to go back to our castle, my wife gave vent to her feelings thus: "You are the greatest fool I ever met, Harry; could you not understand you were expected to praise the thoughtfulness of your hosts in providing for your entertainment such an exquisite dish?" "Bless my soul, my dear," replied poor Pillicoddy, "I thought after being kept so long it might be unfit for food, and I merely wished them to know I came to enjoy the pleasure of their company, not for what they gave me to eat!" Oh J. B., J. B., I only wish I could think you were as innocent as this gallant warrior!

During the season he passed with me in Dublin, when he figured as "The Tiger Slayer," he fell hopelessly in love with one of our *prima donnas.* She was a very witty woman; she let me into the secret of his amorous woes; as I knew she was only playing upon his boyish devotion, I took the first opportunity which presented itself to enlighten him. He had worn a very melancholy cast of visage for some days; at last, when we were alone he in an affectedly casual manner said suddenly, "What age is that young person,

Charlie ?" "What young person," said I. "Oh ! you know whom I mean, so-and-so." "Well," I said, "I should say about forty-five." "God bless me," he exclaimed, "forty-five, I thought she was about twenty-one or two." "Forty-five," said I, "my dear Harry, if she's a day !" I do not know if that settled the matter, but I heard no more about it.

Though he did not make a great name publicly, I know, spite of many eccentricities, he was looked upon as a highly efficient officer ; he retired Major-General a few years ago and died towards the end of 1907, a short time before the death of our cousin, Henry Kemble, the well-known actor, another eccentric. The first time I saw Henry, he was a boy of about fourteen with the airs of a man of forty ; he called at our house in Grove End Road just after we had finished early dinner, as I was playing at Covent Garden at the time. There was some port on the table. I asked him if he would take a glass. "Yes," he said, "but if it is not taking a liberty, and you have it in the house, I would much prefer a glass of claret." Not bad for fourteen, I thought. The next time we met, I was coming out of Rolandi's shop in Berners Street ; he happened to be passing, I recognized him, and called out to him ; he turned round on the instant and put his thumb to his nose and spread out his fingers, at the same time uttering a derisive sound.

When I met him again I reminded him of his

impertinence; his explanation was, that he felt so nervous on seeing me that he had no idea what he was doing. I thought it was a very curious and rude phase of nervousness, but I let him off—with a caution. He ought to have perpetuated the Kemble name and fame, but his whole theatrical career was marred by inordinate self-consciousness. His sole endeavour from the first was to hide himself under the mask of the tiresome old fogey, gouty or otherwise, who seems a necessity in English drama.

Prepared by his natural inclinations in a great measure, his old men were more tolerable than they are usually represented. The best thing I ever saw him do was the *Wizard*, in a drama adapted from the "Lady of the Lake"; he had only one scene, which he played, I might say, perfectly; his elocution was always good, and in this case his action was in perfect accordance with his elocution. I rated him soundly for not following up such a successful trial, to no purpose. Walter Lacy took a great interest in him as a member of the great family of actors. When we were discussing his prospects in the beginning of his career, Lacy said, "If I had the direction of that boy I would make him play *Romeo*, *Count Osmond*, in the 'Castle Spectre,' and *Hamlet*, to try and work him out of his self-consciousness, as he has capability for doing good work; he is simply throwing away a fine career through cowardice." With little exception he

confined himself to his favourite old men, and died a comparatively young one.

Until I returned to the faith of my forefathers he was a constant guest at our house on Sunday ; after that he fell off by degrees until at last we saw no more of him ; the reason he assigned was "he found my company too dull." I found the excuse singular ; my other intimates did not remark any change in my spirits, and I could not accuse myself of any diminution of lively regard in the entertainment of my guests.

My wife's sister, for whom I had a great affection, married the Rev. Charles Edward Donne, eldest son of William Bodham Donne, who succeeded my wife's father, John Mitchell Kemble, as licenser of plays. After a few years of probation, Charles Donne became Vicar of Faversham, which office he held until a few years before his death, which occurred in 1907.

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CHARLES FECHTER (AS HAMLET)

CHAPTER VII

ADVENTURES on Sea and Land—Stormy Channel—Storms in Teapots—Travelling with Babies—The Merry Swiss Boy—A Dismal Drive—Pay for Experience—The utility of bargaining—A Florentine "Curio" Dealer—A Purveyor of Peaches—A Basket to Carry them—A Slump in Umbrellas—All for Fun.

Now let us turn our attention to the adventures. After discussing various projects for an agreeable holiday, we decided upon a visit to Brunnen, on the Lake of Lucerne, an attractive spot for its surrounding scenery and its moderation as to cost. Our party consisted of No. 1, my wife, her sister, and—"Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon"—my eldest born, Miss Edith Santley, aged four months, with her nurse. We had some stirring times, the first, crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne; there blew what M. Robert—a well-known ticket inspector at the latter place—used to designate "*une bonne brise*"; it certainly was "*bonne*" in the sense of plenty.

When we landed at Boulogne, the Paris train had departed, so we had leisure to recover from the effects of the nautical *ballet* and restore our equanimity before continuing the journey. My peace of mind, which had been considerably disturbed by unmerited insinuations, I only recovered on making a firm resolution never again to travel in company with a baby. In the train

I entered into conversation with a very nice little man; we chatted pleasantly for some time, at last he offered me his card, saying he would be very pleased to accept mine. I found my acquaintance was W. Harrison Ainsworth. What tantalizing visions that name created in my hungry brain, or perhaps it would be more true to say, stomach. I am not a victim to sea-sickness—the only effect the sea has on my anatomy is to develop a craving for food; I was literally starving with hunger, and had only "the baseless fabric of a vision" of those huge pasties supplied to Og and his brethren to subsist on.

Arrived at Bâle after about ten hours' journey, I found they had inscribed on the luggage ticket three pieces instead of four, which landed me in two controversies, one with the railway officials in Swiss-German, of which I did not understand a word, and one in English with madame, which I understood but too well; the first ended by taking a merry Swiss boy's advice and weighing the pieces I claimed; the weight was found correct, so we were allowed to depart in peace, carrying off our chattels; the second burst forth at intervals until sweet sleep steeped my senses in forgetfulness. We had a lovely day to complete our journey, bright blue sky above, bright green water below, everything and everybody was so bright that I really thought rust could never more clog the wheels of pleasure; but soft!

let us not anticipate! The weather was irritating at times, the weather-prophets always; they would never admit the slightest sign of rain, especially if a boat or carriage had been chartered to make an excursion. They were so often mistaken that I innocently imagined they were not adepts at forecast, until I discovered that though the merry Swiss boy is not particularly intelligent in many matters, he is peculiarly so when the raking in of francs is concerned.

I wanted to make some purchases at Lucerne, so consulted my landlord with respect to the feasibility of doing the journey by carriage instead of steamboat; he declared it was quite practicable and often made; with a pair of good horses it could easily be accomplished there and back in a day. I ordered a carriage on a certain day on condition that the weather was propitious. The day arrived, the sky was very grey and unpromising, but I was assured the glass was rising and we should have a delightful drive.

Off we started, baby and nurse included, some of us looking a trifle glum. I kept up my spirits until we got as far as Schwyz, when we were treated to a shower; we had not gone much further when we had to close the carriage, and the remainder, which might be called the whole journey to Lucerne and back to Brunnen, was performed in a deluge. That was bad enough, but the storm inside the vehicle crushed the little spirit I had left. I tried to get forty winks, and

forget my miseries, but there was no rest for the wicked. I was forced to exercise patience, and I could not help wondering whether Job, amongst his other troubles, had ever been hermetically sealed in a closed carriage with a fractious baby, etc., etc.

Our hilarity reached a climax when we were crossing the bridge over the Muotta at Schwyz on our way back, crash went something, I felt the bridge shake. Good God, I thought (I have a lively imagination), we shall all be drowned, and my innocent babe be devoured in the shape of *truite au bleu* by unnatural gluttons. I was wrong (I am not often wrong, it is only when I give my lively imagination too much rein that I make a mistake, but this time I confess to having erred), one of the horses slipped on the slippery bridge, and the carriage pole had been brought into contact with one of the stanchions, and—well, it was nearly a bad accident.

Here is where the merry Swiss boy's intelligence manifested itself; the horses had been eating their heads off in the stable for two or three weeks, and the carriage required an airing, so we were put on the job, "*Experientia docet!*" A dodge on the opposite tack was tried on me, in which experience befriended me. I had taken a carriage and pair of horses from Fluelon to cross the St. Gothard; at Andermat we were to be supplied with an extra horse to the Hospice; we had a good lunch, and when ready to start were informed

there was not a single horse to be had for love or money, and it would be dangerous to attempt to cross the pass, as a thick fog prevailed.

I insisted on the horse being found, producing my contract wherein was laid down the equine stipulation; I gave the proprietress of the hotel to understand that not a penny of the fare would I pay if the horse was not brought forth instanter. The waiter, whom I noticed eyeing me very attentively, at last asked me if I was not Mr. Santley. I said, "I am Charles of that ilk." At his request I related my grievance; he told me he used to be Giuglini's servant, Giuseppe, and I then recognized him. To be brief, the horse was brought forth, and in a few minutes we went on our way rejoicing; the fog must have retired at the double quick, for there was no sign of it all the way to Airolo.

Experience is an excellent school, if people will only profit by it. I used at one time to pay what the vendor asked me for an article, if I was desirous to possess it. I learned by experience that not only did I throw away my money, but I was called a fool for my pains. Now I never offer more than one-fourth of what is demanded, and I cannot recall any instance in which I have not succeeded in obtaining the article I coveted at my price or a mere trifle beyond.

When I was staying in Florence the first time, I saw a necklace of Egyptian *scarabei* which I thought my wife would like. John Henry Agnew

was with me; we examined it through the window; he thought it was genuine, and it appeared so to me; we entered the shop and looked at several articles of *vertu*, some of which struck me as being anything but virtuous; at last I threw my eagle glance upon the coveted necklace and begged to know what the article was intended for; the vendor, surprised at my ignorance, informed me it was a valuable necklace composed of real Egyptian *scarabei*. He was so affectionate in his description, he might have been an intimate friend of their family or families; when I asked the price he went off into ecstasies of praise of their beauty, their antiquity, etc. I had to threaten to leave it on his hands to bring him to the point. The price was two hundred and fifty francs, so I merely wished him good evening and walked off; he called me back and said he was open to an offer, which I declined to make, saying the price I would offer was so far below his ideas that it was useless; we had a long discussion, three times I left the shop and was hauled back by the collar. I offered him seventy francs, he declared he would have to shut up his shop, go to the workhouse or drown himself in the Arno, and so on.

At last J. H. A. said I could not get it; we had to dine and then start in a short time for Bologna, or I would have succeeded, but as time pressed and my friend was importunate, I (foolishly, I admit) took out four napoleons (eighty francs)

and displayed them in a line before his greedy eyes, saying, "Take that, and we conclude the bargain. Yes or no, and not another word or I will leave your necklace." I secured it for eighty francs. I have always been sorry I did not stick to my first offer, I should have got the necklace all the same. Young travellers, take note—make up your mind and never budge; nine times out of ten you will save your money and not rob anybody.

I went to buy peaches in the market at Milan a few years ago. Some fine ones caught my eye, an elderly female was bargaining for some of them, and I heard the price arranged, being *au fait* at *meneghin* (Milanese dialect). When the customer moved off I mentioned I also wanted a supply. When they were chosen and weighed, I asked the price: "So much." "Pardon, my dear madam, you're making a mistake; that person just departed paid so much." "Oh no! they are so much and I could not take less." "Then, dear lady, you may keep them!"

Another purveyor at the next stall called out that he had quite as good fruit—that finished the dispute; I had my peaches at my price, which was a considerable reduction on that the seller demanded. I then looked about to find a basket to carry them in, as I was starting for the Lago Maggiore, and could not accommodate them in my pockets. I spotted my affair, and asked the price of several others; but the old shopwoman was deep and spotted my dodge, she demanded

five francs. I offered one and a half, and for my temerity was consigned to a certain warm place which I hope never to visit.

My equanimity was not ruffled in the slightest degree, and as I was not in company with an impatient fellow-traveller, I got my own way. I think the dear woman's excuse for giving way so readily was that she could not find in her heart to refuse such a handsome man ; however, as it is just possible I may have dreamt that, I will not insist on it. The peaches were not a dream, they were a reality, they might truly have been called a poem.

I must tell one other story of a purchase during my student days, in which I was the party responsible for the money, but it was made by an agent. I wanted an umbrella, and asked my Italian professor if he could point me out a good shop where I could get one at a moderate price. He insisted upon accompanying me in my quest, and it was well he did. I chose the article I wanted without pointing it out to the seller. The price was twenty-five francs, which after an hour's discussion, diminished to eleven Italian *lire*, something under ten francs in the money of that time, 1855. I rather took a fancy to bargaining ; I am not covetous ; it was good fun, and I had no scruples of conscience, as I was quite aware that whatever price I ultimately paid, it left sufficient margin for the merchant's profit.

CHAPTER VIII

COMPACT with Reeves & Co.—A Swiss Hotel—Different Ideas of Cleanliness—Excursion to Altdorf—Missed the Last Boat back—Storms (various) Brewing—Fair Weather—"Robin Hood" at Her Majesty's Theatre—Emma's Devotion—A Short Life and a Merry One—Dinner at Norwood—My New Hat.

WE must get back to Brunnen, for I have still to recount the Reeves episode. I was already looked upon as an intimate friend by the great tenor; his wife, the redoubtable Emma, condescended to patronize me in a gracious *ex prima donna* fashion, and actually went so far as to declare I could sing—a bit! They were both anxious to learn where I was going to spend my holiday, and when I told them of Brunnen, its beautiful position on the Bay of Uri, the facilities it offered for excursions on foot or by carriage or boat, and by no means least, the moderate expense of living, they made up their minds on the instant that it was just the place they had been seeking. They would have accompanied us on the journey, but I escaped that (I had a vision of John cooped up with a baby) by saying, as I was not quite a millionaire yet, we were going to travel second class. It was then agreed that Mrs. R. would inform us of the date of their arrival in order that we might have their rooms quite prepared.

Having had no small experience of what her ladyship deemed preparation, I felt somewhat

anxious about the fulfilment of her desires in a small place little frequented by English travellers at that time. Our hotel, which was the most important in the place, was exceedingly well kept ; the proprietor, a "landamman," and a Colonel in the Swiss army, a highly-educated, courteous man, a bachelor. His two sisters superintended the household arrangements ; the elder spoke English fluently, always on the *qui vive* to administer to the comfort of their guests, and mad about music. The rooms, primitively furnished, were pictures of order and cleanliness, floors scrubbed and polished, linen white as nip, in fact, everything the most exacting housewife could desire ; but there are desires which soar above all earthly calculation, and thus it was with Mrs. R.

Acting upon my suggestions, rooms allotted to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves had been scrubbed and re-scrubbed, polished and re-polished ; a dozen or so of towels were distributed about the bed-chamber, with a reserve bundle ready to hand in case of emergency. Judge of my consternation when Miss Aufdermaur, whom I had only known as a most pacific, good-natured lady, bounced into my room, red as a turkey cock, and declared that were it not for me, she would have those people's goods and chattels put out of doors forthwith. The lady, not being satisfied with the pains which had been taken for her comfort, had no sooner entered their room than she emptied

jugs and cans of water over the floor, which at that moment she was polishing with the clean towels provided for personal use. The house was turned upside down; "the peace of the valley" was destroyed for a time, but when our new guests found they could not do better, they calmed down.

After a few days they went off to Lucerne, Mrs. R. remarking to my wife, "It was all very well for Santley, but her husband was not accustomed to dirt, and could not put up with it." I was not present at the interview, and did not witness the fun, but I fancy there must have been an amusing encounter between Tragedy and Comedy.

At parting we arranged to make an excursion together to Altdorf a day or two later; the Reeves's were to leave Lucerne by an early boat, and take me and my sister-in-law up at Brunnen. The day arrived, and shortly before we expected the steamer a telegram was handed to me to say they had missed the first boat and would come on by a later one; this upset all our arrangements; we had little time to pay our respects to the Swiss patriot, dinner was put off until the last moment, the last boat to return started at 5.30. Mrs. R. had to arrange her tresses, and when we arrived at the landing-place the steamer was already a considerable distance on her way to Brunnen. The merry Swiss boys, moved by a prospect of "backsheesh," declared there was

every appearance of a storm brewing—there was, alas! but not on the lake—" my prophetic soul," murmured Caudle! The attempt to return by boat was abandoned, as also was a wild project suggested by the " cause of all our woe," to do the journey by carriage, " over the hills and far away," when she was informed it would occupy ten to twelve hours, and take a large amount of " gilt off the gingerbread."

There was nothing for it but to pass the night under the auspices of William Tell, and " go home with the milk in the morning." Then the fun began in right down earnest; the rooms had to be allotted, and when at length, after many changes—his majesty had to lie in a particular direction, N.W. to S.E., with his back to the window—it was found that the room ultimately chosen for his accommodation was over the kitchen and well warmed by the flue. Another change was proposed, but I turned Turk and refused to take the hint. The floor of the chosen apartment had to be scrubbed—the flue came in useful in shortening the drying process—linen had to be changed, the usual array of towels provided, and crevices stopped up that " the winds of Heaven might not visit his face too roughly."

We had to make an expedition to purchase hair brushes, tooth brushes, and powder, and combs; all of which turning out too ordinary for Emma's use were handed over to my

sister-in-law, who was highly amused at the delicate attention. All bobberies come to an end; this one, as far as I was concerned, ended in a tournament with Morpheus. We arose with the lark, took our departure by the first steamer, and arrived at Brunnen in time for breakfast, seasoned with a good—wigging!

I did not see any more of the Reeves's until we met at the rehearsals of "Robin Hood" at Her Majesty's Theatre. I say we, because though Madame was not engaged in any direct capacity, she was indirectly actively employed. Gardie (short for Edgardo) required much attention—at times I thought he received more than he cared about. We, the rest of the company, were favoured with attentions, too, but of a totally different class; they were mostly in the way of extracting the beams from our orbs, planting spokes in our wheels, and damning with faint praise our feeble attempts to emulate the artistic talent of the only John.

She did not *always* "have it all her own way." Madame Lemmens, to whom she was very attentive, had a nice, pleasant, innocent way of planting a dart (not Cupid's) in a tender part, with a smile that only increased the smart, and Emma, who was not quick at repartee, had to beat a hasty retreat to cover her chagrin. We men all had our turn, but we acted in the lenient spirit of *Rudolf* in "Lurline," who, apostrophizing his absent love—perhaps she had been flirting—

is made to say by the poet, Fitzball, "She is a woman, therefore I forgive her!" We did forgive, I am sure, all of us; her little attentions were a source of amusement, they relieved the monotony of the dull rehearsals. Hallé was not hilarious, and Jack was ruminative, perhaps pondering on his chance of success in stringing *Robin Hood's* bow; or it may be the attentions of his spouse may have had a depressing effect; she certainly used to indulge in strange vagaries, as for instance, when Gardy played *Captain Macheath* in "The Beggar's Opera." Whilst singing, "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care," Reeves sat on a table. Before the scene opened Emma used to take the precaution of having the table-cloth aired for an hour, and with her own fair hands ironed the table top, that there might be no risk of Gardie catching a chill!

The dear little woman had a notion that I was encroaching on her husband's preserves; the fact was, I had found out the capabilities of my voice during the opera season at Covent Garden, and like all young people, did not scruple to stretch my full-fledged wings and soar into more elevated regions than I had attempted before, but I had not the remotest idea of encroaching on anybody's ground. "The green-eyed monster" found an early occasion to show its teeth and use them, but, fortunately, the bite proved harmless.

One evening I was singing the small part of

mille cose affettuose dal Vostro

Sincerissimo

Mosta

The Man of God in Costa's "Eli," at Exeter Hall. Having little to do except listen, I had ample opportunity to look about me; in the directors' gallery whom should I espy but my dear little Emma, bedecked and gay, in close confabulation with friend Chorley of the *Athenæum*. Their conversation was evidently of absorbing interest, as they were not paying the slightest attention to the music; the grave expressions on their faces and solemn wag of their heads denoted that mixture of horror and sadness with which Virtue denounces, while pitying, Vice.

My guardian angel whispered, "Look out, my boy, they're going for you!" They were. I looked out and I saw in the next issue of the *Athenæum*—which Chorley sent me that there should be no mistake—"Mr. Santley is making great progress in public estimation, but if he insists on forcing the upper register of his voice, *he will have a short life, if a merry one.*" I apostrophized Emma in a short but pithy versicle beginning with a D, not the initial of Dear! The smart of the wound lasted but for a moment; it takes a much harder knock than such as that to make any impression on a Liverpudlian hard head and tough skin accustomed to the rude sallies of "Dicky Sammian" wit.

Dear Emma ought to have been a chiropodist, she possessed such a remarkable talent for cutting corns. She took amazing pains with mine!

I was dining at Reeves castle once, when Arthur Sullivan and Fred Clay were of the party. Fred exclaimed that a dish of which we were partaking was "fumato" (meaning smoked). I said, "No, Fred, '*affumicato*' is Italian for smoked." "What did you say, Santley?" says Emma. "I did not say anything particular, dear!"—I said "dear" this time because I felt there was a blow coming, and I thought I would soften it to avoid the risk of making a rude exhibition before the family and guests. "Yes you did, you said 'aff*ew*micato,'—that is the *u* pronounced as in English." "I am sure I did not, but as I don't like to contradict a lady," I said, "I must have pronounced the word Milanese fashion." "Ah," said the "dear," "I knew there was something, for I always maintain if you could only pronounce English as well as you pronounce Italian, you'd do!" Gardie apostrophized this time, somewhat tartly, but without any big D's.

Another was cut when a party of us went to Bowley's house, after we had sung at a "Ballad Concert" in the Crystal Palace. I cannot determine whether the corn was mine or Gardie's, or whether there were two corns, one each. I wore a new hat which drew forth a shower of compliments from her ladyship and also from Gardie, whose attention she had directed to my elegant new "topper"; he, too, was complimentary, and asked me where I purchased it. I told him. "Ah yes," said he, "that's where my coachman

buys his hats." This sounds rather like a "chiropodical" operation, but I am sure he didn't intend it.

I began to think it was about time I had a "look in," so I suggested in a modest way that perchance it was the head under the hat that gave it the elegant appearance it did not intrinsically possess. My modest suggestion was received with derisive laughter by the charming fair one. "Pooh," said she, "they talk of handsome fellows, they say that Willoughby Weiss is one (he was really a fine, handsome specimen of humanity), and I've heard some empty-pated girls talk about *you ;* you may both of you be all right as far as the inside of your heads is concerned, but if you want to see a handsome outside, you must look at Gardie!" My father, who was present, nearly exploded with laughter at this rather doubtful example of a devoted wife's appreciation. Some of the guests who heard the fun, joined my father in the guffaw ; Gardie did not, and poor Emma indulged in a number of bars *tacet.* With all her amusing—though occasionally pungent—foibles, she was a thorough artiste and a devoted helpmate. I believe she would have made a dash at the moon, if by chopping off a bit for him she could have procured a moment's happiness for her lord and master.

CHAPTER IX

INTIMACY with Reeves—His Moderate Habits—Contradiction from Personal Knowledge of Public "Dictum"—"Judas Maccabæus" at Clifton—Winter Garden, Blackpool—Japanese Tommy—Irish Concert, Exeter Hall—"Tam O'Shanter," St. James's Hall—A "Green" Tenor—Uncharitable Accusation of Public Characters—My own Case—A Wife-beater.

I MUST crave indulgence for making this long digression, and yet a little more patience while I continue it. I have been trying to amuse, and now I want to interest my readers in a subject which for many years I have had at heart, more particularly since the death of my old friend and comrade Reeves.

In the whole course of my life I have never known a man so belied; it was commonly stated that his abuse of stimulants was the sole cause of his so frequently disappointing the public by non-fulfilment of his engagements. I emphatically deny that statement; we were intimate friends, constantly engaged in the same performances from the year 1858 until a few months before he died. I had every opportunity of knowing him intimately, and I declare I have never met a more moderate man as regards either eating or drinking. When there was work to be done, I often urged him to take an extra glass of wine, as he was one of the most nervous human beings I ever knew, and I thought an extra drop would give him a

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To my dear old Comrade & friend Charles Sautter
with affectionate regards March 20th 1889
"My Jubilee" Jim Reeve

touch of Dutch courage, but I never knew him to take my advice.

When there was no work to be done, he was as jolly as a boy home from school for the holidays; even then he never exceeded his customary two or three glasses of claret or occasionally Burgundy. He was at all times exceedingly anxious and nervous about his voice; many and many a time he had not the courage to dress for a concert, and sent an excuse at the last moment for his non-appearance, and an hour after bitterly regretted the disappointment it would cause, not to speak of the considerable pecuniary loss he himself would sustain.

The first time I sang in "Judas Maccabæus" with him was at the Queen's Rooms, Clifton, in 1858. He did not turn up at rehearsal; I found him at the hotel when I returned, in a very despondent state; he said he felt bad and would not be able to sing at night. Being only a novice, I did not like to obtrude my advice, I merely hinted that he might feel better disposed for work after a good meal. He sent two prescriptions to be made up by the chemist, one a draught, the other a gargle; when they were brought to him, after examining them he made up his mind the bottles had been improperly labelled, and put them aside; he made a very poor dinner, he ate little and drank a glass of claret.

Before going over to the concert room, I looked in upon him; he said he felt a little better and

would be over in time for his work. He came, and skipped through the first recitative, but in the air, "Call forth thy powers," he did call them forth, and they answered him in such a style that the audience burst forth in a storm of applause and thus relieved him of all anxiety. His power and energy increased as he went on. "How vain is man" was splendid, and "Sound an alarm" magnificent, as he alone could sing it in my time.

A few years after, we were singing together at the Winter Garden, Blackpool. I was in the green-room when he came in; he had got a fit of "nerves"; he said he would give twenty pounds if he could go back to the hotel, for he felt he had no voice and could not sing a note. I rallied him, and proposed that if he could not sing, he should whistle his songs, as the public would never be satisfied unless at least they saw him. He smiled faintly; I left the room and planted myself in the wings to listen to his first song, Sullivan's "Meet me once again"; his trousers were positively shaking. The first bar or two sounded as though he had plums in his mouth, but he forgot himself and his dismals, and he "pulled the house down." His second was the "Bay of Biscay," which produced a storm such as that delightful bay can produce, without the *mal de mer* attendant thereon.

It may have been he felt I was a sincere friend and ardent admirer, but I could always induce

him to sing when he was for "giving up the ghost" any time when we were singing together. After the concert, there was to be a performance by Japanese acrobats. I stopped to have a look at them. I noticed a boy, who went by the name of Japanese Tommy (I afterwards found there is a Tommy attached to every Japanese company). I spoke to him; he answered with something like a grunt, which I supposed must be Japanese for "don't understand." I then put the plain question to him very distinctly: "Do you find English a difficult language to learn?" "Is it English?" says he, with a remarkably thick brogue—"shure I'm Irish." He was so well made up that I took him for a native of Japan.

About thirty years ago, as far as I can guess, the Annual Irish Concert on St. Patrick's Day, arranged by Mr. W. Saunders, had to be given at Exeter Hall, as St. James's Hall had been taken for the "pops," or some other series of concerts. Reeves, of course, was the principal attraction. As usual, the room was packed. I arrived about ten minutes before the concert commenced, and found that, unfortunately, my friend Jack was laid up with a cold, and had deferred notifying the director until the last moment, hoping to be able to fulfil his engagement, too late for a substitute to be found. I offered to sing his first song to help the manager out of his dilemma. Before I went on, Saunders tried to say a few words to the audience, but he had no

sooner shown himself on the platform than the furies broke loose and hooted him off.

I went on determined to do battle for my comrade. The audience had the courtesy to suspend their rage, and, after greeting me with some applause, to remain silent. Sidney Naylor had no sooner started the prelude to the song than the storm broke out afresh. I leaned my back against the piano and calmly watched the play; the noise abated and at last ceased. I gave Naylor a signal to recommence, he got through the prelude and I had just opened my mouth to charm the British public when one of the aggrieved called out, "Where's Mr. Reeves?" I called back, "I don't keep Mr. Reeves in my pocket and cannot say, I only know he is unable to fulfil his engagement this evening." Here I was interrupted by somebody behind me on the orchestra shouting, "No! he's drunk again." I turned swiftly round and shouted in reply, "If that person who has just now spoken will come down here, I will give him a reply he will not forget in a hurry." This turned the scale; it amused the audience, one of whom got on his legs and spoke out warmly. "You have a gentleman before you," said he, "then behave like gentlemen." The noise ceased, I sang my song, and the concert continued to the end without further interruption.

Reeves, like the major part of the human race, had his little idiosyncrasies, failings, if you like

the name better. He was full of nerves, and like all nervous people at times very irritable. I had literally to push him on to the platform at St. James's Hall on a Burns night, when he was going to sing in Howard Glover's cantata, "Tam O'Shanter," a very trying part. A young tenor had been engaged to take Reeves's place in case he could not put in an appearance. Just as the singers were going up to take their places, the silly young man asked Reeves if he would like him to go up at once or wait until he might be wanted. "Who are you, sir, and what would you go on for?" said *Tam.* "I was engaged to take your place in case of . . . ." "D——n you, sir, what do you mean?" roared *Tam*, "I'll choke you," and he certainly would have carried out his threat, only I got between them and pushed Reeves up the stairs, he growling vengeance, and I promising he should have it out in the green-room after he had polished off *Tam.* The juvenile was hustled out of the Hall, and the "Cock of the North" (and of every point of the compass) was appeased with a little adjustment of his plumage and cautiously-administered chaff. So all ended well.

It is quite common to accuse public people of drinking too much. My sister was present at Her Majesty's on one occasion when I was playing in the opera. Two individuals seated behind her were comparing notes between the acts. One of them expatiated on the excellence of my

performance, the other agreed it was fine. "What a pity it is," he dolefully remarked, "he drinks," professing at the same time to be intimately acquainted with me.

I took my idea of singing "Here's a health unto His Majesty" from the scene in *Woodstock* where Roger Wildrake defies old Noll. I think it is just the song with which he, being half drunk, might have favoured the "Protector."

After singing it for an encore one evening at St. James's Hall, I remarked to a friend who was accompanying me home, that I thought I had acted "the drunk" better than usual; he replied that he thought everybody was not of the same opinion, two of the audience seated on the row behind him at any rate were not, for they not only believed I was really drunk, but that I had taken a remarkably short time "to get tight"! My imitation would be quoted as a reality, and as sufficient proof of my being a drunkard.

Such are the slender grounds upon which public men and women are stigmatized as "topers."

It is a great pity that people, otherwise charitably disposed, are not more on their guard against accepting as facts and retailing them as such, foolish and scandalous stories they hear of public men and women from those who, while professing to be on intimate terms, have not even a passing acquaintance with them. Vocalists seem to be especially singled out as the victims

of these story-tellers. The following is a fair specimen of the style of their inventions. The two daughters of my friend John Agnew were present at one of the Hallé concerts in Manchester some years ago, when I had to take part in a cantata by Mr. Edward Hecht, performed for the first time. Anna Williams and Edward Lloyd were my companions.

Before the concert a lady sitting in front of my two young friends was pointing out to her companion, evidently a stranger to Manchester, people of note, etc. When the performance was about to commence, and Miss Williams and Mr. Lloyd ascended to the orchestra, the stranger was informed who they were; on which she remarked that Miss Williams was a very elegant lady, and Mr. Lloyd a nice, plump little gentleman. When I appeared on the other side of the platform the stranger was told, "that is Mr. Santley." "Ah!" she said, "indeed! that's the man that beats his wife;" then, after a more minute inspection, she topped up with, "and he looks like it, too!"

I cannot judge, but I do not think I look like anything of the sort; if I do, all I can say is, my looks belie me! I never beat anybody, except on rare occasions when my youngsters were naughty and would not listen to the "voice of love"; to bring them to their senses I performed a rataplan of the mildest description on their little anatomies.

Singers are naturally a nervous race ; beyond the anxiety attendant on their performances, they have to contend with temperament and temperature with regard to their voices. A speaker could go through his part with a voice in such condition as would render it useless for a singer to attempt to get through a part of any importance. There are many influences which would seem absurd to the auditor that cause the singer a vast amount of anxiety. We know what bold, impudent things nervous, shy people are capable of saying and doing in a social gathering. What strange antics may not a nervous, anxious singer who has to confront a large audience unconsciously perform. I have seen Reeves, when suffering from intense nervous excitement, walk on to the platform with an exaggerated air of courage and nonchalance, his legs shaking to such a degree that he could not walk steadily ; on which some of the charitable audience would bestow such remarks as, " Dear me ! one would think the whole place belonged to him " ; or, " Of course, drunk again ! "

Such remarks spread not only through the audience, but through the audience to their friends and acquaintances ; and thus a man or woman has to bear the stigma of an evil reputation which they have never earned.

What I have said about my old friend is not offered in his defence ; he required no defence ; all who were intimate with him, as I was, knew

him to be particularly abstemious. The last time we sang together—at Henry Nicholson's farewell benefit at Leicester—about a year before his death, he, being then upwards of eighty years of age, sang splendidly, which would have been impossible had he worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus as earnestly as his detractors were pleased to take for granted. He had faults—we all have—but that was not one of them. "Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water." Let us do the contrary, and remember the great artiste and the unspeakable enjoyment his singing gave to countless thousands of his countrymen, with whom he was a household god, and forget little faults for which he was not in many cases responsible.

CHAPTER X

My Predilection for the St. Gothard Pass—The Motor Car—My Idea of Pleasurable Locomotion—"Ballad Concerts"—What is a Ballad?—Erroneous Idea of the Term "Expression"—Proposal of Engagement for English Opera, 1873, fell to the ground—Renewed and Accepted, 1875, with Carl Rosa at Princess's Theatre—Opening "Figaro"—Anonymous Letter—Misunderstandings—"The Siege of Rochelle"—"The Porter of Hâvre"—Buckets of Tears—Success as an Actor—"The Water Carrier"—Another Success—A Cascade—Macfarren's Opinion of Cherubini—"On Tour"—Saddle of Mutton and Bookbinder's Paste"—"The Bell," Leicester, and Mine Host Boyer.

NOTHING else worthy of note happened during the remainder of our stay at Brunnen. We made excursions by footpaths which are now enlarged to carriage roads.

Travellers to Italy by the St. Gothard now can hardly realize that in 1855 the journey from Bâle to Camerlata was made by *diligence*, except from Andermatt to Airolo in the winter months, when that part was performed in sledges. Spite of my feet being half-frozen when I arrived at Lucerne, at about five o'clock in the morning, and the sledge-drive over the top of the St. Gothard in the snow, I enjoyed the journey a vast deal more than I do now, cooped up in a railway carriage the whole way to Milan, plunging through holes in the earth, half stifled with smoke, and ultimately arriving at my destination looking like a sweep.

Those who can afford the extra expense of a carriage, will find themselves amply repaid by the beauty of the scenery they pass through, which they can enjoy at leisure, a night's rest at Hospenthal in the purest of pure air, and the facility for stretching the legs (I do not mean whiskey and soda) on the short cuts used by pedestrians.

I have a predilection for the St. Gothard route from old association; since 1855 I have been over it, I cannot say how many times, first in a sledge and afterwards on foot, in *diligence* and carriage, and by railway; the last, of course, is wonderful, and the most expeditious, where expedition is a matter of importance and a sooty complexion of none. Expedition is the order of the present day; the majority of the human race are prepared to sacrifice any consideration for the comfort of others that they may race through their existence at express speed, with the risk of breaking their own necks—a matter for their own private consideration—or the necks of their fellow-creatures—which ought to be, but does not always seem to be, a matter for the consideration of the police, or whatever power is supposed to have authority over road and street traffic.

I have been assured that no driving for enjoyment compares with that in a motor car. It may be, as regards selfish enjoyment; but though I am not an advertising philanthropist, I claim to have a little sympathy for my fellow-creatures,

and when I am choked with dust and petroleum fumes, and my nervous system is kept in a constant state of irritation by the brutal noise of hooters, and wheels tearing up the pavement—for the conservation of which I am taxed—I feel I could not possibly do as I am done by for any amount of selfish pleasure.

If I were a moderately rich man, I would never, unless absolutely compelled by unavoidable circumstances, travel for pleasure except in a solid, convenient travelling carriage such as Dickens describes in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, by land; or a good sailing ship carrying few passengers, by sea. I have no intention of prescribing for the enjoyment of other people, or the method of procuring it, I am concerned entirely with my own experiences and reminiscences, and feel bound to let my readers into the secret of some of my weaknesses.

I intended that the season of opera in New York (1872) should be my farewell to the stage, but it was not to be, I had another trial in store, of which I will speak later on.

My tour in the English provinces in 1872 ended, I dropped into the routine of Oratorio and Concert performances. To my chagrin I found that "ballad concerts" were in vogue throughout the country; it was disappointing, having chosen songs of a high class, to be requested to change them for some of the "favourites of the hour," produced at the "London Ballad Concerts."

I acknowledge my delinquencies. I always endeavoured to adhere to a high standard in the choice of my songs, but there were times when I allowed friendship to interfere with discretion, which I have often regretted. I had many little "spars" with John Boosey on this subject, though we never arrived at a quarrel.

When we had any difference of opinion concerning business matters and he waxed cynical, he would write me a stinger, denouncing my disloyalty or other crime; in reply I gave him a "Roland for his Oliver"—I can produce a sharp sting on occasions—our "tiff" concluded with a roar of laughter. What a blessing it would be if all "tiffs" ended so!

I like ballads, for instance, "The Erl King," which I always consider the model ballad; "The Wreck of the Hesperus," which, spite of the adverse criticism I have already mentioned, I call a well-written and effective ballad; "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," and many more I could name; all specimens of poetic verses wedded to appropriate music. But I do not like the maudlin sentimentality of both composition and execution which of late years has usurped the place of sentiment, and lowered the standard of public taste and of perfection in the art of singing. The Imperial Dictionary says, "Ballad —a song; originally a solemn song of praise, but now a kind of popular song containing the recital of some action, adventure, or intrigue;

as the deeds of warriors or the adventures of lovers ; also a meaner kind of song which is sung in the streets."

Where are we to look in the modern ballad for a recital of heroic deeds or love adventures ? Our heroes are at best carpet-knights, and our lovers are of the genus " spoon." Latham's *Dictionary of the English Language* says : " Ballad—song,"—and quotes, " Ballad once signified a solemn and sacred song, as well as trivial, when Solomon's Song was called *' the ballad of ballads' ;* but now it is applied to nothing but trifling verse—Watts." This last is generally applicable to what are called ballads at the present day.

It is quite possible for a composer gifted with poetic feeling to write a good song inspired by a situation, though the words the situation is expressed in are of the cheap, sentimental class ; for instance, Balfe, in " Come into the Garden, Maud," and " When other lips and other hearts " expresses in music the poetic situation which the namby-pamby words of the first and the vulgar commonplace of the second fail to do. An artiste like Reeves could invest such words with a charm which in themselves they did not possess, by the force of his poetic imagination, aided by the music to which they were wedded—in which he has had no successor. The word " expression " in speaking, recitation, and singing is very often erroneously used by those who do

not possess, or who have not had the means of acquiring, the knowledge necessary to judge of a poetic situation and the mode in which it is expressed in words, spoken or sung. Expression as regards the author, is the dramatic explanation in words of a narrative, imaginary or historical; as regards the speaker or singer, it is the execution of that explanation in speech or song.

I will take for granted that the author has performed his part, and confine myself to the executant, who must first form a picture in his mind's eye of the incidents of the narrative, the subject of the recitation or song, then study to delineate them logically. This cannot be accomplished by screaming or bellowing here, and whispering or mumbling there; yet how frequently we find this method applauded to the skies because of the obtrusion of a scream or whisper to show off the voice, while a perfectly logical delineation will be received with comparative coldness. Especially at the end of a song, the obtrusion of a shout or whiffle will cover the whole list of the cardinal vocal sins, and ensure to the sinner a tempest of applause!

Such being the case, and there is no doubt about it being the case, who is to blame? I say without hesitation, "the public," those who pay to be amused! If they really had a modicum of good taste, and would use a little common sense, they could have infinitely greater return for their money; they would require a better

article—better songs and better singers—they would be fewer, fortunately—for every little Johnny or Sally, whose parents and friends look upon them as swans, would not be allowed to obtrude their miserable attempts at composition and their total ignorance of the art of singing in concert rooms; publishers would look for something better than chaff on which to feed their customers; young composers would have the opportunity they deserve for disposing of their compositions; and young singers would have a chance of earning a reward for their earnest labour, instead of having to pay *entrepreneur*, manager, or agent, an exorbitant fee for appearance in public, which their ability alone should make secure.

I am not sure about the year, but I think it must have been in 1873, that Carl Rosa made overtures to me respecting an engagement to sing in English opera at Drury Lane, when he proposed opening with "Lohengrin," which had not yet been performed in England. I demurred, as I had firmly resolved on quitting the stage, and also on account of the part of *Telremond*, which did not engage my sympathy. However, on further consideration, I consented to accept the engagement, in gratitude for that I had with him in America in 1872, which made a glorious finish to an otherwise disastrous campaign. Terms and dates were arranged, but the untimely death of his wife, Eufrosina Parepa, affected him so deeply that he abandoned the project for the time.

In 1875 he again proposed, and I accepted, an engagement for a series of operas at the Princess's Theatre in the autumn, to be followed by a tour in the provinces after Christmas. Beyond the usual stipulations in a theatrical engagement, I insisted on two being added, viz., that I should not be required to sing in "The Bohemian Girl" nor "The Trovatore"; and that I should have the right to choose the artistes who were to be my companions in the operas in which I played. To oblige Rosa I waived my objection to "The Trovatore"; some time before the opening of the season we quarrelled over the second stipulation, as he wished to insist upon introducing a member of the company into the caste of the first opera, "The Marriage of Figaro," who I knew was totally unfitted for the part to be entrusted to him.

We had a little "tiff" at the first rehearsals, when I found the splendid sestett in the second act was to be omitted, to make way for some silly dialogue, which he insisted was much more effective (Oh, Mozart!). There I let him have *his* way; but I insisted on the finale of the first act being performed without a cut, and in that I had *my* way; the finest finale ever written (Oh, glorious Mozart!). During the season I played in "Figaro," "The Trovatore," "The Siege of Rochelle," "The Water Carrier," and "The Porter of Hâvre."

I had gone through a number of seasons on

the stage: Pavia and Milan (Italian); Covent Garden, Her Majesty's Theatre, and Drury Lane (English); Covent Garden, Her Majesty's, and Drury Lane (Italian); Barcelona, Milan (Italian); America (English and Italian); and experienced that managerial ways and my ways were diametrically opposed. What managerial ways were founded on I never could fathom; mine were founded on a sacrifice of my desires to the success of the management with which I was engaged.

I never shirked work, either at rehearsal or performance; I was always ready to do a "good turn," and always punctual. I was never the recipient of a "good turn" from any management, except that of James Mapleson, my Italian opera manager in London, and of E. T. Smith, my English opera manager at Her Majesty's Theatre; but ingratitude for favours done did not trouble me. I was young, enthusiastic, and earnest, with only one object in view, to make the best use of the talents with which I was endowed, and, generally speaking, I was happy in my work, allowing annoyances to slide "like water off a duck's back."

During my last two seasons at the Princess's and the Lyceum, I suffered acutely; I verily believe had I ventured on another season under the same management my earthly career would have come to an untimely end. More I will not say, the men have all departed this life;

under any circumstances I respect the dead, and would not wound the feelings of their relations and friends who are still living, and, not having suffered from their managerial ways, have more cause to admire them than I have.

I was cast for the part of *Almavira* in " Figaro," a part I never took kindly to, as I never succeeded in doing it justice. When the gentleman referred to above was removed from the caste, I took the part of *Protagonist.* As I was entering the stage door on the evening of the first performance, a soiled note was handed to me, which I opened in my dressing-room ; it was the foulest composition I ever received. I kept it for a time, but when I quitted the stage for good I destroyed it ; it bore no signature, but there was no doubt about the authorship. My companions in the opera were :—

Count Almavira . .	Sig. Campobello (*né* Campbell)
D. Bartolo . . .	Aynsley Cook
Basilio	Charles Lyall
The Gardener . . .	Arthur Howell
Countess Almavira . .	Ostava Torriani
Susanna. . . .	Rose Hersee (Mrs. A. Howell)
Cherubino . . .	Josephine York
Marcellina . . .	Mrs. Aynsley Cook

The orchestra and chorus were both excellent, and we only wanted Alfred Mellon as conductor to have secured a perfect musical performance. Rosa himself conducted, but he was too inexperienced and fidgety, and I found him more irritating than helpful.

Mdlle. Torriani was a very good *Countess;* it was wonderful how she got through the dialogue, being but an indifferent English scholar ; Rose Hersee a capital *Susanna,* and Josephine York a most vivacious *Cherubino.* Cook was excellent as *Bartolo,* and Charles Lyall far away the best *Basilio* I have ever seen on the lyric stage, and Arthur Howell the feeblest *Gardener.*

During the season, His Majesty King Edward VII, and Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, then Prince and Princess of Wales, expressed their intention of paying us a visit, and chose " Figaro" for their entertainment.

After the second act His Royal Highness sent for me, to my astonishment, to ascend to the royal box ; he paid me many kind compliments, and expressed himself much pleased, and requested me to convey his thanks to Mr. Rosa, which I did, and did not receive any thanks for my pains from the recipient.

I saw Rosa was annoyed, and that another black mark was placed against my name in consequence. I was exceedingly sorry, but it was nobody's fault that His Royal Highness should single me out, having known me so many years, rather than a gentleman of whom he had probably never heard. H.R.H. was under the impression the affair was under my direction, and it was only when I enlightened him that he gave me the message for Rosa.

For some reason which I could not understand,

the performances being so good, the receipts were not what they ought to have been. In order to attempt to increase them, Rosa begged of me to waive my stipulation and play *di Luna* in " The Trovatore." I consented to do so on condition that he would pay for my dresses or a certain sum towards the cost, which condition was never fulfilled.

I believe the opera was successful in replenishing the exchequer, but as that was a part of the business I had no business with, I cannot say. After this—I do not recollect in what order—we played " The Siege of Rochelle," one of the two operas (" Zampa " was the other) Balfe always insisted were made for me, would fit me like a glove. The part of *Zampa*, written for Chollet, a famous tenor of the Opera Comique, required some little transposition, and certain passages which I imagined (as I never heard the opera) were sung in falsetto, I arranged to suit my register. In the Italian edition the part of *Zampa* is printed in the bass clef, and in Italy has been almost invariably sung by a baritone.

With the changes I have noted, it suited me admirably ; I played it at the Gaiety, London, every night for nine weeks running without fatigue. *Fra Diavolo*, written for the same tenor, which I played after *Zampa*, did not turn out so well as far as my register was concerned, though I played it every night for some

weeks. During the last before Christmas, I played in addition *Tom Tug* in "The Waterman," in which I sang the songs belonging to the part, "Oh, have you not heard of a jolly young waterman?" and "Then farewell my trim built wherry," besides interpolating "Hearts of Oak" in place of "The Bay of Biscay," usually introduced. I did find this last week fatiguing, but a few days' rest set me right to sing in the Christmas "Messiahs."

The part of *Fra Diavolo*, dramatically suited me well. I had seen the hero represented usually as an exquisite, a dandy, but he is really little better—only better dressed—than his two companions, *Beppo* and *Giacomo*. Dion Boucicault, who had been present one evening, complimented me on my performance, "and he was not a bad judge, sir!" He asked me if I had arranged the last scene myself. I replied I had; he then said, "I have never seen it so effectively played before; it was perfect!" I crave pardon for thus digressing, though I think the digression bears on my narrative.

The caste of "The Siege of Rochelle" was:—

Clara	Ostava Torriani
Marcellina	Julia Gaylord
Valmour	******
Michelotto	Chas. Santley
Rosenberg	Aynsley Cook
Montalban	William Ludwig
Azino	George Snazelle
Corporal Schwartz	Charles Lyall

Torriani was ill-suited, except in the concerted music, as she had no idea of rendering an English ballad; Julia Gaylord, a fair young American, made a great hit in the part of *Marcellina*, which she played with great vivacity and good sense; with the duet between *Marcellina* and *Michelotto* —which finishes with a lively waltz—we brought the house down; the terpsichorean effort received a storm of applause, and had to be repeated nightly at the expense of a gouty toe, inherited from my forefathers.

The tenor, whose name I do not remember, was an importation from America, a great "card," according to report; he turned out a very "small potato." Cook, as usual, was first-rate; Ludwig, a prize villain, and Snazelle and Lyall did all that could be done with the small parts allotted to them. "The Porter of Hâvre" and "The Water Carrier" I reserved for the last, as they were my great successes of the season. The former, a lyric edition of the same drama of which "The Porter's Knot" (in which Fred. Robson achieved one of his great successes) is a translation, was written in Italian by Cagnoni with the title of "Papà Martino."

Without the slightest idea I should ever be called upon to take part in it, I heard it at the Dal Verme theatre in Milan. *Martin* was represented by a singer with an established reputation in Italy—I could not see why—who during the season of 1869 played the *Podestà* in

"La Gazza Ladra," at Covent Garden, with Adelina Patti, Trebelli-Bettini, Bettini, Lyall, and myself. His Italian reputation was not confirmed in London, and he never revisited the white-faced shores of Albion. John Oxenford made an excellent translation of "Papà Martino." The music, though very pretty, is not of the style to suit an English opera audience; the work contains few solo pieces; no ballads—the adoration of John Bull—and the concerted music is of the opera-bouffe class. Spite of these drawbacks it proved a success, and my part a great success for me.

At the end of the second act—where the son is banished from home on account of his misconduct—without uttering a sound, I affected the nerves of the audience to such an extent that a universal snivel pervaded the house; even Rosa—a pretty tough subject—blubbered like a schoolboy robbed of his toffee; Mrs. Weldon, who was in the stage box on my side of the stage, was dissolved in tears.

I saw these things between my fingers after the quiet little snivel I myself had indulged in had subsided. I think even Aynsley Cook shed a silent tear. The buckets of tears shed must have saved the trouble and expense of a spring cleaning to the lessee of the theatre. One good effect my success produced was, that it effectually put to flight the opinion of some of the "big-wigs"—who know all about it—that I was a "crushed tragedian!"

The performance I really enjoyed was that of "The Water Carrier." It can scarcely be called an opera, it is really a drama interspersed with music, and a charming drama it is, and charming music it contains. The overture alone is worth the price of a stall. I fiddled in it many a time at the practices of "The Società Armonica," Liverpool, in the days of my adolescence; whether playing in or hearing it, it always sent a peculiar thrill through my entire frame; no jing-bang of kitchen furniture, no horrid discords to set one's teeth on edge, nothing but pure delightful melody and harmony such as the degraded state of musical taste at the present day cannot appreciate.

I am getting off the rowlocks, so I had better return to my "Water Carrier." A delightful and amusing incident occurred one night when we were playing it at Manchester. We had a cask constructed to fold up so as to be conveniently carried by rail along with the other properties. It was fitted with a compartment to contain sufficient water to make a gurgle loud enough to be heard by those of the audience who were near the stage, or provided with long ears. That we used in London was an ordinary cask into which water could not be introduced, for fear of spoiling the tenor's Sunday clothes.

I forgot all about the new construction, turned on the tap, and out poured a stream; the tap, badly secured, came loose, so there was nothing

for it but to let the water flow. It proved an enormous success, the audience, delighted, applauded vociferously, and the stage had a more effective washing than it had experienced for many a day. At a second performance I took care to see that the tap was fixed firmly and would act properly ; the cascade was not repeated, the audience was disappointed, and I pleased, as I received the applause instead of the water.

Many of the " top-sawyer " musicians came to witness our performance of " The Water Carrier " in London, among them my dear old friend and, for some time, master of Harmony, George A. Macfarren. I was greatly astonished to find he did not care for the work, neither drama nor music ; and still more astonished when he told me he did not admire Cherubini as composer or master of counterpoint. I would not dare to criticise his opinion ; he was a master, I am a mere tyro ; yet I cannot help thinking that his opinion was based more on prejudice than knowledge.

I believe, had he lived for a time in the little place in which I am now writing—Lenno, on the Lake of Como—in the delicious atmosphere I am enjoying, and could he have seen the lovely prospect of lake and mountain I have before me, his Teutonic prejudice would have relaxed sufficiently to allow him to bestow a share of his admiration on the Italian master.

The Princess's season, for the very reason that

From a painting by *John McWhirter, R.A.*

THE LAKE OF COMO FROM MENAGGIO

LIBRARY

it was short, I found fatiguing. My holiday, which preceded it, I spent with my family at Baveno. It was not all play; I had four new parts to study: *Figaro* in "Le Nozze"; *Michel* in "The Siege of Rochelle"; *Mikelì* in "The Water Carrier"; and *Martin* in "The Porter of Hâvre." I took the parts away with me and occupied my mornings, and sometimes part of my afternoons, learning them—music and dialogue—so as to be prepared for the rehearsals on my return; besides which I made a new translation of all my part in "The Water Carrier." It was not very good, I admit, but it was an improvement on that consigned to my care. I also found it necessary to interfere somewhat with my friend, Fitzball, in "The Siege of Rochelle."

We rehearsed for about a couple of weeks before the season opened, and nearly every day while it lasted. I had to be stirring betimes o' mornings, so, to save time, I ate the little supper I required while changing after my work, smoked my pipe on my road home, and sought my couch immediately on arriving there.

With a tour in the provinces my first campaign under the Rosa flag ended. I then made an engagement for a second, to open at the Lyceum in the autumn of 1876, when we were to present Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" in the English idiom. I was very pleased to have an opportunity of playing *Vanderdecken* again; indeed that

was my only inducement to accept another engagement under the same management.

I always had an intense dislike to "touring" professionally, either concert or operatic. The former entailed a journey every day, sometimes Sunday included, and when the tour was difficult to arrange, often a long and tedious journey, and a concert every evening during the week. Though we always put up at the best noted hotels, we did not always find the entertainment bear out the advertised reputation of the establishment. Occasionally we had a pleasant surprise, one worth noting. We—The Mapleson Concert Company—had been travelling for two or three weeks—our almost daily dinner menu embracing soup (ahem!), saddle of mutton, more or less badly cooked; boiled chickens, served in a bath of bookbinder's paste; apple pie with a doughy crust, and rice pudding without any crust, topped up with inferior American cheese, christened Cheddar;—when we arrived, November 4th (I remember the day, as it is my saint's day, St. Charles Borromeo) at "The Bell" at Leicester.

The outside appearance did not strike me as being very attractive, but I was highly delighted, when I paid a visit to the bedroom allotted me, to be welcomed by an exceedingly neat old lady wearing a mob-cap as clean as a new pin. The very sight of her made me feel we were in comfortable quarters. The dinner was excellent, wine included, the whole company were in

ecstasies. Bettini vowed it was all my doing to celebrate my saint's day; it was not, but I took the hint and did stand treat with a bottle or two of the finest "Clos de Vougeot" I ever drank. It was all the conception and execution of the proprietor, M. Boyer, whom we toasted with musical honours; he had rescued us from the "Slough of Despond"—gastronomically speaking—and deserved our undying gratitude.

For me, flabby mutton and bookbinder's paste were not appetizing food, but for well-fed Italians they spelled starvation. We were all so invigorated by this unexpected banquet, that the roof of the Town Hall, where the concert was held, was several times during the evening in jeopardy. I learned from one of the *habitués*, that "The Bell" with "The Boyer" was renowned among the Nimrods as the finest hostelry in England.

CHAPTER XI

Boito's "Mefistofele" at Her Majesty's Theatre—Much Noise and Little Music—Augustus Harris on "Instrumentation"—Schira on "the Truth"—Three Acts Sufficient—A Musical Nation—Music for Young People.

NOTHING particular occurred as far as I was concerned during the spring and summer of 1876. I do not remember when Mapleson brought out Boito's "Mefistofele" at Her Majesty's Theatre, but I think it must have been somewhere about that year. I had heard the little flimsy duett, sung by Christine Nilsson and Trebelli-Bettini, several times at private and public concerts—it had its little rage for a limited period—and I had heard a great deal about the opera, the genius of the composer, who was likewise the author of the libretto, and I considered it my duty to go and hear for myself; experience has made me dubious about "the rage."

I purchased a ticket for the circle, so as to feel entirely independent, and fronting the stage to have a good view of all that passed thereon.

Christine Nilsson, Trebelli-Bettini, Campanini, and a bass of reputation, whose name I have forgotten, were the principal artistes engaged in the work, with Arditi for conductor; so I felt safe with regard to the execution. Before the performance began I had time to dip into the libretto, which appeared to me a compilation of all the unfamiliar words the author could extract from the "Crusca"

dictionary. Though I may lay claim to being a good Italian scholar, the chief part of the verses might have been in Chinese for any meaning I could find in them, so I pocketed my book and prepared to listen to the music.

I am grieved to say I heard very little, the prologue, chiefly *fortissimo*, did not contain any. I was so stunned with the noise I felt half inclined to beat a retreat. On second thoughts, I decided to remain; it might be that the vibration produced by such a hubbub was intended by the composer to start any little deposits incrusted in the ears of the audience, and so render their hearing more acute to absorb the delicate flights of his genius to follow. I personally was stunned by the noise, but I was already becoming accustomed to the "brazen tempest," and had sufficiently recovered my sense of hearing by the time the curtain rose again for the first act.

There was not so much noise, but I did not discover any more music than in the prologue. I decided when the curtain fell again I would go home, smoke a quiet pipe, and retire to rest; a sense of duty caused me to rescind my decision, it might be, I was not sufficiently "up-to-date" in music; with that idea I took a walk round the promenade at the back of the circle, in the hope I might come across some musical acquaintance better informed than myself, and procure a key or clue to a style of composition that did not appeal to my understanding.

The first acquaintance I met was not musical, except managerially, none other than Augustus Harris (usually styled "Druriolanus"). "Halloa, Santley!" he shouted. "Glad to see you," and then more confidently, "I say, this is fine music." "I don't think so," said I, "I may be somewhat premature in my judgment, but I must say so far as we have gone, I have heard plenty of noise, but nothing I should call music." "Well," said Drurio, "at any rate, its d——d fine instrumentation." I was surprised, and said, "Oh! I did not know you had studied instrumentation. Where did you study?" "My dear boy," he rejoined, "I know nothing about it, but it sounds fine to me. Good-night!"

A similar dialogue I have taken part in with many would-be connoisseurs of music, who cannot distinguish the sound of the fiddle from that of the flute, and who include all brass instruments under the generic name of trumpets. "Oh, my Antonio, I do know of those that therefore only are reputed wise for talking nonsense!" My next encounter was with one who contemned my hasty judgment, and told me I must hear the next act which was full of gems; he was sure I should be in love with it.

A few paces from this gentleman I stumbled on Schira, leaning against a door-post, and looking as miserable and depressed as a rooster on a soaking wet day. "Halloa, Schira, I am very pleased to see you, how are you?" was my very

original greeting, to which he replied with a grunt, "Humph! very well, how are you?" "Fairly well," said I; "what do you think of this?" to which he replied with the question, "What do *you* think of it?" "Nothing," I said. He immediately became as lively as a cricket—"Here, give me your hand," he burst out, seizing it—"you're the first person I have heard tell the truth to-night!" I said only what I thought, what I still think, and what I believe the major portion of the audience thought; though I am quite satisfied that many of them, like "Druriolanus," thought "at any rate it was d——d fine instrumentation" because of the preponderance of brass, which like Charity, covers a multitude of sins.

I obeyed acquaintance number two, and remained to hear the next act, and a remarkably dry business I found it, in spite of the painful attempts at light comedy with which the actors endeavoured to raise the audience from the infernal gloom of the preceding scenes. The only effect I experienced was one of relief from noise. I left after this act, laden with sufficient trombone and ophicleide to last me for the remainder of the season, and some to spare for future ones. The "rage" did not last long, even the duett seems to have lost its vogue.

We are not generally supposed to be an impressionable people, but there is no doubt we are subject to "rages," musical epidemics, which

attack us we know not how or why, and quit us we know not how or why. The only exceptions I know of are the "Music Hall" and what is popularly known as "Opera Buff"; they seem to have taken root, and are likely to flourish through countless ages!

We arrogate to ourselves the title of a "musical nation," yet there are few, very few lovers and connoisseurs of music among us; so few that in any audience they might be counted on the fingers of the two hands. And no wonder it should be so; our children have little opportunity of acquiring a taste for good music; their early impressions are culled from pantomime and coloured minstrels, which, "bred in the bone," are difficult to eradicate.

Concerts, especially orchestral or instrumental concerts of any kind, are not food for children—indeed, not for anyone unless acquainted somewhat with instrumentation and the nature and use of the instruments employed in instrumental music. Young people and adults who have no pretension to acquaintance with "Musical Art," require attraction for the eye as well as for the ear; opera, such as the French Opera Comique, in my opinion is the best school in which to cultivate a taste for music in the youthful bosom.

CHAPTER XII

LYCEUM Season, 1876—"The Flying Dutchman"—Stormy Weather—The Dutchman without a Ship—Recovered it after Storm—Leaning towards Wagnerism—Discovered Mistake—Orchestra principal Actor—"Hullabaloo"—Enigma for the Reader to Unravel—"Joconde"—A Chapter of Accidents—"Zampa" revived—A Benefit which ended in Smoke—"Pauline" my Greatest Failure—"A Bull in a China Shop" Yorkshire Criticism—A Glass of Port—"Adonis"—Buckstone's Benefit, Drury Lane—Chas. Kenney's Benefit, Gaiety—End of Theatrical Career.

THE répertoire fixed for the season at the Lyceum, 1876, and the tour following, included besides "The Flying Dutchman," only one other opera new to me—Nicolo's "Joconde." I suggested this opera when Rosa and I were discussing probable attractions before I made my first engagement with him; he scouted the suggestion then, and I was not a little surprised when he proposed making "Joconde" one of the features of season number two. As far as we could learn, it had never been done into English, so I offered to make a translation of the libretto and fit it to the music.

I acknowledge it was not a masterly translation, but I effected one design I had in view, viz., to prevent the interpolation of silly dialogue to create hilarity in the region of the gods, a disease very prevalent in English opera. We were to open the season with the "Dutchman"; I found that the Birmingham Festival would interfere

with my attendance at rehearsals ; in consequence I accepted an engagement for only two days of the festival ; instead of thanking me for my self-abnegation, Rosa contemned my folly in throwing away a conspicuous sum of money.

I felt there was indication of a storm brewing—distant as yet ; but it was not long before the clouds densified, rumblings were heard more frequent and distinct. Our stage-manager, feeble at best, was entirely at sea in directing the stage business in this work. Two of the artistes engaged in it who had faith in my judgment and experience, begged me to come to their assistance. Rosa having begged me as a favour to do anything I could to help in the stage management, I took for granted that I was doing him a service in acceding to the request of my comrades.

At a rehearsal in which they became involved in a fog, from which I was showing them how to extricate themselves, I was peremptorily ordered off the stage and requested not to interfere except in the business of the scenes in which I was personally engaged. I did not resent the insult, and never again intruded. A few days before the opening night Rosa informed me he had decided on not allowing the ship to appear on the stage, although it was already constructed from the design of our scene painter, who had been a sailor. I tried to reason with him on the great loss of effect it would cause to the first act, to no purpose.

I saw that the storm—the cause of which I never fathomed—was about to burst ; I averted it by holding my tongue and retiring from the argument. I felt considerably annoyed, as I knew it would spoil my work to a great extent, and involve me in the necessity of arranging my business afresh, in order to cover the absence of my ship. " All's well that ends well " ; somebody or something had influence to change our director's mind, and I sailed into port. The opera was cast as follows :—

Vanderdecken	Chas. Santley
Eric	F. Packard
Steersman	J. Turner
Dutch Captain	—. Stephens
Senta	Ostava Torriani

The performance was good, all the artistes engaged were on their mettle, the opera was a great financial, and I may say also artistic, success, although it was *only an English* production. We played it during the London season and the provincial tour fifty times. One week in London it was given four times, which might easily have been stretched to six, only my performances were limited to four per week. At first I was inclined to imagine I had become a Wagnerite, but further acquaintance with the work dispelled the illusion ; it did not wear well. By the time I had got through the fifty performances I had had quite enough of it, and I do not think I could be tempted to abandon my own fireside to hear it again.

I had always been under the impression that in an opera the singers were the first consideration, being the interpreters of the drama; that they should be able to interpret their part in the drama through the medium of "The Art of Singing"; that the orchestra—except in the overture or other incidental instrumental pieces—should serve as an accompaniment to the singers, and with delicately introduced embellishments enhance the beauty of the vocal music. Such *was* my impression before I sang in "The Flying Dutchman," and such *is* my impression still, after having taken part in fifty-two—two in Italian and fifty in English—performances of that work.

It was clear to me that was not Wagner's impression, from his use of the orchestra in the "Dutchman" — a simple work compared with his later, and childish compared to his latest works. Embellishments and other aids to enhance the beauty of the principal part—that of the singer—were to me conspicuous by their absence; as a rule, what ought to have been accompaniment, played the principal parts, and the singer might as well have been in the back street as on the stage.

It may be interesting to those interested, to see two people with a great development of adipose tissue, as I have invariably witnessed in "Tannhäuser" (1st Act), bawling and screaming at each other for a considerable time, drowned by an orchestra sufficiently powerful to drown

a chorus ; to me it has not the slightest interest ; I feel I have been done ; I go to hear singers and I am treated to an orchestral hullabaloo, which, if the town were quiet, I might have heard without moving from my easy chair in my cottage at St. John's Wood. I have no right to criticise Wagner, nor do I intend, I merely *write my impressions ;* I know he was a genius, a great genius, if you like, but my impression of him is that his evil genius led him down to the musical Styx instead of up to the region of Celestial harmony.

It is no doubt highly interesting to a conductor to watch over the peregrinations of his " predilection." I am not interested in seeing the back of said conductor's head, and his hand directing an orchestra buried underneath the stage in order that the necks of the big fiddles may not interrupt the view of those of the spectators who may remain awake, nor " the brazen tempest " disturb the slumbers of those whom the monotonous diddle, diddle of tremulous string and drone of reed instruments have lulled to sleep.

" My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, and we have cut off his head." I wonder what Macready really did say when thus ruthlessly robbed of his " bit of fat." I might, had I been in his place, have replied indignantly, " Caitiff, thou art not worthy of decapitation, go hang thyself upon the highest giant of the forest, and may thy miserable offal be the food of curs " ; or, being too flabbergasted by the caitiff's

presumption, I might have been at a loss for words, and merely pronounced the significant interjection—"Ass!".

Mayhap, the unadorned pate of a boxed-up conductor might one evening, like the gory head of the shade of Macduff, turn round suddenly, and directing its pitying gaze on me, silently pronounce the same polite interjection. So be it! I am not unaccustomed to the application of this elegant "expression of emotion," and, as it does not break any bones, I would "let it slide!"

Nicolo's "Joconde" might be designated the Antipodes of Wagner's opera; the plot is interesting, the dialogue sparkling (in its original idiom, less so in my translation), and the music has the charm of melody, elegance, and freedom from noise; probably some slight additions to the instrumentation executed by a skilful hand would render it more attractive to a modern audience. The rehearsals for the music were carried on in a desultory manner, and those for the dialogue, which is abundant and highly important, were carried on on the stage while the band was rehearsing in the orchestra. No announcement of the performance was made until a day or two before the opera was produced.

The first night Chas. Lyall, who had a small though very important part, was too unwell to appear, and his place was taken by Aynsley Cook at a few hours' notice. The principal viola, who had to play an *obbligato* to my first air,

absented himself and sent a substitute who had never seen the music ; the tenor, with whom I had a long, lively dialogue before this air, did not know a word of his part, and I had to prompt him throughout ; when I gave the "cue" for the air, the conductor was occupied admiring the miserable array of empty seats, and I had to stamp twice on the stage to recall his attention to his duty. The performance, needless to say, was not a success, I was only astonished that we got through it at all. To paraphrase a popular saying, "Theatrical performers (if they keep their eyes open) see strange things!"

During the season I played *Zampa* again; the opera was a great success, as also on the provincial tour. We had also one performance of "The Porter of Hâvre," announced—against my wish—for my benefit. I did not reap any benefit that I am aware of from this act of generosity on the part of the management. By some extraordinary combination of circumstances, friends of mine who could not obtain seats in the stalls, and had to secure places in the back row of the dress circle in the morning, were surprised to find the stalls, except the front row, nearly empty in the evening.

I left what I consider the most important feature of the season, as regards English art, to the last: "'Pauline,' by Frederick H. Cowen, expressly composed for the Rosa Company." The libretto was supplied by Mr. Henry Hersee,

for a description of which I refer the reader to its share in the criticism of the opera which appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*, written by Joseph Bennett. I hope I may be allowed to state, without offence, that it was in perfect accordance with my own views and afforded me no small amount of amusement.

When Cowen first imparted to me the subject he proposed to adopt for his opera, I advised him against it, and, if it were intended that I should take part in it, to choose rather *Daddy Hardacre* (another of Fred. Robson's great impersonations), adapted from "La fille de l'avare." In this I could see my way to be of great assistance to him, which I could not in "The Lady of Lyons," unless he could make a good part of *Colonel Damas*. But the *Colonel* was to be eliminated, and consequently I also.

Before Cowen had proceeded far with his work, a difficulty arose about who could be entrusted with the part of *Claude Melnotte*. I, in an unlucky moment, stepped into the breach and offered to undertake the part, if the composer felt prepared to suit the music to my means; my offer was accepted. If I had been stirred by ambition, my subsequent regret would have been on my own account; as it was not ambition, but pure desire to be of service to one whom I had known from a baby, almost, and for whom I always entertained sincere regard and admiration, my sole regret was that my service was so indifferently rendered.

JOHN PARRY

Balfe entrusted the part of *Clifford* in "The Puritan's Daughter" to me on his own responsibility, against the desire of the management, at Covent Garden in 1860. I was at that time a mere tyro, and as I achieved success then, I imagined that, with my experience on the stage since, I should not meet with any difficulty in portraying a presentable *Claude*. I made the mistake of "counting my chickens before they were hatched" in this instance. In extenuation of, not as an excuse for, my failure—for a decided failure my impersonation proved—I will beg leave to say I was hampered by the compiler of the libretto, who tried to improve Bulwer Lytton, without success; and my *Pauline*, who was not fitted for the melodramatic heroine. I was perfectly satisfied with my musical part, it fitted me "like a glove"; I was totally dissatisfied with my dramatic part, I felt like "a bull in a china shop," and quite believe I looked like one.

The season must have been successful both artistically and financially, the only blot on the one was that of my own spattering, and on the other the vagaries of the box office, which blotted to a great extent the receipts at the performances of "Joconde" and "The Porter's Knot."

We commenced the tour soon after we terminated the London season. Before Christmas we played at Sheffield, and at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, where we had crowded houses every night; naturally "The Siege of Rochelle"

created a "furore"; the theatre was packed to do honour to the darlin' of all musical Irishmen, Michael William Balfe. We played only the second act of the "Dutchman" at Sheffield. The day after the performance I called on an acquaintance who had been present. I expected to hear some praise, but all he had to say was, "Eh, what a guy you wor last night; I wouldn't a' made such a guy of myself for summat."

I returned home to spend the Christmas holidays, which only lasted a few days, then rejoined the company at Hanley. I felt very depressed, and when I learned we were to open with "The Siege of Rochelle," my courage dropped into my boots; how I was to screw up my spirits to the pitch of liveliness my part demanded, I could not imagine.

My friend and comrade, Lyall, was at the Hotel waiting for me (at that time we always lodged together "on tour"); at dinner I took a moderate share of claret, and tried after to clear my senses with forty winks, but the winks would not come, so friend Charles suggested that probably a glass of port would effect the object I had in view. It certainly at the time succeeded, but when I was dressed to appear on the stage everything about me seemed to have taken a fit of anticipating the waltz, which put me in such a fright, I felt I could not go on.

However, with Lancashire obstinacy I girded up my loins and assumed a virtue I certainly did not at that moment possess; I bounced

on to the stage as usual; the few words which introduce the opening song, "Travellers all of every station," seemed to me to issue in a conglomerate mass. I looked at Rosa, he was staring at me with a pair of eyes like saucers convex side out. How I got through the song (thirty or forty pages of continual chatter) I have no idea, but I landed safely at the end, and with my head as clear and my legs as firm as ever they were. I resolved, and kept the resolution, never again to risk taking the "infection," and thus spare the necessity of undergoing the trying "remedy."

At Birmingham I played an innocent practical joke on one of our company. He was a "lovely man," one of those whom according to their own account no female heart could withstand. He never went to a town that he did not receive souvenirs of various kinds from his worshippers: valuable rings, pins, studs, in fact jewellery sufficient to set him up in business. These souvenirs were the offerings of anonymous admirers, so he said, when he handed them round for inspection.

Being on the spot I was seized with an unconquerable desire to show my appreciation of his beauty by sending him a Brummagem trifle anonymously. Lyall and I were going through a passage on the road home from the theatre one day after rehearsal, when my attention was attracted by a gorgeous array of neckties

or small cravats of all colours in a shop window. I stepped into the shop and found they were sold in boxes of two dozen each, so I purchased a couple of boxes, had them made into a parcel, and addressed to "Adonis, Stage Door, Theatre Royal, from his loving Fanny."

Lyall and I were both playing that evening, so we were on the look out for the *dénouement*. Word was soon spread that the fortunate beauty was in the theatre, and had received another present of much larger dimensions than usual; we received the information with the customary display of jealousy. The first person allowed to have a peep at the treasure was the *prima donna*, who indulged in a scream of laughter as much caused by the face of Adonis when he discovered the nature of the present from his loving Fanny, as by the gaudy rubbish contained in the parcel.

Who was the audacious perpetrator of such a scandalous joke? Who had dared to cast such a slur upon the magnetic attractions of the "thing of beauty"? He must be discovered, not she, no *she* would have had the heart so to desecrate the universal idol. I happened to be waiting at the back of the drop; catching sight of me, he came up and informed me he believed I was the author of the scandal. I innocently asked "what was the scandal to which he referred?" He stuck the parcel under my nose and replied in tragic accents, "This, you know all about it." "How on earth," said I, "can I know anything

about this, when it is tied up in a parcel," and added, "I see it is sent by your loving Fanny, one of your numerous conquests, I presume; let me congratulate you on this addition to your stock." "Ah!" said he, with a sigh of disappointment, "I see you are not the culprit, but I'll find him out and then . . . ." Shortly after, when we were travelling together with some of our comrades, I let "the cat out of the bag," and he had to undergo a pelting storm of "chaff," which I must say he bore with more equanimity than I expected. We never heard any more of his conquests from that time.

We finished our season and the tour at Birmingham with "Pauline." I was tired and altogether out of sorts, but the prospect of immediate release from bondage and consequent rest for a time from work, cheered me, and I got through the performance satisfactorily. I was seated at supper in my hotel, all alone, meditating on the events of what I resolved should be my last operatic engagement, when Mr. Rosa was announced. He thanked me for my zeal and congratulated me on the successes I had achieved, and asked me point blank if I would renew my engagement for another season, indicating that he was prepared to accede to any terms, in discretion, I might demand, to which I replied, simply and firmly, "No!" He asked me "Why not?" "For several reasons," I replied; "the principal and the only one I need mention is, that

I have had enough of the theatre, and have firmly resolved never to enter one again as a performer."

He endeavoured to argue me out of my resolution, but finding me firm, he gave it up. He asked me if I was "in treaty with any other management?" I replied, "I am not"; he rose to go, we wished each other "good luck" in the future and parted amicably.

We met again, some time after, taking part in Haydn's "Toy Symphony" at a concert organized by Viscountess Folkestone at St. James's Hall, when we played the second violins, August Manns and W. G. Cusins being the first. Hallé and Arthur Sullivan played toy instruments, and Henry Leslie conducted.

On June 8th, 1876, I played the small part of *Sir Harry* in "The School for Scandal," performed for the benefit of J. B. Buckstone, at Drury Lane Theatre. The caste I insert, as it was a remarkable one :—

Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. Phelps
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. S. Emery
Joseph Surface	Mr. Henry Irving
Charles Surface	Mr. Charles Mathews
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. Buckstone
Crabtree	Mr. Ryder
Careless	Mr. Coghlan
Trip	Mr. Bancroft
Moses	Mr. David James
Snake	Mr. Benjamin Webster
Rowley	Mr. H. Howe
Sir Harry (with the song "Here's to the Maiden")	Mr. Santley
Musical Guest	Mr. John Parry
Sir Toby	Mr. Everill
Servant to Joseph Surface	Mr. E. Righton

Photo by *F. A. Bridge*

THE TOY SYMPHONY

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Servant to Sir Peter Teazle . . Mr. C. Sugden
Servant to Lady Sneerwell . . Mr. Arthur Cecil
Lady Teazle . . . . Miss Neilson
Mrs. Candour . . . . Mrs. Stirling
Lady Sneerwell . . . Mrs. Alfred Mellon
Marie . . . . . Miss Lucy Buckstone
Lady Teazle's Maid . . . Miss E. Farren
Guests :—Mesdames Carlotta Addison, E. Thorne, B. Henri, M. Harris, H. Coveney, C. Jecks, Everard, etc., and Messrs. Horace Wigan, R. Scutar, J. Maclean, C. Cooper, Weathersby, Temple, etc.

I had the great pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of my first "musical love," John Parry, who as the "musical guest," accompanied me in my song, "Here's to the Maiden."

On June 20th, 1877, I played the same part in a performance for the benefit of Charles Lamb Kenney. I cannot give the entire caste, which included Chas. Kelly, Henry Kemble, Vollaire, Lin Rayne, Henry Neville, John Clayton, Johnny Clark, Forbes Robertson, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, etc. After the comedy Henry Irving recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and Reeves played *Tom Tug* in "The Waterman."

So ended my theatrical career; I rejoiced to be liberated from its accessorial annoyances, but my secession from the stage and consequent return to the monotony of the concert platform cost me a pang whose smart I felt acutely for many years; and feel still when I am intent on an interesting scene in a play and think how much better I could play some favourite scene in one of my old parts now, if I could only have another try!

CHAPTER XIII

JOHN HENRY AGNEW—Our Trip to Italy—Doing Florence—Pisa under Difficulties—British Respect for Names—American Indifference of Art—Aromatic Venice—A Feast of St. Mark—Goldoni at Home—Effects of Venetian Exhalations—Concert for Mario.

THE worries and anxieties I had undergone had considerably affected my health, which complete cessation from work with genial occupation for my mind, I hoped would soon reinstate.

My friend, John Henry Agnew, with whom I always "put up" during my frequent visits to Manchester, had sent his daughters to Florence, accompanied by their governess, that they might acquire a knowledge and correct pronunciation of the Italian language. During their absence J. H. and I had the house to ourselves and the pleasant duty of entertaining each other at dinner; after dinner we retired to the smoking-room, where each one generally entertained himself; at rare intervals we "joined issue" in a brief dialogue.

One evening, after enjoying ourselves at table, we repaired as usual to the "den"; we each lighted a cigar long enough for the bowsprit of a yacht—in quality even surpassing quantity—each chose a book, settled down in an easy chair, and read on until the cigars were consumed,

when J. H. exclaimed, "That's the pleasantest evening I believe I ever passed"; I echoed "ditto"; neither of us had spoken a word for two hours. During that visit we arranged—as I intended going away for a change—to go together, and bring the girls home.

We started on our expedition in the early part of April, and after a journey of two days and two nights, arrived at six o'clock on the third day at Florence. Spite of the long journey, after a bath and brush up, I felt as fresh as a lark, ready for anything, except sight-seeing; our hostess made her appearance, and after presenting me to her, J. H. went to look after his daughters. I then enjoyed, for the first time in my life, a quiet conversation with an Italian who talked the pure idiom. It was a revelation to me, for I had never been in Tuscany.

During my student days I had not the means for "gadding about," and since that period I had confined my Italian visits to the lake district in the north. Our hostess, La Signora Newton, was the widow of an Englishman; she spoke, as I have said, the pure idiom; after we had conversed a short time, she suddenly exclaimed, "Thank God! I was afraid I was doomed to undergo the torture of trying to make a blundering foreigner understand me (she did not speak a word of English), and I cannot tell you how thankful I am to find you talk Italian well and fluently"; so we were both content. She had

one daughter living with her ; another with her husband—a German baron—came to stay with her shortly after our arrival, so amongst other advantages I reaped from my stay, I learned Italian with greater propriety.

After the early meal, I was hastened off to the Palazzo Vecchio, much to my consternation, as I have always been in the habit of inspecting my ground before entering upon studies of art. I took my potion without murmur, smothered a natural desire to substitute the horizontal for the vertical position, and behaved myself fairly well. I had, and have, a great objection to scudding through room after room bestowing a cursory glance on pictures which require, each one, patient, prolonged study. I certainly did not derive any benefit from that visit, and was very glad when the clock announced it was time to return to our lodgings to consume the mid-day meal.

As we remained at Florence about a fortnight, I had ample time to take in a stock of Art in my own fashion ; as more than enough has been written by able pens on the subject, I am not going to trouble you with my impressions. We made an excursion to Pisa ; the day chosen was unfortunate for me.

During the night preceding I was aroused from my slumbers by a most dreadful smell ; I might have been immersed in the " bolgia," in which Dante places the " flatterers." I fell asleep

again, my dreams were connected with some such quarter; when I awoke in the morning, eyes, nose, mouth, in fact my whole system, seemed saturated with filthy vapour. I crept out of bed and made a voyage to discover the cause, and found that the common cesspool of the palace I inhabited had been emptied during the night. I would joyfully have excused myself from joining the party of pleasure, but I hoped that a day in the fresh air would restore me. A nice day I passed; arrived at Pisa we called at an hotel to order food and a room for the ladies, then off we set to visit the cathedral and the leaning tower; this finished me, I excused myself and returned to the hotel, took possession of the room we had ordered, lay down on the bed and slept until it was time to catch the train to return to Florence. Arrived there, I consulted a resident English doctor, who gave me some medicine which restored me sufficiently to enjoy the remainder of my stay in Tuscany.

From Florence we went to Venice, remaining one night at Bologna, on the way, where we visited the "Campo Santo," the cathedral, and picture gallery. Here, whilst I was admiring Raphael's St. Cecilia, two elderly English ladies came up, and the following dialogue ensued. "That seems a fine picture—who painted it?" "I don't know, look in the catalogue." "Here it is, Sanzio; who was Sanzio, I never heard of him; it must be good or it would not be here!"

They were moving off when the spirit moved me to take pity on them. Stepping up to them I said, "That is Raphael's picture of St. Cecilia." "But," said one of them, "it gives here Sanzio as the name of the painter!" "True," I replied, "Sanzio was Raphael's other name, whether bestowed on him by his godfathers and godmothers I do not know, but so he was called." They tendered me profuse thanks for solving the knotty problem, and I left them moving up chairs to make a closer inspection of the fine work.

A few years later I visited Florence again, and as I was intently studying Correggio's picture of the Madonna gazing on the infant Saviour lying on the ground, two impolite youths interposed themselves between me and the picture. I had not to wait long for their departure; after a minute's consideration, one said to the other, "What a pity it is they allow these old pictures to get so yellow. Come on!" They were visitors from the New World!

Venice nearly made an end of me; after two days' sojourn I lost the sense of taste; would it had been the sense of smell! Though it was early in the year, and mosquitos had not yet commenced their attacks on foreign blood, I became very feverish and longed to get into a purer atmosphere.

The day after we arrived, my first remark to J. H. was that I wished it were possible to see "Goldoni e le sue sedici commedie" performed

in the city in which it was written. I had seen the play three or four times in Milan and, ever since, I had entertained that desire. On stepping out of the hotel after early breakfast next morning, the first object which caught my eye was a bill announcing a representation of "Goldoni," etc., for that same evening.

Our first visit was to St. Mark's, where we found there was to be a great function in celebration of the feast-day of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice; there was to be high Mass at 11 o'clock, the music to be performed by full orchestra and chorus, followed by a procession round the piazza. We went to visit the cathedral and remained to assist at Mass and see the procession. The whole function—the celebration of Mass, the orchestra and singers and their execution of the Mass, one of Schubert's, the procession, everything was perfect. Without offer of a bribe, an attendant placed us in a gallery over the great entrance, where we found comfortable seats, and had an uninterrupted view of the high altar. We were all so interested that we forgot all about "second breakfast" until the function ended, at nearly two o'clock. In the evening we were present at the performance of "Goldoni," etc., which cost us one franc apiece, as J. H. insisted on remaining in the pit, where between the acts we could walk about, or "stretch our legs," with an ice or cool drink at the buffet.

The foul exhalations from the lesser canals—which, without impropriety, might be designated "open drains"—caused a return of the malady I suffered from in Florence—suppressed, not cured. I made up my mind to move on, much against my inclination, for spite of the deadly enemy lurking for me in its waters, I dearly love Venice; my friends would not hear of our separating, so we all packed off to Milan. There I experienced the full effect of the noxious gases I had inhaled; without doubt I was suffering from typhoid fever. We remained one day for my friends to visit the "duomo," S. Ambrose, and of course to see Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper," then we bent our steps homeward; I parted with the others at Paris and returned direct to London; instead of better, as I hoped, much worse for my trip.

Naturally of a strong constitution, I felt better after a few days' tranquillity in my own home. The Sunday after my return—if my memory serves me, it was on this day that a training ship manned by youths was capsized in a fearful squall off Ramsgate—I took my youngest daughter for a walk to Hampstead Heath; it was a beautiful day when we started, but when we arrived at the pond, near "Jack Straw's Castle," the sky became suddenly overcast, a bitter north-east wind sprung up, chilling me to the marrow. I felt it strike me on the chest like a blow from a hammer; I could scarcely

speak, my voice had almost disappeared; we hurried back home, where the warmth restored me somewhat; but the next morning I could not speak beyond a whisper, and might have been dumb for any musical sound I could produce.

Alarmed, I paid an early visit to my doctor, who, after a minute examination of my throat and chest, pronounced them both in perfectly healthy condition; and the only evil I was suffering from was extreme debility, which a tonic would soon remedy. I took what he prescribed without any good effect as far as I could discover. I was naturally nervous about my "stock-in-trade," especially as I was bound to sing at a concert organized for the benefit of my old friend Mario (of which more anon) at an early date.

I paid another visit to my doctor; he reiterated what he had told me at my first visit, and seeing that I was dubious, requested me to consult Dr. (now Sir) Herman Weber, as I had known him for some time, in whose advice he knew I had great faith. I accordingly called on Dr. Weber immediately, and fortunately found him at home; he kindly examined me at once, and told me my throat—which he had before pronounced one of the most perfectly formed singing throats he had ever seen—and my lungs were in a perfectly healthy condition; that I was simply "run down," and that the medicine I was taking was all I required.

The concert for Mario was suggested in a letter to me from Mrs. Sartoris, who at the time was residing in Rome. She informed me that Mario was living in an apartment on the Corso, in such circumstances that he was obliged to forego not only any little luxuries he was accustomed to, but even necessaries ; she asked me if it would be possible to aid him in any way. I consulted Arthur Chappell, and we agreed that, if we could organize an attractive concert, we might count on raising a considerable sum. Christine Nilsson, Reeves, Foli, and Pinsuti offered kindly to assist. Reeves was unfortunately unable to appear, but sent a most liberal donation to add to the receipts of the concert, in the shape of a cheque for £100.

I was fortunately able to appear (though not "in condition") and get through my share of the programme ; Christine Nilsson sang beautifully. Foli was in fine voice and sang well, and Pinsuti accompanied the whole programme in his well-known masterly style. The net receipts of the concert amounted to £1,500. A private subscription, which had been raised among Mario's old friends and admirers, amounted to £2,500. By arrangement between the gentlemen who organized the subscription, and Arthur Chappell —who acted as treasurer for our concert—the proceeds of the two funds were together invested in an annuity, which provided our old friend and comrade with sufficient means to make him comfortable for the remainder of his life.

con riconoscente memoria
de l'amico Santley
J Marco

CHAPTER XIV

VOYAGE to New York—Captain Cook—Jam Tarts—Purser and Coal-bunk—Cunard Courtesy—Divorces Procured—American Generosity—Sail up the Hudson River—Four Angels without Wings—Soft Shell Crabs and Whoffles.

I DID not improve in strength as I had hoped, so, by the advice of my doctor, I resolved on trying a short voyage. I thought it was growing too warm for the Mediterranean, and after a fair amount of meditation and consultation, I chose a run across to New York and back, with my cousin Henry Kemble for companion. We sailed from Liverpool with my old skipper, Capt. Theodore Cook, in the *Russia*, on her penultimate round trip.

The Cunard Company placed at our disposal the first steward's cabin for the outward, and the second and third engineers' for the return journey, free of cost; one of many acts of generosity for which I owe my grateful thanks to that company.

Capt. Cook I found as alert and silent as during my first voyage to America in 1871. I believe the only person with whom he ever relaxed was myself. Each day in good weather we had a walk and chat for half-an-hour or more before dinner, which at that time was served at four o'clock. He told me "he was born at the house situated on the lower corner of Charles Street and

Waterloo Place, and in his youth was a regular *habitué* of Govent Garden and the Haymarket Theatres, and had seen all the most noted actors of the time"—early in the nineteenth century, I should say. His prime favourite was Charles Kemble; I believe it was having found I was a connection by marriage with the Kemble family that caused him to break through his law of silence.

I naturally found him genial, while the rest of the passengers found him glumpy. He was a small man, and had more the air of a doctor than a skipper; in fact, the first time I was introduced to him, I addressed him as doctor, for which I immediately begged pardon; he only smiled, and said, "There was no need, as almost all his passengers on first acquaintance addressed him by that title." Since 1871, the officers, except two, James Watson, 1st engineer, and Charles Dean, 2nd officer, had been changed. The engineer has no time for making friends when at sea, so we were only on nodding terms when we met on rare occasions.

At that time the only officer who had a place in the saloon was the commander, who presided at meals. Each set of officers had its own mess; the sailing officers, doctor, and purser being clubbed together. I did not enjoy meals in the saloon, the heaps of roasted, boiled, stewed, and fried varieties of meat, fowl, and vegetable, and the "gobbling" of some of the uneducated

passengers, took away my appetite, so I used to avail myself of the standing invitation of the officers to make their "mess room" my "restaurant."

I ate my dinner in comfort and with appetite; it nearly always consisted of a joint of meat, well-cooked, with a bright brown crust which prevented the juice escaping, and vegetables, followed by pie, pudding, jam tarts, etc. At breakfast I was served with anything I chose to ask for; I need not have despaired of partaking of "elephant's trunk on toast," such were the resources of the commissariat, had my gastronomic proclivities lain in that direction.

One of the dinners I retain in my mind's eye, even now; a splendid roast shoulder of mutton, a picture to behold, and as tender as the most delicate lamb to masticate, and of a flavour to satisfy the most exigent epicure (I regret I did not—perhaps I could not—take another slice); with it we had a "*peas pudding*"—"a globe of beauty and a joy to memory dear."

One morning I turned in to my "restaurant" and found Charley Dean seated at table, grumbling like a bear with a sore head. "What's the matter, old man?" "Oh nothing"—with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "Nothing! Why you must be dropping into Shakespeare to make so much ado about nothing!" "Look there! there's a breakfast" (pointing to a monster

rump steak, smoking on the board); "I hate lumps of meat, and at this hour can't endure the sight of them." "Surely after four hours in the fresh air you must be hungry." "I am, that's where it is, but I want something I can eat; something more delicate than rump steak." "Well, what would your delicate constitution suggest?" "There's only one thing I care to eat, and I could live on them." "And what may 'them' be?—fried sweetbreads, I suppose!" "Sweetbreads be," etc., "I don't want any butcher's meat!" "Well, what on earth is 'them'?" "Jam tarts!" "God bless my soul! You don't mean to say a man of your physique could do his work on jam tarts?" "Yes I could, and would if I could get 'em!"

There is not a doubt the generality of mankind consume a great deal more solid food than is good for them; that more people die of "stuffing" than "starvation," but that a man of Charley Dean's Herculean build and able to do the work he did, could exist long on jam tarts, seemed impossible to me.

Charley did not live long; strong as he appeared, he had a weak spot, and he died a very few years after that, the last voyage I made in his company. Capt. Cook told me he was one of the best sailors he had ever met, indefatigable in his duty; only the incompleteness of his literary education prevented his promotion to the post of commander. We invariably associate

great size with great appetite ; the biggest man I ever knew was a Benedictine monk, he weighed twenty stone ; being a monk, of course he was set down as a prize trencherman ; he was one of the most abstemious men I have known. It is the long, lean, big-boned " son of a gun " that (as Aynsley Cook used pithily to put it) " knows how to lower the victuals on to his chest."

I did not find the change of " purser " agreeable ; my former acquaintance was a jovial, good-natured specimen, always ready to attend to the passengers' comfort ; his successor was his antipodes ; his attentions were devoted to his " pursing " ; he tried to be " funny," but like many "funny" people I have fallen in with, his " fun " was but " feeble cynicism."

On the outward voyage, in one of his jocular moods, he bore down as I was enjoying a quiet smoke on deck, and opened fire on me :—

" When are you going back ? "

" When *you* go back."

" How ? "

" In this ship, with you."

" No, you won't."

" Why not ? "

" The ship's full for the return voyage, every berth, officers' cabin, every nook was booked long ago."

" Probably, but I'm going back with you all the same."

"Ha! ha! do you suppose they're going to construct a cabin for *your* accommodation?"

"Can't say, but I am going back with you."

"Then you'll have to make yourself comfortable in a coal bunk, which won't be pleasant; rather stuffy for a day or so, until they clear out some of the coal."

"It would certainly not be pleasant, but I have no intention of occupying a coal bunk, nor of offering such accommodation to my companion!"

"Then you'll have to wait for another ship, and Lord knows when you'll find one with a vacant berth; not for a couple of months at least."

"I was assured at Water Street (the Liverpool address of the Cunard Co.) that berths for myself and Mr. Kemble would be reserved for the return voyage of this ship; so, as I told you before, I am coming back with you, and in a comfortable cabin."

"They know nothing about it at Water Street, and you'll find yourself mistaken you'll see."

"We'll see!"

And we did see! Immediately on arriving, we went direct to the Cunard office, where I was received with great politeness. The clerk looked over the list of passengers and could not find any berths allotted to me. I began to fear my cynical friend would have the laugh on his side, but the amiable clerk bid me wait until he consulted another list; there, sure enough, he found I was

to have the 2nd and 3rd engineers' cabin, for which I offered to pay, as every inch of available room had been seized on long before. I was informed there was nothing to pay, by order from Liverpool.

Kemble and I went on our way rejoicing. I pointed out one or two features—perhaps they are called institutions—which I had noticed during my first visit to New York. The pavement, which seemed laid down expressly to trip up pedestrians, I called Kemble's attention to and cautioned him; he mentioned that he was neither blind nor drunk, and felt perfectly safe; the moment after he tripped, and ran the risk of damaging his proboscis, had I not seized hold of him and so prevented a catastrophe. Another institution which I had described to him, and which caused him to doubt my veracity, I exultingly called his attention to, a black board nailed on the wall at the corner of a street not far from the Battery, on which the following inscription was painted in large white letters :—

"MR. ————,
"Attorney.
"N.B.—Divorces procured."

"Now, Harry," said I, "do you still think I'm another?" "No, that beats me; I will not doubt your word for the future," was his response!

The moment I set foot in the bureau of the Hoffman House, I was hailed in a pleasant voice

with "Mr. Santley, I guess; here's the number of your rooms, they're three and a half dollar rooms, but you'll pay two and a half dollars." Agreeably surprised at his recognizing me and at the reduction in the price of the rooms, I tendered him my cordial thanks; I had not been accustomed to reduction of prices of rooms before, on account of my professional standing, and felt gratified to find there were people in the world ready to show their appreciation of artistic merit in so appreciable a fashion.

I am reminded in relating this of a similar act of generosity of which I was the recipient during my first visit to the States. I was advised by a comrade, to whom I complained of the difficulty I found in procuring good cigars, to pay a visit to Messrs. Park & Tilford's store. I found some excellent "smokes," for which I paid the current price (not at all exorbitant). When I paid a second visit, after taking my order, the gentleman who was attending to me, remarked, "I guess you are Mr. Santley." "I am," said I. "You paid nine dollars when you purchased here before, you'll pay seven this time," was his pleasant rejoinder, and on each subsequent purchase I was allowed a proportionate reduction on all I bought. It is a great pleasure to record such acts of appreciation and consideration. I endeavour to show my appreciation and consideration of my fellow-creatures with whom I come in contact, and consequently am

agreeably impressed when such acts are extended to me.

The impression is more vivid by reason of the contrast I have experienced in other lands—foreign to me—where, generally, I have been subject to augmentation instead of diminution of prices; for which the only reason I can assign is, that an artiste of fame is supposed to acquire untold wealth without trouble; the labour, time, and anxiety attendant on his acquisition of that fame counting as nothing, if it ever enters into the calculation at all.

The enormous continent of North America abounds in picturesque scenery; the sail up the Hudson River from New York to Albany is alone worth a voyage across the Atlantic to a lover of the beauties of nature, who has time and money at his disposal. The Americans are courteous, hospitable, and in their own peculiar style, witty; they do not understand our "banter." During my first American trip, when I and George Dolby (Dickens' agent, and mine for some years,) were dining or spending an evening in pleasant company, we were wont to indulge in a fair amount of "chaff" between ourselves, which surprised our friends, who unmistakably expected we should end with a "boxing match."

We Britishers are prone to indulge in this species of wit; in speeches delivered at banquets, and even on more serious occasions, it often holds a conspicuous place, interfering with detriment to

the proceedings. The late American Ambassador, Mr. Choate, was a real wit, he never descended to " chaff." Three judges and James T. Fields (Dickens' friend) spoke at a dinner at which I was present, given by the Hartford Musical Society in Boston ; the judges kept the table in a roar of laughter with their comic sallies, while J. T. Fields held the guests enchanted with a stream of eloquence, reminiscent of our Immortal Bard's poetic wit.

I find nothing more irritating than being bound to listen to an individual who, believing himself a wit, distracts my ears with inane " play upon words," especially if he insists on " tagging on " an explanation of his witticisms. Oh, my Antonio ! (that is you) I do know of these, whose mouths I would like to keep perpetually supplied with toffee or other harmless sticky substance, in order that they could not show their teeth by way of smile until they made a sign that they were prepared to " swear off " their evil habit.

During this my second visit, I sailed up the Hudson to Albany ; just before starting, four " gentlemen " were conducted on board decorated with handcuffs, each one in the custody of a police officer. When we had proceeded a short distance the decorations were removed, and the " gentlemen " permitted to stroll about the deck and hold conversation with those of their fellow passengers who might feel inclined to enjoy their society. When an opportunity occurred, I asked

one of the custodians where their *protégés* were bound for, and what they had done to merit such attention. I learned that one was a designer and manufacturer of false bank-notes; another had been a distiller of whiskey without authority from the Excise department; the other two had done something contrary to the laws of the land, but I do not remember the nature of their achievements.

Later on I got into conversation with the gentleman who supplied surreptitious additions to the riches of the Mint. He was attired in a well-worn overcoat, with velvet collar a trifle greasy at the back, probably the effect of the bear's grease with which his hair had been anointed at Washington, from whence he was being transferred to Albany, to revel in the stricter supervision which prevailed there. His head was protected by a cap much the worse for wear; his feet were encased in old carpet slippers, and he wore green spectacles which prevented any curious person from discovering where his gaze was directed.

I was surprised that he was entirely innocent of the crime of which he stood accused, or indeed of any crime, he had led the life of an angel, according to his own account; but though I examined his shoulders minutely—on the sly—I did not discover any indication of wings sprouting. The whiskey distiller, with whom I afterwards conversed, according to his own

statement, had led the purest of lives, and the cause of his incarceration was simply a d——d conspiracy organized by some ruffians jealous of his success in business.

I felt sure that the other two had been the victims of error, so I did not trouble them with any enquiries.

After the passengers had dined, the four "angels" and their guardians were shown into the saloon and regaled with a similar feast to that we had partaken of. On our arrival at Albany, I noticed two two-horsed open carriages waiting on the pier; I presumed for some passengers of consequence. The "angels" were requested to submit to the operation of readjusting their decorations, and to my great amusement were conducted on shore by the officers, collocated in the carriages, and driven off to their destination.

From Albany we went on to Niagara Falls, stopping for a few hours at Buffalo, where I had a little business to transact. We took rooms at the hotel on the Canadian side, where we had a fine view of the Falls by moonlight; the effect of the light on the vapour rising from the basin below I found extremely beautiful. On the whole, however, I prefer the view of the Falls in winter, as I had seen it before; the absence of the picturesque is not nearly so striking when the surroundings are clothed in snow and ice.

We returned to New York two days before our ship sailed; the heat was most oppressive.

I revel in the heat of the sun, but I found the heat in New York too moist to be pleasant; in the night I was tormented by mosquitos, and in the day I had to endure a still greater torment—trying to elude the grasp of an inquisitor bent on prying into my private concerns, in order to dish up an "interview" for the journal of which he was a correspondent.

By dint of bribery and whatever "sharpness" I possess, I succeeded, until he seized on me as I was quietly walking up stairs to bed. He was like a leech, I could not get rid of him, I had to submit to his cross-questioning; I replied with any nonsense that came into my head. The next morning the secretary of the hotel handed me a paper where I found my "rigmarole" in print; I hope mankind profited by it! I did! for it taught me a lesson, by failure, how to keep interloping inquisitors at bay.

I was no sooner on board ship than I encountered my cynical friend, who evidently intended to keep up the joke.

"So you're here, eh?" he began.

"Here I am!"

"Got a coal bunk?" (he had not examined the list of passengers).

"No, 2nd and 3rd engineers' cabin!"

"Cost you a trifle, eh?"

"Nothing; couldn't be less, eh?"

"Hum!"

"Ha!"

He was a crusty beggar, but he had some crumb underneath, perhaps he had been crossed in love; or worse, possessed that priceless blessing, a Tartar of a wife. I presented him with an air-tight oak cigar box to preserve his "weeds" from the sea air, which brought the crumb to the surface. We encountered dense fog for five days out of the ten occupied in the voyage home; one day I noticed that the fog lifted for a short time at long intervals; three times we were making straight for a sailing ship; fortunately at sufficient distance to give us time to clear out of the way.

While at New York I had scraped acquaintance with soft-shell crabs, which I found delicious and digestible; also with whoffles, hot, soaked in butter, and covered thickly with powdered white sugar (according to the waiter's declaration, preferable to syrup or molasses); also delicious to the palate, but fatal to digestion; they remained on my chest like lead for some time, so I swore off!

CHAPTER XV

HOME, Sweet Home—Sketching—The School of Art—An Obstinate Nose—Drooping Spirits—The Bay of Biscay—An Unsuccessful Exhibitor.

I WAS not sorry to be back on my "native heath," and enjoy a little quiet. Liverpool appeared like a haven of rest after the noise of New York; and the heat, "tempered to the shorn lamb," was especially grateful. I was delighted to see the hedgerows and neat farm-houses and cottages on the journey up to town.

The season was just terminating, and I immediately set about preparing for a fine tour in the North of Italy with my wife, four children, my elder sister, and Harry Kemble. We went direct to Lucerne, where we remained a few days, then on to Berne for a night; to Bex, where we spent a night at a fine hotel, recently built—the cheapest stay I ever made anywhere. The accommodation was excellent, the culinary and cellar departments the same, and the bill (including upwards of 20 francs for washing) amounted to less than five pounds.

We then spent a night at a small place, St. Maurice, in order to secure a carriage to convey us over the Simplon to the Lago Maggiore; where, at Baveno, we stayed two or three weeks; thence we went to Milan, where we remained for a few days; then set our faces towards home, returning

by the St. Gothard to my old favourite, Brunnen ; from there to Lucerne we took a long route *viâ* the Furca, Grimsel, Meyringen, Grindelwald, Giessbach, and Brünig pass. From Lucerne we returned to London *viâ* Paris ; we had some "good times," enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, and arrived at home ready for work.

Having seceded from the Opera, and finding little employment during the London season, I began to ruminate on the amount of time I was wasting which I might turn to account to my advantage financially or artistically, or perhaps both.

As I was fully occupied throughout the winter and spring seasons with music, I thought a little change of occupation would be pleasant, and having attained some proficiency in drawing in pencil and colours at school, I determined to try my hand at sketching ; if I did not arrive at increasing my income by it, I might at least adorn the interior of my palatial residence with my efforts.

I furnished myself with pencils and colours, and while at Baveno I executed my first attempt at reproducing nature ; I say executed advisedly, as my attempt ended in a result different from that I intended to produce. It was in what I can only describe as the Chinese willow-pattern style. My subject was the garden at the back of the hotel ; a juvenile hill covered, excepting two or three small grass plots, with trees of various species ;

crowned by a picturesque out-house built of rough stone and covered with a red-tile roof.

On my return to London, I executed, in the above style, a *replica* in oil. I was not in love with my " work of art " ; the small-leafed trees looked rather like overgrown cabbages, and the large-leafed ones were decidedly " willow-patterny " ; the colouring suggested a neophyte attempt at house-painting on a diminutive scale.

Notwithstanding these defects, which I plainly observed, while I had not an idea how to remedy them, I had the courage to show my " execution " to my neighbour, Stacey Marks. Contrary to my expectation, he did not laugh ; he certainly smiled, and suggested that perhaps a pigtail or two might add interest to the subject, in which, without dropping a tear, I concurred. He did say—probably out of good nature—that there was sufficient evidence of latent talent to warrant me in expending a little time and money on instruction in the handling of pencil and brush, and mentioned his old friend, Fred Smallfield, as a competent instructor.

I called immediately on Fred, and instead of an old, I found a lively young-looking gentleman, although his hair was turning slightly grey. Whatever he might have been in years, he was very young in his movements and very attentive ; we got on well together. I spent many happy hours in his studio. Two of my daughters were at that time students at one of the art academies, where they had among a crowd of pupils, Dorothy

Tennant, who afterwards married Henry Stanley, the African explorer ; a daughter of Prof. Huxley ; Henry Tuke ; Tom Gotch ; Billy Strang ; and Joe Clarke, who, when there was a plethora of students, used to act as fourth master.

When I thought I had made fair progress in laying on colour, I joined the art school to study drawing from objects. My age and professional reputation had a bad influence on my masters ; they seemed afraid, not of my genius, but of my age and public position, which seriously interfered with their instructions and my progress. I had constantly to remind them that I came there to be taught, and looked to receiving my due in return for my money.

About an hour after I started work one morning—on a cast of "Night," I believe—Master No. 2, looking over my work, remarked : "I must congratulate you, you have made a leap, this is a wonderful improvement on all you have hitherto done. There is, however, one little defect ; the nose is not right. May I point out the defect ?" I gave him a reminder about my object in attending the school, and paying for instruction. He rubbed out my nose and replaced it with his, and after again complimenting me, walked off. Shortly after, No. 3 came up, and went through the same scene, with the same result, compliments, etc., etc.

The next visit I received was from No. 1, the headmaster. He, too, paid me similar

compliments to what I had before received, only they were far more warmly expressed. I was, of course, delighted that I had at least screwed out a little approbation from my teachers.

The same process was gone through, the nose altered for the third time, and I was calmly wondering whose was the right one, when Joe Clarke came behind me, and roused me from my reverie with a perfect halloo of delight. He praised my work in unmeasured terms, not only as an improvement on former work, but as a good specimen of any work—but !—Gracious goodness ! what's wrong now ? Perhaps my mouth is awry, or an ear too long, or some other feature distorted !—my model only possessed a head. But no ! it was that unfortunate nose again. This trouble with my nose caused me to reflect on the possible variety of shape my own nose would take in the eyes of individuals who cared to examine it.

The nose was again obliterated and another substituted. I tried to think out, but I could not find out, which was the right nose. So at last, to save further trouble, I rubbed Joe's nose out, and reinstated the one I drew myself, the lines of which were still traceable. Further examinations of " Night " did not call forth any hostile remarks ; everybody seemed satisfied, and having, after all, succeeded in getting my own way, I was satisfied too !

In 1879, in company with Charles Lyall, I went to Italy, where we broke new ground. Instead of

the lakes we went to Monticello in "the Brianza," a region on the other side of the mountains bordering the south side of the Lake of Como, and its branch, the Lake of Lecco. We were both amply supplied with materials for sketching. There was an unlimited number of subjects to exercise upon. My great object being to try to do away with the cabbage solidity of my trees, I devoted myself almost entirely to the cultivation of their acquaintance.

One of my great efforts was a water-colour sketch of a great magnolia tree, which I took from the drawing-room window of the hotel. I fancy it was a difficult subject at close quarters, as I was placed. My sketch certainly looked much less like a giant cabbage than my other productions. I felt a slight touch of content mingled with pride at this success; also at having, as I imagined, made a successful stroke in delineating a gravel walk which led under the shade of the trees to an iron gate opening in the fields beyond, whence the rays of the sun penetrated a short distance up the walk.

The head waiter popped in to see how I was getting on. I felt greatly pleased when he expressed his admiration of my arboreal performance, but when he asked me what my gravel walk represented, my spirits dropped to zero, and I felt inclined for half-an-hour or so to give up sketching. I did not, Dicky Sam prevailed, and I plodded on the even tenor of my way, if not rejoicing, at

least amusing myself, and doing no harm to my fellow creatures.

The two following years I spent my holiday again at Monticello, accompanied by my wife and children; the second year, with the addition of Henry Tuke. Both years I went by sea from Liverpool to Genoa—the first with two of my daughters, who reported so favourably of the delightful voyage, that the second year all the rest decided to go by sea. This time we were not so fortunate. The Bay of Biscay was up to most terrible pranks; all my people suffered from sea sickness, my second daughter so badly, I thought she would die.

I became so alarmed that I offered the captain whatever sum he might name to land us, if possible, at any port. He told me it would cost £500. That being out of the question, I accepted his offer of an empty cabin for my daughter's accommodation. I carried her across to it—no easy matter in such a sea—and sat up with her through the night; or rather I sat up except when an extra bang of a wave sent me sprawling on the floor. The poor girl suffered so terribly I feared every moment she would burst a blood-vessel. I set my wits to work, and having procured some ginger ale and brandy, I made a mixture of a portion of each, of which I administered a teaspoonful at intervals. After repeating it a few times, to my great relief I saw her revive, and by mid-day she was perfectly restored, and as we were

in smoother water in the evening, we celebrated her recovery with a dance on deck.

I dabbled on with my sketching. On our return I reproduced some of my " works " in oil. One of them, a little sketch of Monte Rosa, I sent to an exhibition of works of art executed by dramatic and lyric artistes. (I continue to spell the word so, as artist is, in England, universally understood to signify painter.) My specimen was not sufficiently attractive to engage the attention of a bidder, so, at his request, I presented it to Harry Kemble.

CHAPTER XVI

SKETCHING Abandoned for Music—Geo. Macfarren my Master—A Doctor of Music—Music Defined—Composition—Trials—Marriages—Effects of a False Report—Voyage to Malta—A Persuasive Admirer—A Friendly Guide—A Sermon in Arabic—The Capuchin Monastery—British Misplaced Generosity.

AFTER that I gave up painting for two reasons. It occupied more time than I deemed I could conscientiously devote to it, and the smell of the paint, shut up as I was in a close room, had a bad effect on my health, or I believed it had. I could never hope to become a "painter." I turned the matter of employing my time to some useful purpose over in my mind, and at last concluded, as I ought to have done at first, that my proper course was to direct my attention to the study of harmony and composition.

I talked the subject over with George Macfarren. He agreed that it was my duty to do my best to acquire proficiency, as far as lay in my power, in every branch of my profession, and in return for some favours he imagined I had shown him, undertook the office of my preceptor, for which he refused to accept any pecuniary reward. I began my studies with his own treatise. I am sure he over-rated my abilities, though he expressed himself satisfied with my progress, for I always felt I was not doing him justice as a teacher. My aim was to crown his figured basses with

something approaching a melody, in which I rarely succeeded.

As we were on very intimate terms and I could speak freely, I told him one day that I thought it was a pity he had not arranged his exercises in such a way as to give the student an opportunity for displaying a little ingenuity in topping them with a melodious subject. He replied that he had contrived them purposely in order that the pupil might have no inducement to substitute guesswork for knowledge. I demurred at the time, and still am of opinion that it would be better to cultivate the fancy of the student in spite of the risk of his being induced to indulge in guesswork.

In confirmation of the justness of my opinion, I might mention that I enquired of Henry Leslie, who was one of the examiners at Oxford, "what was necessary to obtain the degree of Doctor of Music?"—merely out of curiosity, as I had not the slightest intention of going in for the doctorate. He explained to me the nature of the compositions exacted, on the correctness of which judgment depended. I remarked, "That the ears of the examiners must tingle occasionally when they heard said compositions performed, if they bore any resemblance to some I had been obliged to perform in." "Oh," he replied gaily, "we never hear them; we only judge by what we see on paper." What may be perfectly correct on paper may prove cacophony to the musical ear. Music is not a conglomerate mass of notes, however

skilfully they may be cemented together. It is the outpouring of a musical soul expressed in melody, sustained by appropriate harmony ; such as we find in the immortal works of " the great masters " who are gone ; and as we do *not* find in the still-born offspring of their living unworthy successors.

Macfarren afterwards told me at one lesson, when he was particularly pleased with the way I had worked out a rather difficult exercise, that I was the only pupil he had ever had who succeeded in making one of his exercises interesting. I was very sorry to leave him ; it was necessity alone which compelled me. Being a very indifferent performer on the piano, and nervous withal, I could not play correctly what I had written, and he could not read my exercises because of his misfortune. So he advised me to continue my studies with his son-in-law, Frank Devonport, an excellent master, with whom I worked at counterpoint until I felt capable of writing some simple Masses and other music for the Church of my forefathers—into which I was received on the 26th June, 1880, by the Rev. Vincent Grogan, Rector of St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate,—besides some songs and two madrigals.

I beg to state that I do not call myself a " composer," any more than I call every person who sings, a " singer."

The interval between 1880 and 1889, a period of severe trial, the result of domestic troubles

of no ordinary nature, I pass over, except to record the death of my wife, 2nd September, 1882, whilst I was singing in the repetition of Gounod's "Redemption," at the Birmingham Festival, and a severe illness, which was the indirect cause of my going to Australia. In 1884 my eldest daughter, who had been for about two years a very successful singer in concerts of the higher class, was married to the Hon. Robert H. Lyttelton. In 1885 my second daughter was married to a young American, Henry E. Meiggs. My holidays, which I can only call such, as I did no work, I spent at a farm in the North of Germany, between Hamburgh and Lubeck. One year I returned to my old haunts about the lakes in the North of Italy; one week of the time I stayed with Piatti at his villa at Cadenabbia on the Lake of Como.

Immediately after the Easter of 1888 I was confined to my bed with a serious attack of blood poisoning. For two days I remained in a high state of fever, and delirious. My doctor grew alarmed and threatened to resort to very strong measures. He called very early on the third day, when, to his great surprise and joy, he found my temperature had fallen to its normal height; he described the change as miraculous!

A short article had appeared in the *Evening Star*, in which it was stated that since I had entered the Catholic Church, I had every Sunday and in all weathers attended at High Mass at St. Joseph's, Highgate, to assist in the choir, and

had often been seen to place a cheque for £1,000 (God save the mark!) in the offertory plate. While I was still confined to my bed, the Rector of St. Joseph's (not my friend, the Rev. V. Grogan) rushed down to see me, and begged me to write to the editor of the *Star* contradicting the false report of my beneficence, which would materially interfere with the endeavours he was making at the time to raise funds to build a new and more commodious church.

I assured him the report would not influence subscribers in the slightest degree, adding that I alone should be the sufferer, as it was sure to call forth innumerable applications for assistance from such a well-furnished purse. I was able to give him ample "proof of the pudding in the eating." I was assailed from all quarters of the British Isles for pecuniary assistance on very amusing pleas.

The most comic was that of an individual, who stated that he was employed in the City at a very good salary, that he found a banking account in the City inconvenient, therefore wished to open one in the place in which he resided, somewhere up the river, to accomplish which it was necessary he should deposit £50 with the bank he was in treaty with. Being, as he was assured, a benevolent person, would I provide him with the £50? The novelty of the request amused me, but failed to move me.

A lady in Scotland, who wished to establish a small-ware business, demanded £30. Neither of

these requests was made as a loan, but a gift. They were, perhaps, more honest, but I did not find them, therefore, more attractive. I made a bundle of the applications I received—not by any means a small one—which I presented to the rector at the first visit I was able to pay him. The subscriptions rolled in, the church was built ; he ate his pudding while I was left out in the cold.

When I had sufficiently recovered to leave home, my doctor insisted on change of air to set me up completely before I undertook any work. He suggested a month at Tunbridge Wells, which no doubt would have proved highly beneficial ; that is, if I could have remained in peace, which, being within call, I should have found impossible. I suggested a sea-voyage, which he said he himself would have suggested had he been aware I was what is called a "good sailor," as the most appropriate change in my state of health at that time.

I accordingly took passage in the P. & O. R.M.S. *Victoria* to Malta. I enjoyed ten days of delightful weather ; *the Bay* was as smooth as a mill-pond. On board there were some very pleasant Australians returning home. I did not mingle much with the passengers, as I knew what the consequence would be if I did : the inevitable request to entertain them. Hints were thrown out occasionally which I did not choose to hear.

A day or two before the end of my voyage, I was politely accosted by an Australian lady, who tried

her arts of persuasion, but I steadfastly refused, having the excuse to back me, that I was ordered by my doctor to abstain from singing, even for my own practice or amusement. Though not satisfied, she had to content herself, as I insisted on carrying out my instructions to the letter. She then expressed a hope that one day I might be tempted to pay a visit to Australia "as," she assured me, "I had a host of friends there desirous of hearing me, and I should be sure to reap a golden harvest"; all of which at the time did not impress me beyond affording me the pleasure of knowing I held a place in the esteem of the inhabitants of a continent so far away from my native country.

When I landed at Valetta, my first impression was that the adult female portion of the inhabitants were all nuns of an order with which I was not acquainted. I mentioned this to my companions, the doctor and the purser of the ship. The former—who had the customary mariner's aversion to the religious vocation—confided to me that the garb, which I had taken for a nun's habit, was that adopted by the entire adult female population, but he added emphatically, "There's heaps of priests and nuns, and a d——d sight too much praying in the —— place to find any good in it," etc., etc. (*vide nautical vocabulary*).

The day after my arrival, I received a pleasant and quite unexpected visit, as I was not aware I had an acquaintance on the island. (By way of

parenthesis, I may say that I cannot call to mind a single instance of visiting a place, new to me, however remote from my native country, or even one of whose existence I was not aware, without meeting somebody I was acquainted with or had met before.)

My visitor, George Buchanan by name, was a cousin of John Boosey. I had met him at John's house on many occasions. He immediately constituted himself my guide and preceptor, pointing out all that was interesting. He conducted me to Civita Vecchia, where we visited the catacombs and the small chapel erected on the spot where St. Paul dwelt after his shipwreck on the coast of Malta. He also introduced me to Major Plunkett, of the Engineers, then in charge of Fort St. Angelo, a most charming, clever man, who after dinner one evening entertained me with such a vivid description of Cairo, the Nile, and the ruins of the ancient temples erected on its banks, as to inspire me to make a determined effort to go and see for myself.

One hot afternoon, as I was returning from a long walk, I entered a church with the two-fold intention of taking a rest and saying my prayers. There were few other visitors present, but in a short time a stream of worshippers poured in, until at last I found myself in a dense crowd from which there was no means of extricating myself unless I chose to walk over the people's heads. A priest ascended a platform erected in front of the

altar and intoned a "Litany"—as I supposed—the people all joining in after the first verses.

I sat patiently expecting the service, whatever it might be (it was in Arabic, a language I have no acquaintance with), would be of short duration. The singing ended, the priest seated himself at a table covered with a green baize cloth. He began a discourse and I began to feel uncomfortable. To be brief, he continued for one hour and three-quarters, then came to a pause.

A discourse of that length, of which I could not understand a single word, made me almost desperate. "I screwed my courage to the sticking point," and heedless for once of the discomfort I caused my neighbour, I made a bolt from the church into the fresh air, whose reviving influence soon restored my equanimity. I paid a visit to the Capuchin Monastery where they kept the embalmed bodies of defunct monks in the crypt.

Having heard much about the "dreadful sight," I was curious to try what effect it would have on me. I had an excellent opportunity, for just as I had descended, the lay brother in attendance was called away. Off he went, first giving me his candle—there was no other illumination—leaving me alone with the remains of the blest departed. They were placed standing each in a separate cell all round the vault; about thirty, I should say. They looked so like living beings—except a few whose jaws time had deprived of their covering—that I felt quite at home. I

could not shake hands with them, but my curiosity prompted me to touch their flesh, which I found as soft and smooth as that of a living being. I certainly did not discover any "dreadful sight"; to me it was interesting. I cannot understand what "molly-coddle fudge" could have led to its suppression if, as I have been led to understand, it has been suppressed.

We are an extraordinary people; we will *not* let other people live or enjoy themselves in their own way. Arabs must have their houses roofed—those that have any houses; all sorts of dark people must wear breeches or petticoats and hats which do not become them; other people must do heaps of things I cannot take time to speak of. If there is a fire or earthquake happening in any part of the world, the Lord Mayor of London must organize a subscription to pay the damage; while we might be washed away and nobody would ever think of coming to rescue us, let alone pay for damages.

Some old lady does not like to look upon a dead monk; it reminds her of how her personal appearance may strike the stranger when she has been put away for a few months; so we must insist upon a clearance of the "ghastly sight" of a few peaceable old monks, who never did, and now never can, harm anyone. Instead of sturdy Britons, as we boast, we might be a pack of superannuated "suffragettes," judging by the silly pranks we play before High Heaven.

CHAPTER XVII

CHANGE in Musical Affairs—Resolution to try New Ground—Bound to Australia—An Augury—A Stormy Time—The Bar—Amusements on Board—Concert—Fancy Ball—Forbidden Food—A Glance at Eastern Customs—Lunch at Ceylon—Pilots.

I CAME back to London, sound in wind and limb, determined to try a longer sea voyage. Cogitating on my lady friend's enthusiasm, and the Major's description of Egypt, I judged it would be possible to make a combination of Australian wealth and a little Eastern travel.

Looming in the early future I saw a change coming over the spirit of musical affairs. A great influx of young singers had already interfered with business as regarded both number of engagements and terms ; to the former I had to submit, to the latter I would not. A burthen which I had taken on my shoulders and which had been constantly increasing in weight, became at last intolerable. I had to get rid of it somehow. I consulted a physician (not a M.D.) who assured me that the salt air direct off the ocean and continually breathed for some weeks was the only remedy for my malady ; also that the cure would be effected more rapidly if in addition water, fresh from the ocean, were taken in at the pores.

An unexpected tempting offer from Australia settled the matter. I concluded the engagement,

which was for a series of concerts and oratorios in the Australasian cities. The terms I demanded were somewhat less than £100,000, but as I was anxious to clear out, I made no trouble about a few thousands, and agreed to accept a sum satisfactory to both parties.

Before I left London, I received the good wishes of the members of the congregation and choir of St. Joseph's, Highgate, and the blessing of the reverend fathers, accompanied by an illuminated volume—in which were recorded the names of my well-wishers—at a reception held in the schoolroom attached to the Retreat.

I started on my voyage about the middle of April, in the P. & O. R.M.S. *Oceana*, Capt. Philip Tomlin, whom I never heard indulge in quotations from the "nautical vocabulary." The only friends who came to see me off—Father Vincent being prevented by urgent business—were my staunch old chum, Charley Lyall, and the Rev. Father Bernard, one of my most intimate friends at St. Joseph's. The former I observed alone at the end of the quay until those on board the ship were no longer distinguishable.

Had I been of a superstitious turn of mind, a slight accident which occurred during our passage down the river, might have forewarned me that I was on the road to encounter rough times. I was too elated by the prospect of the voyage and seeing new countries of which I had dreamed, to trouble my mind about any disagreeables and

difficulties I might meet with. A voyage to Australia is such an "everyday" occurrence, I do not intend to describe mine, but limit myself to impressions.

The Bay was in a seriously ruffled condition. During the morning of the second day we were battling among its wrinkles, and I was smoking my pipe as calmly as was possible in such a tossing, when another smoker, who said he had sailed nearly all over the world, got on his legs, and having constructed a pendulum with a piece of string and his pocket knife for a weight, informed us we were rolling at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and that if that should increase to two degrees more, we should be capsized, and our lifeless corpses provide food for the sardines. Another passenger, also a hardy seaman, declared it was too awful, and that if he were spared to set foot on dry land again, never more would he trust himself on the sea.

I confided these demonstrations of courage to the captain, who pooh-poohed them, adding, "If I catch the gentleman at work with his knife and string, I'll have him put in irons; it is such-like cowards who raise a panic when there is not the slightest danger!" Later in the day the "tossing" increased to such a degree that I thought it was quite possible, with the weight of what is called top-hamper, we might be rolled into a watery grave.

At dinner only six people out of one hundred

and fifty-seven sat down ; two retired before the soup was served, other two after, which left only two diners, myself and a short, stout gentleman, a friend of Harry Kemble's, going to Gibraltar, who was making his first voyage on the sea. Dinner, of course, was a game at battledore and shuttlecock, played with plates, potatoes, spoons, knives and forks, and other playthings. It was impossible to stroll about. The only way for a dry-land sailor to get about was to crawl on hands and knees, seizing on every firm object to prevent accidents. I retired early to my cabin, which contained only one berth, but not to sleep, as I had fondly hoped. The change from wooden bunks to iron bedsteads appeared to me a mistake, as I found to my cost. The rail in the side of the bed had lost the screw or bolt which held it in position; the consequence was I spent the night in holding on tight to prevent my falling out of bed, and when that failed, in extricating myself from the portmanteaus which were performing a spirited fandango about the floor. I have experienced much stormier weather, but ensconced in an old-fashioned wooden bunk, buried in pillows, I slept the sleep of the just.

In the early days of the Cunard Company, wines, spirits, and beer were included in the amount paid for the passage. That was put a stop to in consequence of the great consumption of liquor and the consequences an unlimited supply free of charge induced. Afterwards liquors of all

descriptions were supplied on written orders, for which the account had to be paid the day before arriving in port. There was no bar, and it is just possible drinking was carried on to a less extent. On board the *Victoria* for some days I noticed that about 11 a.m. a great number of the male passengers suddenly disappeared from the deck. I had no curiosity about their object, I was only too glad to get more room to myself.

Without enquiring I learned from a party of university students that the exodus was coincident with the opening of the bar. I remonstrated with one of the boys, advising him to limit his drinking. He listened with attention, and admitted my advice was sound, but the whole party continued in the course they had hitherto pursued. When we arrived at Malta, one of them had to be assisted on shore and put to bed, where he remained for several days recovering from a bad attack of delirium tremens. On board the *Oceana* steady drinking did not set in until we left Gibraltar. Then, every morning, the bar was besieged by a number of choice spirits for some time before its portals were opened. While it remained open most of the c.p's. were to be seen hanging about every hour—busily employed!

One elderly Scotchman, after the bar had closed and lights were turned off in the smoking room, retired to his cabin, where he regaled himself with "forbidden fruit" (drink smuggled into the cabins) until he fell asleep. This guzzler, soon after his

arrival at Melbourne, had to undergo a very serious operation in the region of the lungs, in consequence of his over-indulgence in potations—so the surgeon who operated told me ; also that the operation cost him £500. If his libations on board the *Oceana* represented the "last straw," he must have piled on stacks before I knew him.

We Britishers, as a rule, are staid in our movements on shore—on the sea we are the most restless of mortals. On the old ships there was little room for taking exercise. The hurricane deck was reserved for those passengers who felt inclined to exercise their legs or recline in their deck chairs ; only on the main deck could the games of "shuffle board" and "sea quoits" be indulged in.

Now that the upper deck is reserved for the use of the captain and officers, pedestrians and players, both adults and children, mingle on the lower deck, where the games interfere materially with walking exercise. Many of the "games" are so silly that I wondered anyone under any circumstances could be induced to join in them. In later years cricket has been introduced—"the game of English games!"—made ridiculous by reason of the confined space which can be allotted to its exercise on board a ship carrying a great number of passengers.

"That terrible unrest which men call pleasure" (James Clarence Morgan) appears to develop in the British sea-traveller a certain disregard

(unconscious I believe) for the comfort and convenience of his neighbour. On a railway or other land journey, rarely do we encounter the lack of politeness and regard for others so common among travellers belonging to other European nations. The British nation calls itself "the ruler of the sea." The English subject, I have frequently observed, constitutes himself "the ruler of the ship" in which he happens to be a passenger.

After we left Gibraltar an "Amusements Committee" was formed, of which I was elected a member. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Queensland accepted the office of chairman, and an eminent solicitor of Melbourne, that of secretary and treasurer. The nature and the hours allotted to the exercise of the games were arranged; then came the question of music. I said: "My lord and gentlemen, before you enter into a discussion of this subject, allow me to say that as I am making this voyage principally with the object of resting after the hard work I have done for some years, you must kindly allow me to limit my services to assisting in the arrangement of your programmes, as I cannot take part in their performance." As music was the only part of the proceedings in which my services would have been useful, I resigned my place on the committee.

I cannot see why a singer who seizes the opportunity afforded him of obtaining perfect rest after hard work, with the prospect of hard work combined with irksome travelling, should be expected

to entertain a number of people he happens to be thrown into contact with, for nothing. I strenuously object to such a proposal, however graciously it may be made.

Why should not a lawyer be expected to give his opinion on every legal, or a doctor on every medical question which may arise? Why should not a painter be expected to execute portraits of those of his fellow-passengers who would like to possess their effigies on canvas? Why should not any tradesman be expected to make a gift of his wares to everybody with whom when travelling he comes in contact? Because the employment, professional or otherwise, of his talent and industry, is not amusement, it is the means by which he gains his income, a share of which smaller or greater he is content to bestow on the needy, according to the amount suggested by his generosity.

Some of my readers may christen me "curmudgeon" after reading this "tiresome tirade." Let them not be over hasty. Though I have to say it myself, I am not a member of that class. I am always ready to do a "good turn" when there is a probability of its leading to a "good result" of any kind. On this score, I departed twice from my determination not to take part in the musical entertainments.

Captain Tomlin was very kind and attentive to me throughout the voyage; and as I discovered he was desirous of hearing me, though he never

mentioned the subject himself, I offered, with his permission, to organize a concert on my own account apart from the arrangements made by the Amusements Committee. I was fortunate in securing the co-operation of Mr. F. Hensman, then Solicitor-General of Western Australia, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, an excellent violinist ; Mrs. Hensman, a first-rate accompanist, and their daughter, Miss Hensman, a fine pianiste ; also of a lady passenger, whose name I do not remember, a very good amateur vocalist.

The concert was a great success, the captain was delighted, and I was very pleased that I had been able to make him some little return for the kind attention he had paid me. I also, one Sunday evening, at Miss Hensman's request, sang a few sacred songs in the music-room for the captain's especial entertainment, when only about a dozen of his most particular friends were allowed to be present.

At Colombo we took on board the members of an equestrian company, who had lost all they possessed, beyond part of the price of their passage to Australia. I tried to move the hearts of my fellow-passengers in their behalf, and as they could not give a performance on ship-board, I started a subscription for their benefit. A cabal was organized to defeat my object ; I found the plotters were going to give an entertainment, in which I declined to take part, for their own benefit, while they were doing all that lay in their power

to defame the poor equestrians. I discovered the names of the ringleaders, and handed them to the captain, notifying him of the cabal. "If that's their game, I have a very easy way of settling it," said he. The rascals had "counted their chickens before they were hatched," they had omitted to ask permission to give the entertainment and for the removal of the piano to the second-class saloon until half-an-hour before the hour for commencing. They sent an impertinent demand to the captain for both, to which he returned an unqualified refusal; giving them a double Roland for their Oliver, and me, satisfaction.

We had a "fancy ball," at which I appeared in the character of a naval surgeon, in clothes borrowed from a fellow-passenger, a doctor in the German Navy. I confined myself to visiting the sick, and as I did not find any, I got off easily. We also presented a "mock trial," at which the Melbourne solicitor presided with great ability; I, as the father of the plaintiff (plaintively —I beg pardon—represented by a niece of my Lord Bishop) made a fool of myself, and was hauled out of court by the purser, who played *The Bobby*.

During a sea voyage, "Games" occupy a great part of the attention of most of the English passengers, but "Meals" occupy the serious attention of *all* passengers, excepting those who are put out of the running by sea-sickness; or the few who, like myself, prefer quality to quantity.

I do not mean to infer that the food was inferior in quality; on the contrary, meat, poultry, and vegetables were excellent; but the lavish display of food of all descriptions, coupled with the "gobbling" system, acted unfavourably on my appetite. At 6 a.m. tea or coffee with bread and butter were served, and almost universally disposed of, in the state rooms; this was not counted as a meal; breakfast at 8.30, lunch at 12.30, and dinner at 7, were served in the saloon. I would scarcely describe them as meals, but rather as gluttonous feasts, of unnecessary variety and amplitude. But this was not enough; about 11 o'clock a.m. a cup of beef-tea with a biscuit was handed round on deck and below to everyone suffering from "a sinking"; at 4 p.m. there was tea in the saloon for those who required a "reviver" from slumber induced by the "sea air"; at 9 p.m. biscuits and cheese to give a fillip to the "spiritual nightcap."

The sea air must surely possess great influence as a digester to counteract the ill effects of such gormandizing. I am not throwing stones from the upper storey of my crystal palace; I only wonder "how they do it"—men and women, fat and lean, merry and morose—and live! I have a good appetite, and enjoy my food, and am by no means an epicure. I cannot remember anything eatable that I could not make a meal of. In the Holy Land I have dined off what I should describe as "cats' meat"—it certainly looked

like it—it might have been horse, donkey, or any other flesh ; my dragoman, who *thought* it might be beef or mutton, could not solve the mystery—the abundance of garlic with which it was seasoned would have covered a multitude of sins—nevertheless, with the addition of a couple of hard-boiled eggs and a little salad, and washed down with a bottle of good sound claret, which I discovered on a shelf of the café, I made an excellent meal. I tried a " narguille " by way of a comforter after my banquet, but as I only succeeded in drawing water, I fell back on the customary cigar.

Attracted by the sight of a pile of joints of mutton, roasted brown, looking as crisp as a tender lettuce, I mentioned to one captain I sailed with, that I believed the owners might save a deal of money by adopting a more economical and, at the same time, more wholesome system of catering. I quoted the joints I had seen during my ramble below. " Oh ! oh ! " he exclaimed, " those are for the second-class saloon, where they fare a great deal better than we do."

A good, well-cooked joint, carved on the table, is worth all the variety dishes, served out in portions, half-cold by the time they reach the table. I sighed when I called to mind the simple, substantial meals I partook of in the officers' mess-room aboard the *Russia*. Despite the superabundance of food on board the *Oceana*, there were two favourite dishes (with many

people) that never appeared on the ménu—boiled corned beef, and boiled leg of mutton. I complained one day of this omission to the head steward, who informed me that it was by order of the directors of the company ; though we had cold boiled beef served at lunch often, the hot article was prohibited, as also boiled mutton. He promised he would for once disobey orders to oblige me ; a day or two after he announced to me with great glee there would be a boiled leg for my especial delectation—it happened to be on a Friday, so I could not partake ; that ended the boiled mutton, and the hot corned beef never began.

What have boiled mutton and beef done that they should be condemned to perpetual exile from a ship's table ? The only way in which I can account for it is, that some of the said directors must have paid their respects to the dainty dishes too freely, and, out of pure good nature, eliminated the " temptation to transgress " from future " bills of fare " !

As a result of my experience, may I be allowed to say that I returned from Australia in one of the mail boats of the *Messageries Maritimes*, to Suez ; from Jaffa to Marseilles I sailed in a small steamer of the same company ; from Alexandria to Jaffa, in one of the Khedive line ; and my last voyage to New York and back, in a R.M.S. of the *Compie. Générale Transatlantique*, on all of which I found the food, though no better in quality,

vastly more tempting and agreeable than on any English ship I have ever sailed in, simply because it was more limited in variety and better served.

P.S.—The doctor of the Jaffa-Marseilles boat, a little, wizened, old Frenchman, but a rare performer with knife and fork, made a declaration every day at dinner, that "if he were ruler, he would banish all sauces as poison"; and his dessert daily consisted of pears, each mouthful of which he covered with a thick coating of butter, and dry walnuts.

The Alexandria-Jaffa doctor, a fine, plump specimen of an Italian, at dinner stowed away at least a couple of pounds of *maccheroni alla Napolitana* as an introduction to a meal sufficient for "Og." I do not know why, and it may seem strange, but their strenuous exertions did not affect me or my appetite: it must have been their way of "doing it"!

My first glimpse of Eastern life was at Port Said, and it was not a pleasant one. As far as I could learn, it was a den of rogues and vagabonds who might add the letters T. and M. after their signatures without overstepping the bounds of truth. The coaling of the ship supplied me with an idea of the "infernal regions," and I decided I would prefer some cooler place. When I awoke next morning and found I was gliding down the Suez Canal, I jumped out of bed, dressed quickly, and rushed on deck, when I got the

glimpse my soul had been longing to behold ever since I could remember—life as it was in the time of Moses—I had arrived "at the summit of my climax," as a dear old lady I know exclaimed at a picnic, with a glass of champagne in her hand ready for "lowering," mounted on the dickey of a four-in-hand. I saw a real desert, a string of real camels in the far distance, with a real driver seated on the neck of the leader; I had no more left to wish for! I was content—for the time being!

I went on shore at Aden. I saw the "Cisterns," I saw Sindbad driving a string of camels laden with merchandize; also ebony black gentlemen in the "buff"—except for a cloth of small dimensions round the loins. But the sight which above all made my heart rejoice, was an Arab, with silvery, flowing hair and beard, picturesquely attired, squatted on a table in the middle of a large piazza, entertaining a crowd of his countrymen seated on the ground in front of him, with interesting stories, judging from the rapt attention of the listeners, for I had no other means of judging, as I was not then proficient in the Arabic tongue. For this reason, too, I was obliged to resort to signs in order to effect the purchase of sweets I had promised to the lady passengers. The most effective sign was the offer of a sixpence, which the purveyor distinctly understood; he handed me a packet of Aden mixtures; I chucked down the coin

and fled, leaving a crowd of his countrymen, who had joined in arranging the bargain, scrambling for it.

Landed at Colombo, my first experience was a "sensation," viz., seeing two British ladies mount into a vehicle horsed by a native—naked, except for the towel round his loins. It struck me that so much undressed ham was a curious sight for two delicate females to gaze upon at close quarters.

Before landing I was boarded by an "interviewer," whom I dismissed with my blessing, and without any information, which may have been the cause of an announcement in the next day's journal, of the arrival of Stanley, the great African explorer. Also by a gentleman in regimentals, surmounted by a pith helmet, who turned out to be Brigadier-Surgeon Samuel Archer, an old schoolfellow of mine, whom I had not seen for upwards of forty years. He took me on shore and lunched with me at the Hotel near the quay ; we had mulligatawny soup, which I said was hot, strong, and nasty; he said it was a mere hotel imitation of the genuine article. After a cheroot and coffee, which I thought might have "grew somewheer else" than in Ceylon, we drove along the shore to make a provision of prawns, which we disposed of at dinner, in shape of a "curry." I found it excellent ; it was my first and last experience of the real Simon pure.

It was nearly dark when we were going up

King George's Sound in charge of a pilot. I was standing by the captain, who was keeping a scrutinizing eye on the shore signals. All of a sudden he bawled out, " Where the devil are you taking my ship, sir ; don't you know you ought to have that red light to port, and you've got it to starboard ?" "So much for pilots," he added in a lower key to me ; " if I hadn't always piloted my own ship, I should have been wrecked many a time." Though I have the name of a " good sailor," I am not a navigator, but I kept my eye fixed on that red light until I heard the anchor drop.

CHAPTER XVIII

ARRIVAL at Adelaide—Interviewers—Reunion at the Town Hall—Melbourne—Mutton Chop Diet—Hospitality—Government Patronage.

THIS voyage for me ended at Adelaide, where we arrived on a Sunday morning before the break of day. I was roused from a pleasant slumber by my steward, who came to announce the arrival on board of the agent who was to take me in charge, Mr. Charles Stevens, an excellent musician, through whom the terms of my engagement with the syndicate were arranged, and one or two members of the syndicate. I was requested to prepare at once to go on shore, while they superintended the work of rescuing my baggage from the hold. As they were all prepared with good appetites, we sat down to breakfast before leaving the ship. They made havoc with steaks, chops, fish, ham and eggs, and other little trifles, We landed at what would have been a dreary spot had it not been for the glorious sun. The few habitations I could discover were chiefly erections of corrugated iron, which added to the dreary appearance of the region. We had to wait a considerable time for a train to take us on to Adelaide proper, where I was to remain the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens.

Arriving later than was expected, we commenced operations with another substantial meal.

I had barely time for a doze to refresh my brain after the early rising and fuss attendant on leaving the ship, when I was disturbed to my disgust by an interviewer, whose first question was, "What do you think of Australia?" to which I replied, "As I only set my foot on shore a few hours ago I really cannot tell you;" adding by way of turning the tables and interviewing him, "I notice the sky is overcast, do you think there is any probability of a snowstorm?" "Oh dear no," said he, staring hard, as though he fancied he was in the presence of a lunatic; "we never have snow here." With this the interview terminated; he made some few remarks, shuffling about uneasily on his chair, and shortly made his exit, politely wishing me a prosperous tour, and hoping he would soon have the pleasure of hearing my voice in song.

I had scarcely disposed myself to complete my "forty winks," when another tormentor was announced. He bowed on entering, but was evidently so taken aback with my appearance—pleasantly or unpleasantly, I cannot say—that he remained speechless, gazing at me. A little of that goes a long way, so I led the attack with, "Might I request the honour of knowing what you wish to ask me?" In a faint voice he replied, "Upon my word, I don't know; I was sent here to interview you, but I have no idea how to begin." I told him I thought he had better arrange the interview according to his

own fancy, sticking to "generalities," so as not to involve me in any difficulties. I bowed him out, and gave strict orders to my hospitable host to refuse admittance, under pain of severe penalty, to any interlopers.

The following day I opened the ball by attending a reunion at the Town Hall, in order to receive the congratulations of the Mayor—who was attended by the civic authorities and the *élite* of Adelaide—on my safe arrival, and the kind wishes of all present for my health and prosperity.

Many speeches were made, all of which elicited universal acclamation ; the proceedings terminated with a stand-up lunch, and we parted in sorrow, to meet again in a very short time in joy !

I immediately left, carefully guarded by "my agent," for Melbourne, where I arrived safe on the following morning. A long night journey and early arrival are not conducive to the formation of pleasant impressions. I was not favourably impressed with a city of which I had heard much in praise. Wide streets have no joy for me unless adorned with picturesque or elegant buildings, neither of which I discovered. Irregularity is picturesque under certain conditions, which conditions were not fulfilled as regards Collins and other streets, where the blank brick wall of a tall building might be seen rising above the roof of another, half its height. The hotel where I put up (first stating that I have been told on competent authority it is now excellent in

every department) deserved anathema : sleeping apartments, bath-rooms, sitting-room, kitchen and other accommodation (?) all included.

In the culinary department the employés must assuredly have been supplied by his Satanic Majesty ; the only food I found palatable or digestible was " mutton chops," and they, however succulent, are palling when partaken of every day. We do not know what we are capable of until we try ; I managed to " scrape on " a monotonous existence on the chop diet, and get through my work, so I will not murmur. An occasional " oasis " in the shape of a dinner at the house of an acquaintance, on whom H.S.M. had not obtruded one of his myrmidons, was a relief to my anxious stomach.

I do not intend to trouble you with the successes, anxieties and bothers of one description or another which I experienced in the musical part of my exile ; one concert is so much a facsimile of another that they require no description. I must not, however, omit a few amusing anecdotes connected more or less with music. I will sum up in the three words (which, without egotism, I may be allowed to make use of) with which Julius Cæsar announced the success he achieved during his tour in Gallia, without so much as alluding to the clang of trumpets and arms, the roll of tambours, the songs of victory, the groans of the dead, etc. : " *Veni, vidi, vici !* "

I will keep entirely to the narration of my travels and any incidents of travel that I think may prove interesting to the reader, including the vast amount of experience I gained in the process of "eye-opening." I may say, as patient, I found it in general an unpleasant process, and I am doubtful whether it was at all times pleasant to the operating surgeon. I like to start on any expedition with something pleasant, so I will preface my narration with offering my most grateful thanks to all I met in Australia—whether personal acquaintances, or the more distant who assisted as public—at the entertainments of which I was the feature.

I met with unbounded hospitality wherever I went, and was offered a great deal more that I could not possibly accept. I will not attempt to name all the kind friends I met, the list would double the size of my book, and I am sure that will be found large enough without the addition. I will say, briefly, that I was an invited guest at each Government House in Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania; that I had the honour of the Governor and lady's patronage at each seat of government.

From His Eminence Cardinal Moran, His Grace Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, and the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy of all the Australasian dioceses I visited, I received distinguished marks of friendship and esteem; and from the members of the Treasury, Sydney,

I received a testimonial in the shape of a handsome gold-clasped album, containing fine photographic views of all the interesting buildings in Sydney, and of the various interesting spots dotted around the splendid harbour, prefixed with an illuminated inscription signed by the members. In brief, I was like the lady who went to Banbury Cross ; with rings (formed by friendly digits) on my fingers ; and bells (friendly greetings that dogged my footsteps) on my toes ; I had plenty of music (the music expressive of the approbation of an admiring audience) wherever I went ! Not rhyme, but truth !

CHAPTER XIX

ARRIVAL at Melbourne—Organist and Oculist—A Teetotal Breakfast—Gout—Adelaide Again—Musical Festival—A Dealer in Shares—Return to Melbourne—"Elijah"—Sydney—A Golden Vision—Water-parties—An Orator—A Lively Hotel—A French Restaurant.

BEFORE entering on a subject so dear to my heart, and pocket—"My Peregrinations at the Antipodes,"—I will describe briefly the two individuals whom Destiny had appointed to be my companions and the directors of my exploits. I had only a few hours' experience of "my agent" (charged by the syndicate) when I learned from his little ways that his notion of direction was that he was to act as "organ-grinder" and I the "monkey," held in subservience by a chain of sufficient length to allow me to perform my gambols, and collect the pence bestowed by an admiring crowd for the benefit of his exchequer. The arrangement added to his importance, and did not hurt me, so, instead of annoyance, it provided me with a considerable fund of amusement.

I will then, with your permission, during the course of this narrative entitle him "The Organist." The other individual, to whom the syndicate sold the right of my services in all places in Australia except Adelaide, I soon discovered to be an expert at "eye-opening"; I will therefore briefly name him "The Oculist."

The day after, I had to attend a breakfast given in my honour, to receive congratulations and good wishes, etc. Dr. Llewellyn Bevan, Independent Minister, presided; of the other guests I need only mention the Rector of the Jesuit Church, to keep me in countenance; Armes Beaumont, the favourite Australian tenor; the Oculist and the Organist; the other gentlemen present (there were no ladies, I think) I regret to say I do not remember. The Oculist explained that breakfast had been chosen for the banquet as the majority of guests were staunch teetotallers, and the presence of wine on the table therefore inadmissible. Speeches were made, of course, and toasts drunk in tea, coffee, soda water, or any other unfermented liquor; the affair was of such a funereal character that I "jumped for joy" at the termination of the proceedings. So dismal an entertainment I had never taken part in, not even a funeral. It might have been an augury of what was in store for me, as the sequel will show. I must not omit to mention that I was the recipient of bouquets and wreaths, intended by the donors to make my heart rejoice, but they only succeeded in intensifying the dulness of the solemn function.

I had only sung at three or four concerts when I was seized with a sharp attack of gout, which I laid to the charge of "that breakfast." Except that my big toe precluded the possibility of taking exercise, I suffered no inconvenience and

went on with my work for either eight or ten concerts—after which I returned to Adelaide to sing at a festival which occupied a week. I took part in "Elijah," "Acis and Galatea," and two miscellaneous concerts, under the able direction of Charles Stevens. He had plenty of opportunity of displaying his ability, his band partook somewhat of the nature of Falstaff's ragged regiment, the "variations" they introduced would have astonished Mendelssohn as much as or more than a certain celebrated songstress's rendering of "Una voce poco fa" astonished Rossini, causing him—after complimenting her on her artistic singing—to ask her what air she had favoured him with, adding—on being informed—"Really! I did not recognize it so overladen with 'variations'"!

During my stay I was introduced to the most important member of the syndicate, a worthy man who had risen from the ranks to wealth and importance; he made no pretence to be "a lover of music." At the performance of "Elijah" he sat right under my eye, whence I had a good opportunity of watching him; his face might have been carved in wood or stone, so devoid was it of any expression throughout the performance. The next evening he called to pay me an official visit; he did not say a word about "Elijah"; when he rose to depart I asked him if he was going to hear the next concert, miscellaneous. "No," he replied; "I don't find anything attractive in music, I am going down town to try and pick up

a few coins." He was a great dealer in shares—chiefly mining—which at that time were offered for purchase or sale in the frequented streets, like newspapers, and very often at the price of one. I perhaps need not add, it was not the produce of the mines, but paper shares that affected profit or loss. When I was in Charters Towers I heard criers offering shares at prices ranging from twopence to five shillings.

I returned to Melbourne, where we gave, in addition to a number of ordinary concerts, a performance of "Elijah." In consequence of being put to extra expense for band and chorus, the Oculist deemed it fitting to raise the prices of admission. Having little experience of the Melbourne public, I did not interfere; the consequence of the augmentation was that the stall frequenters would not pay the advanced price for the stalls, and would not occupy "second" places; this was the only financial failure during my tour in Victoria and New South Wales.

My next move was to Sydney, the city I had some anxiety to visit, for this reason: a Colonel or General Owen, brother-in-law of my mother, in 1832 or 1836 was sent out there in a command of some importance, connected with the "exile from my native land at government expense" department. I was curious to learn something about the commander, but as the only man who might have satisfied my curiosity could not remember anything about him, my slender link

with the aristocracy and gentry was snapped. With a democratic link I was more fortunate! My father's brother, by trade a bookbinder, found his talents were not sufficiently appreciated in his native country, and therefore not productive of the amount of worldly wealth to which he believed he was entitled.

After balancing for some time between Natal and Australia, he ultimately decided on making his fortune as a squatter in the latter country. Accompanied by his wife and family, he sailed from Liverpool in the clipper ship *Golden Vision* (that was not her real name, but it will do as well as any other) about 1851 or 1852, provided with a plough and other agricultural implements, which he had never learned how to handle. They arrived at Geelong safe and sound; the solid *Golden Vision* departed on her return voyage in due course, and his ideal golden vision soon departed on its return voyage to the arsenal where such chimeras are constructed.

To establish a farm in a new country, three things are essential: knowledge, money, and time; my uncle's knowledge was confined to theory, his money was reduced to a few pounds, consequently, he had no time, so he had to fall back on what he had learned to do. To the news of his disappointments, he added a request that my father would, at his earliest *inconvenience*, send him a bookbinder's plough, as he had determined on making a fortune by exercising

his own trade. The last I heard of him, through my father, was that bookbinding, too, had turned out a failure, and he was keeping the wolf from the door making chip hat-boxes.

One of his daughters married Chang, the Chinese giant, so we had one giant at least in the family. When the pair paid a visit to my parents in Liverpool, my mother was frightened out of her wits when she beheld the " lengthened body long drawn out " bowing its head to get in at the parlour door, but she soon calmed down when she found what a kind, gentle being she had to deal with. My elder cousin I used to visit at the Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, of which she was matron, and highly respected by everybody connected with the Institution. I spent many pleasant evenings with her, and occasionally trotted her about on the harbour, etc. She was the essence of good nature ; the only fault she found in me was, " I had turned Catholic ! "

The Rev. Alphonsus O'Neill, Passionist, who had been sent over to establish a mission or missions in Australia, was at that time in charge of one in the suburbs of Sydney. In honour of my visit, he made up a water party, that I might make acquaintance with the beauties of the splendid harbour, chartered a steamboat, and invited a number of distinguished guests to meet me. I thought I could dispense with the Organist's services and grind the organ myself, as it was merely a party of pleasure, so I quietly slipped

my collar and went on my way rejoicing. I was surrounded by a crowd of Church "nobs," mostly of the Hibernian persuasion, and a merry crew they were, determined on making a pleasure of a pleasure for themselves and all concerned. Among the laity was the Hon. ————, a fine specimen of the Milesian, a man who by his industry and thrift had risen from the position of a small tradesman to the important office of Postmaster-General of New South Wales.

He delighted in showing his talent as an orator, which, though expressed in the most flowery language, preserved a solid foundation of common sense and charity. His opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance with history had been limited, and at times he found himself floundering in a jungle from which extrication was impossible. On one occasion he was called on to preside at a merry meeting somewhat akin to that we were enjoying, for which he had prepared a discourse of great interest. As the greater part of the guests were clericals, he deemed it would be apt to introduce a brief review of the Church from its foundation.

Not being certain of his ground, during the awkward interval preceding the banquet he consulted one of his reverend friends, a wag, as to the accuracy of his "points"; he quoted the "Fathers" back to St. Jerome. "But," interrupted his friend, "you have not mentioned the father of them all!" "And who's he,"

says ——— ? "Why man, Confucius, of course." "Confucius! I never heard his name before." At that moment the order for the onslaught was given, so there was no time for further explanation. The president had to take his place, grace was said, and they fell to.

Dinner concluded, cigars lighted, all was ready for the speechifying; ——— rose, of course greeted with a storm of applause—his speech was a masterpiece. In conclusion, he spoke in most eloquent and glowing terms of all the most distinguished of the fathers of the Church; "but," said he, "we must never forget the father of them all (a pause), Confucius." The guffaw with which this unexpected (save by the wag) announcement was received made the rafters ring, and ——— pause in astonishment, wondering how he had "put his foot in it"; for a moment only an indignant frown overspread his countenance; the joke was explained, and instead of retiring to a corner to sulk, he joined in the universal shout of laughter, and all ended well!

I was also the honoured guest at an evening water-party, given by Mr. F. Burdekin and his charming wife, that I might have an opportunity to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the harbour under the influence of the glow of the setting sun, and also of the light of the full moon. A sumptuous collation, consisting of hot and cold viands and excellent wines, was served on board. When the sun had gone down, we strolled about the deck,

smoking excellent cigars provided by our attentive host, and conversing by the light of the moon. I can only describe it as a "regal entertainment." With a chosen few of the guests I was driven to our host's residence (I confess I did not require much pressing) where supper (Good gracious! after the feast we had disposed of!) awaited us. I left my share to take care of itself, and entertained myself with a pleasant chat with my hostess. I do not remember whether the Organist was of the party; if he was he left his instrument and chain behind, and I performed my gambols on my own account, undisturbed by any thought of the collection of pence. It was at Mr. and Mrs. Burdekin's house that subsequently I was presented with the "Treasury" testimonial, before mentioned, by ————, one of the most distinguished among Australian statesmen.

I avoid instituting comparisons, because I found staunch friends and pleasant acquaintances in every Australasian city I visited; but I feel bound to say that I liked Sydney best, perhaps because I knew it best. I had more opportunities of becoming acquainted with it, as I had the advantage of being chaperoned by an amiable, well-informed, patient guide, a lady, one of my fellow-passengers on board the *Oceana*. Her mother, at whose house I passed many a pleasant afternoon and evening, was a constant attendant at our concerts, her silver grey hair, surmounted

by an elegant white cap always distinguishable wherever she might be seated in the concert-room, which led to my rebaptizing her, "Mother Whitecap," by way of contrast to our own "Mother Redcap."

Here, in Sydney, as in Melbourne, it was as great a relief to escape from my hotel as it was to slip my collar of servitude. The house was infested with rats, cockroaches of a size I had never seen before, and swarms of mosquitoes, which I dreaded most of all. On singing days we dined at four, when we had the dining-hall to ourselves, except for the rats and cockroaches, who beguiled the weary hour of wrestling with tough joints or tougher poultry—both badly cooked—with frisky gambol or solemn march. I shall never forget the first night I tried to sleep in that hostelry; I was tired and very sleepy when I retired, for I had been travelling all the previous night, but not a wink could I get.

When I arose in the morning I was a sight to behold, I might have been a toothsome guest in a wasps' nest. The mosquito curtain, badly secured, had come down on the top of me and with it the host of expectant blood-suckers lying in wait for a chance to glut their appetites on my attractive carcase. After this wretched experience I bribed the chambermaid wherever I went, with a sum down and a promise of a like sum on my departure if she would ensure me from the inroads of the noxious insects, with a

perfectly satisfactory result. I slept every night for eight months shielded by a mosquito net; had I not resorted to bribery, I might have returned to my native country a "skeleton dude," if I had not been returned shut up in a box.

To my relief I found out a French restaurant—I might say to the relief of my teeth—I could masticate anything masticable, but I contend that beef fed on the gnarled trunk of the oak, and fowls fed on pebbles are not. I made the acquaintance of the proprietor of the restaurant through an *habitué;* I had explained to him the "crisis"—starvation by inches,—he undertook to feed me properly, and he did, and I left off examining the protrusion of my joints to my great satisfaction. Under his culinary care, I scraped acquaintance with a species of food I had never heard of before, soup made from a living thing (I don't know what to call it) varying in size from an inch and a half square, down; black, soft, with the appearance of a square leech; it was most repulsive to look upon as a food; but the soup, of which it formed the base, I found excellent, similar in flavour to, though nothing like so substantial as, turtle soup. I gave a dinner on my birthday to my comrades and a few friends which surprised them for its excellence; the cost, as is not always the case, was exceedingly moderate.

CHAPTER XX

At Melbourne—A Lady Visitor's Request—A Hebrew Visitor's Modest Demand—Lalla Miranda—Voyage to Brisbane—Storm—Jolly Companions—A Bullock Driver—Another Lively Hotel—An Old Acquaintance.

I returned to Melbourne for a second series of concerts. The waiter came to me one day to inform me there was a visitor desirous of seeing me. "Who is the visitor?" I demanded. "It's a female, sir," was the reply. "What's her name?" "I don't know." "Pray go down and enquire."

He returned with a card, and informed me she was a respectably-clad person, though he would hardly call her a lady. I requested him to show her up. She came, and stood curtseying at the door. I begged her to come in and take a seat; she was dressed in mourning, her head in an old-fashioned bonnet, and on her hands she wore a pair of black kid gloves, the fingers of which hung an inch or so over the ends of her digits. I asked her what might be the object of her visit? Her reply I will shorten, as it was rather spun out. She had known my elder sister, having attended the same chapel in London, and gave me so many details about my family that I felt sure she was not a *malgré*—a name by which Lyall and I always distinguished the begging-letter writer. I asked her kindly to

inform me to what all this history was a prelude ; then I learned that she had unfortunately been an inmate at the hospital for two months, suffering from a grave malady ; on her recovery she found her lodgings all topsy-turvy, no preparation made for her return, so she had to turn out to make some necessary purchases ; with a parcel under her arm she was stepping into a tram-car, the car started suddenly, she was jolted off the step, and her parcel, unfastened, discharged its cargo on to the pavement ; she had to scramble them together as fast as she could, so as not to be left in the lurch, and not until she had been seated for some time did she discover that her set of artificial teeth had been jerked out of her mouth and were now lost beyond hope of recovery. A few kind friends were subscribing to pay for a new set of teeth, would I add a trifle ? Of course ! Had I been doubtful about the truth of the story (which I was not), I would have subscribed to the fund merely on account of its originality.

Another day, as I was re-entering the hotel after a walk, the porter signified to me that a "person" was anxiously awaiting my return in the smoking-room. I went in and there beheld rather a comical figure, short, wiry-looking with bandy legs, for which I felt grateful (my friend Charley Lyall told me I ought always to feel grateful—I can't imagine why—when I met a bandy-legged man). He held a rough cap, the worse for wear, in his hands, nervously twisting

it as though wringing the sweat of his brow out of it. I knew at once by his nasal organ and heels, and by his want of well pronouncing "Shibboleth" to what persuasion he belonged. He greeted me with great politeness.

"Mithter Charleth Thantley, I believe!"

"That is my name, may I be favoured with yours? I cannot call to mind having met you before!"

"Well, Mr. Thantley, my name'th Tholomonth, Ithaac Tholomonth, and I've come to athk you, ath I know you're a kind-hearted man, to do me a favour. You thee, Mr. Thantley, we're both in the thame line."

"Indeed!" (I wondered what part he could take with such a "make-up" and such a husky organ.)

"Yeth! Mr. Thantley, thame line, only you do the vocal and me the acrobatic, but itth all the thame line; you thing and I do the tumblin'; you muthn't judthe from what you thee me now; I've been laid up with rheumatith for three monthth and jutht come out o' 'othpital. Now, I mutht tell you I've 'ad a hoffer of a hengathement; only a little 'un, but it'll keep the wolf from the door while it lathth, and leave thomethin' to thpare to keep me and the miththith and kidth until I get another."

"All right, and what do you want me to do, brother Solomons?"

"It ithn't mutth, I only want to get two or

three ragth of cothtume I had to depothit with my uncle."

"But how much will you require?"

"Well, you thee, Mr. Thantley, they're only bitth of ragth, not worth mutth, could you thtand five bob?"

"Five bob! but will that set you up?"

"Five bob, thir, 'll do sthunnin'; it'th not mutth to a thwell like you, and it 'ud be a fortune to a poor bloke like me."

I was taken aback by the modesty of his demand, and handed him five shillings on the spot.

"God bleth you, Mr. Thantley, may you always find a friend, if you thould ever want one; you've made a man of me again; my mitthith and the kidth 'ull be ath grateful to you ath I am. God for ever bleth you!"

As he was going out of the door he turned round, and, as a last adieu, bid me remember "We're palth, you know, Mr. Thantley! God bletth you!" I never heard of him again, but I often wondered what acrobatic feats he would be likely to perform with those poor, stiff, bandy legs!

I had other visitors by no means so interesting as Ikey. Some that thought they had voices and had not; some who fancied they could sing and had appeared in public, but had never learned the A B C of singing; some possessing, in their own estimation, voice and genius, who only needed to

run home (as they always call England) and be *trained* for two or three months, then to come back and make a heap of money.

Among a great number I found an exception to the rule : a fragile girl, born of English parents, but whether in England or Australia I do not know. Her father I had known in Liverpool, a tenor singer who enjoyed a good reputation in the North of England. Her mother, whom I did not know, brought the child for me to hear, and give my opinion of her abilities and voice, and of the probability of her success as a professional singer. I heard her, and was exceedingly pleased with her graceful execution, but I told her mother I did not think her voice sufficiently robust to be effective in a hall or theatre. However, as the girl was only a little over fifteen years of age, it was quite probable her voice would gradually acquire sufficient power, if properly used, as she developed in physique. I never heard any more of her until last October, when I was at a performance of " Don Giovanni " at Covent Garden. The only accomplished artiste in the caste was the lady who played *Zerlina*. She sang the music as I had not heard it since Angelina Bosio died, and she played the part exceedingly well, with great humour and vivacity. She was the little, fragile girl I heard in Melbourne, and her name is Lalla Miranda ! My prophecy was fulfilled. Her voice, clear, bright, and sympathetic, had acquired sufficient power to be effective in any theatre or hall.

I sang at Ballarat, Geelong, and other towns in Victoria, and then turned my steps, or rather "sea legs," in the direction of Queensland—more on account of prolonging my voluntary exile and seeing as much of Australia as possible while I had the chance, than of any hope of filling my coffers. I saw as much as I wanted to see, and returned as rich as I went. I started from Melbourne and had to change ship at Sydney. Here it was blowing hard when we left, and when we got out into the open sea we encountered a fairly strong gale which as we proceeded increased to a violent storm. For three days we tossed about merrily. The second evening, after dinner, I scrambled along the deck to the smoking-room, which I found almost entirely occupied by jovial companions, who determined, if we were bound in that direction, to go down merrily. Their society was not to my taste, and after finishing my pipe, I went below to my room, but not to sleep; we rolled heavily, and I began to fear we should go down—merrily or otherwise.

I managed to get a little snooze at intervals, rose early, and went up; but I dared not trust myself on deck, the sea was so high. We passed a dreary day (I noticed that the jolly companions did not put in an appearance), the air below was stifling, and the odour from the bilge water, onions, cockroaches, combined with other unpleasant perfumes, most offensive. After dinner I could not stand being shut up any longer; I crawled

to the smoking-room, which I found deserted. After a vain endeavour to settle myself, I put my pipe away and crawled back to the " companion." Shortly afterwards a seaman who was doing some duty on the part of the deck I had crossed, was washed overboard and left to a watery grave. The night seemed endless. I got out of my cabin early in the morning. When I entered the saloon I found only one other passenger : a young Passionist Father on his way to the north of Queensland to preach a " mission " in some of the more important towns. We said our prayers and read our " office " in company to prepare for the worst.

The captain, named Armstrong, a Scotchman by birth, brought up and educated in Liverpool, came down to partake of some refreshment, which he sorely needed, as he had stood lashed to the bridge the whole of the night and part of the preceding day. He informed us that, to avoid the danger of running on the rock-bound coast, he had put out to sea, and as he could not take observations in consequence of the dense atmosphere, he had no idea where we were. He also informed us of the loss of the unfortunate seaman and of five out of eleven horses on passage to Brisbane, and that another, a fine young stallion, had been found in his box with his legs uppermost. As evening approached, the eyes of the few people about were strained to catch a glimpse of any light on shore. At last all hope of such

bliss departed, and we were just about to separate for the night, when we heard the "look-out" on the mast sing out "light ahead," which drew a universal "Thank God" from the few people up. Having made sure it was not the voice of the deceiver, I turned in and slept like a top. When I turned out in the morning we were gliding tranquilly up a river.

While smoking my pipe on deck after breakfast, I noticed, for the first time, a passenger of small stature, attired like a Methodist minister: black frock-coat and trousers, tall hat, and white neck-cloth all complete. I sat down by him and was soon in conversation with him. I was very surprised when he informed me he was a cattle-breeder. That with the assistance of eight men and four dogs he had driven eight thousand head of cattle from the Gulf of Carpentaria down to Sydney, and having disposed of the lot, was returning to his home. The journey south occupied ten months. The whole of the work of keeping the cattle together was done by the men, the dogs being useless, except as watchers in the night—if they kept awake. That they had lost less than a hundred head, including what were killed to supply them with food, and their only difficulty had been to make sure of a supply of water, in which they had been extremely lucky.

We were detained some time before there was sufficient depth of water to take us over the bar, but we arrived at the quay at Brisbane soon after

six in the morning. The reverend Father and I jumped on shore and went immediately to the cathedral, he to say and I to hear Mass, which we both offered in thanksgiving for our deliverance from peril.

Merciful goodness! what an hotel I found. Sydney I reckoned as bad as might be, but "in the lowest depth there was a lower depth" ready to do anything but provide me with a decent lodging. (I have heard on competent authority that this, too, has now been changed into a house where comfort, cleanliness, and good victuals are the order of the day.) The bedrooms would have been condemned by the workhouse authorities at home, the cookery was wretched, and other apartments—which could only be described by forbidden expletives—could only be reached across a yard, which the performances of two cows, pigs, turkeys, ducks, chickens, and pigeons converted into a loathsome species of skating rink. And this was the fashionable resort of the traveller at that time.

When we supped after the concert, we were not only entertained by the gambols of the rats, but with their music. I always kept a sharp look-out for fear a stray cockroach might crawl up my breeches, mistaking them for his nest. And there were winged things they called "silver fish," that unless you observed the utmost care, took possession of your portmanteaus or drawers and ate up your clothes like locusts (this is no

exaggeration). At Brisbane we remained a week or ten days, and gave several concerts, also a performance of "Elijah," under difficulties with regard to orchestra. The chorus did their work well, having been trained by Mr. Seymour Dicker, the organist of the cathedral, who, contrary to the rule, turned out an excellent conductor. At the rehearsal I spotted a face which seemed familiar; its owner was blowing "the loud bassoon" (too carefully to cause a panic). He caught my eye and smiled. I smiled back, and we kept up a smiling duet. At a pause for refreshment, he came up and asked me if I did not remember Buckridge's little brother. "I am Buckridge!" He was a schoolfellow of my son, and of a son of Hepworth Dixon, all three pupils at Mr. J. M. Menzies' academy in Carlton Hill.

CHAPTER XXI

THE Organist as Artiste—The Oculist's Pocket Companion—Concerts by "Particular Desire"—A Pair of Old Boots—The Laughing Jackass—Rockhampton Criticism—Mount Morgan Mine—Oculistic Confidences *re* Amusements Bureau.

BEFORE proceeding further on our new ground, I must ask you to return with me in spirit to my arrival at Melbourne, and my first introduction to the Oculist. I did not allow my feelings to influence me in my business relations with the Oculist, until we began to arrange the programmes of the concerts, and even then gave the "doubt the benefit" and allowed things to slide, confining myself to observation. I was surprised to find that the Organist was to take an active part; his share of the programme being the first song, and another near the end of the concert; an arrangement, the disadvantage of which to me and the syndicate, never occurred to me until things became considerably mixed.

The syndicate were to receive a stipulated sum, besides a percentage of the profits accruing from the concerts. I had no money to receive beyond the amount set down in my engagement, but my reputation as a "draw" was at stake. In my anxiety to do my work well, I bestowed no thought on other matters, which were really the Organist's business, and he was so intent upon grabbing all he could, I presume he was equally careless. The

Oculist—"Artful Dodger," as, save for brevity, he might be named more appropriately—saw that the Organist engaged on the platform and in the green-room, while the people were coming in, could know nothing about the money taken at the doors, and consequently could not correct any mistake in the amount returned. I always have believed in the probity of mankind until I found myself unmistakably deceived. I was undeceived by a friend I made on board the *Oceana*, a young barrister—for family reasons exported to Australia,—a clever, active fellow, but prone to indulge in irregularities, who, at my request, was put on the "free list," and, being devoted to music, attended all our concerts. He told me, but too late to effect a remedy, that the Oculist was not perfect in arithmetic, and suggested it would be well if the Organist—being intimate with Cambridge, and probably an adept at figures—gave him a few lessons. I had no right and did not attempt to interfere, an "error of judgment" which cost me dear.

Though I let suspicion slide, there was a halo of something unpleasant about the Oculist that baffled any desire I had to be on intimate terms with him. To begin with, he was a teetotaller! I like and strive to exercise temperance; teetotalism is not temperance. In nine cases out of ten the teetotaller—a total abstainer as regards intoxicating liquor—is a glutton as regards solid food, substituting "gorging"—the more

pernicious sin of the two—for "guzzling." I do not include the individual who is aware of his or her weakness and totally abstains from intoxicants by force of will. The Oculist was, according to his own declaration, a rigorous teetotaller. Certain indications, with which I had cause to be familiar, made me doubt it. He was, also according to his own declaration, a model of piety, which I doubted, too: truly pious people do not ram their piety down other people's throats, and he was a perfect Chadband at that, which I think the sequel to this part of my narrative will clearly demonstrate.

Like Job Trotter he carried a little book in his pocket, of which he made liberal use when we were on a journey, and from which, he explained, he derived great comfort. I cannot imagine from what part; it was the New Testament, and I never found anything there about eye-opening *on his system*, except to condemn it. I mention this solely as the little book plays a small though, I think, an important part in the *dénouement* which we are approaching.

During my stay at Brisbane, beyond what I have already noted, nothing of any interest occurred, except the receipt of a letter from an individual who described himself as a fellow student of my son-in-law at Cambridge, on the strength of which he demanded a loan of thirty pounds to take him back to England, as he was disgusted with the slight appreciation of his merits he had met with at the Antipodes. Having

no means of verifying his statement, I left the letter unanswered. Three days after, I received a few lines of impudent comment on my meanness and lack of urbanity; to which I replied that not knowing anything about him, and not having thirty pounds at my disposal to lend, I did not consider it necessary to reply to his first communication.

After Brisbane we started on a tour which extended north to Townsville and Charters Towers, then south to Sydney, stopping at various places on our way. It proved a fairly interesting pleasure trip, as far as change of air and scene were concerned. Objects of interest to me were only conspicuous by their absence. Profit from the start I did not hope for, and I was not disappointed at finding the balance of the profit and loss account representable by the algebraical x. This result was not surprising, considering the sort of places we performed at. In many of them the inhabitants had no experience of the pleasure derivable from a good concert, and did not care to acquire it at the expense of their pockets. In others they had probably paid for experience, and finding it not worth the cost, did not choose to spend their money foolishly. There were a few (very few) towns where we had crowded rooms. At Townsville, for instance, the room, a fairly large one, built of wood, was densely packed. The weather was hot and the windows had to be thrown wide open, or the atmosphere inside would

have been somewhat similar to the often quoted "Black Hole of Calcutta." The consequence was that the crowd outside could hear the music quite as well as those who were sweltering inside.

As we were to remain at Townsville some days to await the departure of our steamer, the Oculist and Organist conceived the brilliant idea of announcing another concert, "by particular desire." The wily Townsvillites, acting on the experience of the first experiment, declined paying for inside places, and preferred standing or sitting, as numbers did, outside. At a house close by, a dinner was given to a large number of guests who, after dining, emerged on to the verandah (a very spacious one) and sat out our concert over their coffee, cigars, and grog. The attendance within the hall was very meagre; the profit on the first, and the loss on the second concert, left a very trifling balance on the credit side of the account. The concert at Charters Towers was a replica of the first at Townsville, and as we could not remain long enough to give a second, the profit made a decent addition to the treasury. In both places the outsiders insisted upon sharing the rights of the insiders, demanding encores and putting a stop to the concert until their demands were acceded to.

At a wretched place called Brandeburg, I had an amusing adventure. We arrived there by sea about eight o'clock on a Sunday evening, and as I

wanted to take some walking exercise, I told the Organist I would stroll over to the church to learn at what hour they said Mass on week-days. He at once proposed to accompany me. It was a magnificent moonlight night, the ground so white it appeared covered with snow, while objects in the shade and shadows were black as Erebus. We came to the corner of a cross-road, and there on the ground I espied two black objects which I took for small animals. I called the Organist's attention to them, who cautioned me against approaching, as he felt certain they were no other than a pair of Australian black rats: most ferocious beasts. I could have sworn I saw them moving their ears, and he declared he had noticed the same thing. We were on the point of moving on, when a boy came up in the opposite direction, whistling gaily. I hailed him with: "I say, my boy, can you tell us what animals those are?" "Where?" said he. "There, close at our feet," I replied. "Oh, them." He then, with more courage than I possessed, went up and examined them. "Them," he called out; "Ha! ha! them's a pair o' old boots."

Next day, having nothing to do, I went out after breakfast to take a lonely stroll in the woods; still "the forest primæval." I sat down on the fallen trunk of a tree to admire the beautiful plumage of the birds, and the magpie's exquisite note, resembling that of the bullfinch, only fuller. I fell into a doldrum, from which I was startled

by a peal of laughter somewhere behind me. I looked round, but could not discover the hilarious individual from whom it proceeded. After a few moments another peal rang out louder than the first, mixed with it, I imagined, a certain strain of sarcasm. This nettled me, and I jumped up determined to have it out with the impertinent disturber of my reverie. I could not distinguish a sign of any human being, but perched on a tree not far off I espied a small brown bird ; then I knew who my scoffing friend was. I had forgotten all about the existence of "The Laughing Jackass"—the only name I know him by,—so I made his acquaintance on his native heath and in the nearest approach to his native tongue I could manage at such short notice.

We paid two visits to Rockhampton, one on the up and another on the down journey. On my arrival at the hotel the first time, a note was handed to me which had been left by the waiter with particular instructions that it should be delivered immediately. I was prepared to bless a "*malgré*." The note was from a Dr. MacDonald I had known in London, for whose wife I had been able to do a slight favour ; in return for which he begged me to make use of his services in any way they might prove available. Early the next day I received a visit from the mayor, who, as the mayoress had talked so much about me, was going to honour our concert with his patronage and

presence in *spite of the expense*. The price of the stalls had been raised to 6s., the usual fee being 5s.

My medical friend and ardent admirer had been busy for some time exciting his connections with glowing accounts of the wonderful treat in store for them. I dined with him and his wife and family quietly on the day we were leaving Rockhampton. After dinner he confided to me a "little story," which he withheld until my departure, fearing it might have caused me unnecessary annoyance. He induced a friend, not at all musical, to accompany him to our first concert at his (the doctor's) expense. The gentleman said not a word during the whole of the first part. They retired to the buffet to take a drink during the interval; still not a word. At last, being anxious to know what he thought of the concert, the doctor ventured to ask him. The reply was, "Oh! it's very fair." But not a word about me in particular. "Well," said the doctor, "what do you think of Santley?" The reply was short but expressive, "If you call that singing, may I be d——d!"

Our second visit was a blank. The natives had been so well satisfied the first time they did not want any more. There was scarcely a place taken. So as the Oculist had gone on straight to Sydney, for reasons which I will relate, and the command having devolved on me, I ordered the sale of tickets to be stopped and the money

returned to those few sympathizing friends who had already booked places.

Being detained waiting for the boat to carry us back to Brisbane, I availed myself of the opportunity to visit the great Mount Morgan gold mine, and invited my comrades to accompany me. We spent a very pleasant day, interesting on account of the novelty of driving through "the bush," where there is no regular road, bumping over creeks, wading small streams, in and out among the trees, always on the alert to avoid being scalped by the lower branches. The mine is also very interesting; there is no burrowing in the bowels of the earth; the ore being cut down from the top like a Stilton cheese. As a few people expressed disappointment, I organized a second concert at the Convent, admission by invitation only, that the nuns might have a small treat and any of their intimate friends and pupils they might wish to invite.

Though the public was cold, the place itself was uncomfortably hot. It is a common saying that Rockhampton is only separated by a sheet of brown paper from the lower regions; it abounds in mosquitoes and other unpleasant insects. The only redeeming feature I found there was the fruit, of which they have a great variety and quantity—both tropical and non-tropical.

We sailed direct to Brisbane, where on rejoining us the Oculist informed me he had been to Sydney in order, besides other business, to conclude an

arrangement for me to take part in three performances of "Elijah," to be given at the Winter Garden in conjunction with a combination of all the choral societies in Sydney, making a total of between five and six hundred chorus; the orchestra would number about eighty, the whole under the direction of Signor Hasen. The engagement now only awaited my signature to complete it. My share of the spoil was to be one-third of the net proceeds. The terms being satisfactory, I signed the contract. The business arrangements were to be left in the hands of the committee appointed by the guarantors of the undertaking.

Later on (it must have been early in the month of July) the Oculist confided to me that a partner who had joined him, when he founded his "Amusements Bureau," shortly before he arranged the business of my tour with the Adelaide syndicate, had turned out a clog rather than a help, so he had determined on a dissolution of the existing partnership; on which I made no remark, as at the time it did not interest me. He had arranged to give four more concerts at Brisbane, which were very badly advertised, and, in consequence, very meagrely attended.

CHAPTER XXII

SYDNEY—Three Performances of "Elijah"—Chorus and Orchestra—Falling Receipt Barometer—Promise to Pay—Vagaries of Oculist — Elopement — Apprehension — Job's Comforter—Miscarriage of Justice—An Efficient Partner—Christmas Day—Hot Weather—Melbourne to Auckland—Adverse Winds—A Surgical Conductor—A Fortnight at Dunedin—An Anonymous Letter—Defendant in an Action—Away with Melancholy.

I MUST say now what I ought to have said before, that, seeing clearly our tour was a pecuniary failure, I told the Oculist I did not intend to exact my claim on him until such time as he was in a position to satisfy it. All I would require until then was that he would frank all my expenses of travelling and living. Another error of judgment! Let it pass. As I said before, I did not expect any gain, and I was not disappointed. I had satisfied my desire to see as much of Australia as possible, and was content. We stopped and sang at several places on our way to Sydney, the last being Newcastle, where we remained a week and gave a concert each evening. Saturday was to have been a holiday, but the Oculist was so pertinacious in his declaration that Saturday would redeem the loss incurred during the week, that on his handing me my terms in specie I yielded, and we gave a "farewell" concert. The attendance was no larger than on the previous evenings, and as he must have been

certain such would be the case, I could not then understand his liberality.

We arrived at Sydney in due course, and after passing an uncomfortable night at another hotel, I went back to my rats, cockroaches, and mosquitos, where the proprietor managed to provide me with better accommodation than on my previous visit. At the first rehearsal of "Elijah," I expressed my satisfaction with the efficiency of the chorus. Hasen conducted exceedingly well, but being very excitable, without any experience of oratorio, he made sundry bolts which a slight pressure of the bit and a word of advice easily rectified.

The choral part of the work was quite up to the mark; the orchestral part much below it. There was no organ, and its substitute, the harmonium, was of no use in such a crowd of performers. They could not find a player to undertake the first bassoon, so the part was played on the *corno bassetto*. All the bass they could muster was five cellos and *one* double bass—inaudible in such a mass. The brass might have been deleted with advantage!

The hall was densely crowded at each of the performances. At the first, hundreds were turned away from the doors. Spite of no apparent diminution in the audiences, the receipts from £500 on the first night fell to £400 on the second, and to £300 on the third. Neither the Oculist nor the Organist—who acted as his *aide-de-camp*

on this occasion—could offer any explanation. Lord Carrington, to whom I related this episode, in reply to his question about the receipts, was very much surprised, and said, "Whoever had charge of the doors had not attended to their business." I could only reply, "That as well as I could judge from my position on the platform, they appeared to be very actively employed."

When the accounts were made up, my share of the profits were found to amount to £513 some shillings, which sum the committee entrusted to the Oculist to pay over to me. He handed me the odd £13, promising to give me a cheque for £500 in a day or two at most. As the cheque was not forthcoming a week after, I demanded it peremptorily. I allowed ten days to pass before I pressed him again, when he informed me he was very sorry to keep me waiting, that he and his wife—who had joined him at Sydney—were going to spend the next day (Saturday) with some friends in the country, and on the following Monday I should have the money without fail.

On Sunday morning I passed their bedroom on my way to the bath, and was surprised when I noticed the sun's rays shining through the crevices of the ill-fitting door; I only thought it singular that sane people would be sleeping with the window blind drawn up, as it must have been, or the rays of the sun could not have penetrated to the corridor. I merely shrugged my shoulders, having no suspicion of evil. Half-an-hour after,

as I re-passed, finding there had been no change in the state of things, I knocked quietly at the door, intending to warn the inmates of the danger they incurred from suffocation; receiving no response, I knocked louder, with a like result. I then turned the handle of the lock, found the door unfastened, called out, still no response. I then walked into the room. The bed had not been used; on the floor and in the cupboards was a litter of torn paper, empty cardboard boxes, and other rubbish, the drawers empty; but carefully deposited on the top of the drawers, in such a way that it could not escape notice, was the Oculist's pocket companion, the New Testament, which had ever been his solace in the time of trouble! I felt sore at having been duped, but I had only myself to thank for it, and I sat down on a chair and indulged in a hearty fit of laughter at my superlative stupidity. I ran down and informed the manager, to whom my pious friend had simply stated that he and his wife had gone away for the day, and he had been under the impression that they had returned late, after he had retired to rest.

On Monday morning, no tidings of the "emblem of piety" having turned up, I set to work in earnest, and sent for a detective who went in search of the lost lamb, and returned in the afternoon with the news that he had found him. He wished to know what further instructions I had for him. As I could not find the solicitor

I wanted, to instruct *me*, I accompanied the detective to the police court to confer with a magistrate about the course I ought to pursue. After considering the matter for some time, his Honour gave me an order for the culprit's detention ; accordingly he was apprehended and placed in the lock-up, where he remained seven days, during which time I had a visit from his spouse, who implored me to release him. I explained to her that the affair being now in the hands of the police, my interference would be of no avail.

During his incarceration I succeeded in finding the solicitor I had been in search of (a wrong name had been given me), Mr. Alfred Cape, a very able lawyer, and, as I afterwards experienced, as hospitable as able. He gave me the encouraging information that I had been wrongly advised, that I should have issued a summons for his appearance in the Civil Court, and that having made it a criminal action, not only would the case be dismissed, but I had rendered myself liable to an action for "malicious prosecution," and whatever damages the jury might agree upon. "However," he added (which was a little consolation), "I don't think he will dare to bring an action, and I am certain neither his present solicitors, nor any other in Sydney, will take up the case." I then imparted to Mr. Cape the conversation I had with the Oculist early in July respecting his intention of dissolving the partnership then existing between himself and the other

person of whom he had spoken to me. Already arrived at nearly the end of September, 1889, I had just received a letter, bearing date —— September, begging me to take notice that the partnership existing between the Oculist and his partner would be dissolved on —— July, 1889, which I handed over to Mr. Cape with the remark "that it appeared to me to be somewhat absurd to give notice at the end of September of a dissolution of partnership which *was to take place* in July." He said very little, but put the document carefully by "where the rats could not find it."

When the case was called on, before entering the police court I had a little chat with the magistrate who was about to preside (not my adviser). He repeated what Mr. Cape had already told me, that I had made a mistake, etc., and rendered myself liable, etc. He likewise was of of opinion I would not be subjected to any further annoyance, at any rate not in Sydney; but if I returned to Melbourne, as the laws in Victoria differ from those in New South Wales, I might have some trouble. The magistrate had no alternative but to dismiss the case. He told the defendant, "You are free, but I am bound to add this is a flagrant case of *miscarriage of justice!*"

Before leaving Sydney I had an interview with my solicitor, who told me he was about to proceed to recover my £500 from the partner, as the letter I had received respecting the dissolution was not

worth the paper it was written on. I demurred, as I was anxious to blot out the whole affair from my mind, but he fortunately insisted, as he said, "if not for your satisfaction, I will do so for my own as a solicitor." As he was so resolute, I ultimately gave my consent, and he recovered the money.

I had not seen the Organist after the police court episode, until we met by chance in the street; he expressed himself grieved about all the trouble I had been put to, etc., and was anxious to know what I intended doing. "Had he not better set to work to arrange something?" Beyond what he had left undone, he got me into a quarrel with the manager of the Theatre Royal, Sydney, through his ——, well, I will call it "lack of business capability." I informed him that I had had such unmistakable proof of his ability I could not possibly think of giving him any further trouble, but, as I did not wish to throw him on the world, I would allow him five per cent. on any engagements I might fulfil within a limited period.

Before I left Sydney, the Mayor placed at my disposal the splendid new music hall, to give a concert for my own benefit, so I had the honour of opening it publicly, and the pleasure of recouping a certain portion of the loss I sustained on my northern tour, for which act of extreme generosity I beg to offer my grateful thanks to his Worship. I also gave a concert in order to add to the funds

of my friends the Passionists, and another was organized by a very staunch friend and comrade for my especial benefit, at which, besides the professional ladies and gentlemen who kindly gave me their services, some of the most eminent amateurs in Sydney assisted. A few days before this concert took place, I received the sad intelligence of the death of the best friend I ever had on earth, my dearly-loved mother!—*R.I.P.!*

I returned to Melbourne under engagement to Mr. Robert Smythe (known as the much-travelled) for concerts in Victoria and New South Wales and South Australia, to be followed after Christmas by a tour in New Zealand and Tasmania.

On Christmas day I sang at High Mass at the Cathedral. My old friend, Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, celebrated, and afterwards we both dined with the Archbishop, Dr. Carr, and the clergy at the Presbytery. It was a piping hot day; we dined at two; with every door and window wide open, the thermometer stood at about 100°. Of course we must dine off roast beef, which proved no ordinary trial; but when a huge plum pudding "all in blazes" appeared, I nearly dropped under the table. From the beginning of January for three weeks the thermometer showed 130° in the sun and from 93° to 97° in the shade. I must be of the salamander breed, for I felt no inconvenience from the heat, except on one occasion only, when I had promised to

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MARGARET SANTLEY, THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER

dine with some friends on the other side of the river, about two miles away from my lodgings. I turned out armed with an umbrella about one o'clock, to walk, as at that hour there was no other way of reaching my destination; I was beaten, and had to turn back; the sun looked like a glowing copper button of large dimensions, set in molten metal, and its heat penetrated so deep I expected to find my melted marrow in the form of dripping in my shoes.

During the hot weather I sang in the "Messiah" one night. I really thought at times I should dissolve entirely; the windows could not be opened for some reason; the room was like a hot-house, the water literally poured down my body into my shoes, and I was almost poisoned by the fumes of eucalyptus proceeding from one of the orchestral players seated close by me.

I was to leave for New Zealand early in February. Mr. Oculist had learned this fact, and, determined to have the start of me, served me with notice of action for "malicious prosecution," laying his damages at five thousand pounds! This caused me great annoyance, as I was afraid it might interfere with my engagement; however, I was assured by the solicitor who undertook to conduct my case, that the action could not come on until July or August.

The voyage from Melbourne to Auckland took eight days; the vessel was small and we encountered a strong east wind almost the whole

way. One day (twenty-four hours) we made only twenty-seven knots; the passage was anything but comfortable. I had a berth with three others in a cabin constructed to hold two, and one of my companions was sea-sick the whole voyage. I had hardly set foot on land, when to my chagrin I found I had a severe cold in my throat, on account of which the concerts had to be postponed. I consulted two medical men, neither of whom could render me any assistance; one of them to whom I confided that I was a gouty subject, and that probably gout impeded my recovery, went off to his club and informed the members present that I was suffering from gout in the throat, and, in his opinion, should not be able to sing for some considerable time. Smythe, on hearing this piece of news, administered a pill to him that proved an effectual cure for loquacity. Thrown on my own resources, I adopted my own remedies, and soon recovered the use of my voice.

With the aid of the "Choral Society" and what orchestra could be mustered, we performed "Elijah" and the "Messiah." The chorus was good, the orchestra limp, and the conductor what we commonly designate "a caution." He came to run through the two works with me, and suggested so many cuts that at last I asked him if it would not be better perhaps to leave "Elijah" out altogether; to which he mildly remarked that, "we must cut *something*." He reached his climax at the air, "Is not His word

like a fire?" which he declared *must* be omitted. "Why on earth shall we leave that out?" said I, "If I don't sing it, the people will throw the benches at me." "Oh," he replied very piteously, "*it goes so fast!*" For the same reason he would have insisted on leaving out "Why do the nations?" in the "Messiah." He was a great German professor, and held the "Chair of Music" at the College or University.

On the passage from Auckland to Lyttelton (for Christchurch) I wrote the first few chapters of my former book, *Student and Singer*. I visited several places in New Zealand; at Nelson, a very pleasant little town (usually known as Sleepy Hollow), we had a repetition of Townsville and Charters Towers; the weather was hot, the hall, a wooden construction, even with windows open, was stuffy. The room was crowded and, so many people were turned away, we gave a second concert, when the audience assembled outside the room and enjoyed the concert, gratis. At Dunedin, where an Exhibition was being held, I sang for a fortnight in the music hall of the building. We gave five concerts and three oratorios: "Elijah," "The Messiah," and "The Creation," very creditably performed; we made our way thence to "The Bluff," with sundry stops on our way; then crossed over to Tasmania and gave concerts at Hobart and Launceston. The morning after our first concert at Hobart, I received an anonymous letter, of which the following contains

the purport, if not the exact words in which it was expressed.

Sir,

Will you please inform me if you were singing your best last night.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

To my regret I could not reply, as the writer did not furnish me with either his name or address. As there was no work stirring when I returned to Melbourne, I accepted an invitation from my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, to take up my abode with them at Adelaide. I passed a very pleasant time, employing myself with my *Reminiscences*, and taking exercise in the open air. I remained with them nearly three months, when I was signalled back to Melbourne "to be put on trial." This being my first appearance in a law court in the character of "defendant," I was naturally very anxious, and, being unable to settle to any work, found time hang heavily. After much delay, the trial came on ; I resolved I would not pay a farthing of damages.

The proceedings commenced with the junior counsel for the plaintiff stating the case ; while this was going on I saw his leader holding a confabulation with my leader, who, leaning over to me, asked me if I could not see my way to make a compromise and finish the matter. "Though I believe I have a good case," he said, "I have that old gentleman on the bench and those six

men of various ages in the jury box to satisfy, and a trifle may turn them one way or other." "I will not give a cent. by way of damages," I sternly replied, "but, as I am heartily sick of the business, I will make the plaintiff's wife a present of two hundred and fifty pounds, if that will settle it." The judge was asked to suspend the trial for ten minutes, as there was a probability of a settlement of the action out of court, which he cheerfully acceded to.

My offer was accepted, to my great relief; my solicitor gave me a "blowing up," but, as he was not "standing in my shoes," I received it without flinching. The plaintiff's leader—who was one of my great admirers—invited me to take a glass of wine with him; we drank to our mutual good health and prosperity; and after a friendly leave-taking, I strolled to the "Café Français," ate a good lunch, and with the smoke of a good cigar puffed away all recollections of my recent annoyances. In taking leave of the Oculist, I have little to thank him for, but that little has been of use to me. By his lessons in the art of "eye-opening," I have learned to keep my optics sufficiently wide open without having recourse to surgical aid.

CHAPTER XXIII

LAST Visit to Sydney—Hospitable Friends—Lunch with Cardinal Moran—Melbourne Again—Engagement for Canada—The Organist on my Track—Broken Hill—A Dismal Hotel—Farewell Concert at Adelaide—Farewell to Australia—Danger attending Polite Attentions—Advice respecting "Curios"—"Tipping."

I MADE arrangements to pay a farewell visit to Sydney, where during my stay I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cape. Their house, surrounded by extensive grounds, situated far away from the bustle of the city, I found a more than welcome retreat after the state of turmoil I had lived in for some time. I had nothing particular to do, and did it well. Close to them I had other hospitable friends: Sir Frederick Darley, Chief Justice of New South Wales, and Lady Darley and family, of whose kindness I would speak, only all who have ever come into contact with them know it as well as I do, and more intimate acquaintances than I, better; also Mrs. Frederick Cape and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Austin (since called to her rest, which assuredly she deserved, if mortal ever did); in fact, the neighbourhood as I knew it abounded in hospitable mansions.

Cardinal Moran gave a lunch the day preceding that of my return to Melbourne, to which many guests were bidden to join in wishing me "God speed." His Eminence, in proposing my health,

made a most eloquent and touching speech, alluding to some occasions on which I had assisted in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice at the Cathedral, and lamenting the troubles I had experienced in the course of my wanderings in Australasia ; " troubles to which," he said, " all they who are in earnest are subjected by the Divine Will for their good." I returned thanks as well as I could, overcome by his affectionate expressions of esteem and friendship.

Immediately after my return to Melbourne, I received a cablegram from Vert, my agent in London, offering me an engagement for a series of concerts in Canada and the United States in the spring of 1891, to which I replied accepting the offer. I then began to think of returning home. I knew the joys which awaited me there would not lose any of their brightness by a little longer delay ; so I proposed to make my journey an interesting holiday, as far as means would allow, without keeping anxious hearts too long in suspense. My acquaintance in Malta, Major Plunkett, told me I ought to visit Cairo, if ever I had an opportunity, and another acquaintance in Melbourne recommended me to extend my wanderings to Jerusalem, as it was very little out of the way. My desires coincided with these propositions, so I adopted them. In order to make a complete change of route for my return journey, I took my passage from Adelaide by the French (*Messageries Imperiales*) steamer.

The Organist got wind of my departure, and sent me in a little bill—for my fare, which I had already paid out and home, and some small expenses of travel, which he must have forgotten, were included in the sum paid him by the syndicate, for our travelling expenses during my engagement with them. I consulted my solicitor, who told me that the law allowed the Organist power to detain me until the bill were settled in or out of court, and as I wished, and had made arrangements to get off immediately, I had better make a compromise and settle the matter. This cost me another £100.

I related this episode to a mutual acquaintance, who advised me "if I should ever go far afield again, to provide myself with a wet nurse to take care of me!" I don't think he was far wrong! I had still about a month to wait for my ship, which Smythe, always on the *qui vive*, insisted on turning to account; as I did not care to remain idle, I reckoned I might as well turn an honest penny, too. We entered into an agreement for a limited number of entertainments. The only visitation we made that I need notice was at Broken Hill silver mine, where we were joined by the Rev. Charles Clarke, an admirable reciter and lecturer, a most pleasant companion, and *the* most inveterate smoker I ever knew, Mario included.

Our entertainment consisted of songs and recitations, interspersed with pianoforte solos,

played by Mr. Alfred Mortimer, a brother-in-law of C. J. Stevens, who also acted as my accompanist.

We remained at Broken Hill a week or ten days. I would not swear, but I *think seriously*, I would not pass such a period there again if they gave me the whole mine as a bribe. The hotel was built by the member of the Adelaide syndicate I described as being an earnest dealer in mining scrip and his brother, so he himself told me; and that at a banquet with which the hotel was opened, they disposed of one thousand bottles of champagne at a guinea a bottle. It was the most "sublimely dismal" habitation I ever slept in. The town consisted of a single street of booths and irregular buildings; there were projected streets marked out which may be now built up, with additions to their number. Each two or three days I noticed, on my way to the church, a new house (if a large iron box can be so described) erected and inhabited. The whole occupied a space in a desert region, where water was a luxury; what little there was, the mine had made its own. I was told that during the summer preceding my visit, the inhabitants who wanted to have a wash, had to pay half-a-crown a bottle for soda water in which to perform their ablutions; there was scarcely a blade of grass visible, and not a single tree. I need not say I wiped its dust off my shoes with joy.

I had a "farewell" concert at Adelaide, in the hall of the Winter Garden; the house was packed,

and my share of the receipts satisfactory. I cannot take a lingering "farewell," it would not do for "a roving blade." I will only say, the friends I made in Australia whom I can never forget, were, with few exceptions, Australians, born and bred; and that the acquaintances I made whom I strive to forget, were, without exception, importations from the mother country.

We touched at the island of Seychelles, where, as we had a sick soldier on board, the quarantine officers would not allow any of our passengers to land. Arrived at Suez I engaged a dragoman who, for a consideration, undertook to hold me safe from any other marauders; he kept his word, and I verily believe saved my life. When I arrived at the hotel I was choking with thirst, and as there were some men about I took for waiters, I called out, "Can anyone here find me a bottle of soda water?" A young fellow responded with, "You come along with me." I followed him some distance when I heard a voice bellowing: "Where you go? You come back! Dat fellow d——n thief, he kill you for de money!" I ran back, when my monitor "rounded on me" for leaving him, and informed me that my polite friend would have led me into the slums, then robbed and murdered me! Wet nurse evidently wanted here!

I left next day for Cairo, and got off easier than I expected. I did not pay dear for my experience

of Suez and the amount of attention my guide paid me.

I found it was necessary, to avoid making pleasure a labour, to engage a dragoman ; a very handsome fellow was provided for me by Messrs. Cook, who trotted me about in every direction. I was on my feet most of the day, but never felt in the least fatigued, it was such a delight to me to find myself at last among the "ancients." In England they can manufacture brass bowls to be stamped in Egypt, they can manufacture daggers, swords, etc., to be converted into ancient arms at Damascus ; they can produce all sorts of ancient knick-knacks, such as idols, "scarafaggi," etc., but they cannot manufacture pyramids, nor set them up if they could manufacture them ; they cannot manufacture a statue of Rameses from a solid block of marble weighing about nine hundred tons ; they might cast a sphinx in iron (I have no idea what they could do), but they could not manufacture one such as the Egyptians placed by the great pyramids. There are heaps of real things to see, and I would advise the unsophisticated, such as myself, to engage a guide recommended by trustworthy people like Cooks, and spend their time in seeing them, and not waste time on a lot of Brummagem ware you could purchase for a hundred to five hundred (perhaps more) per cent. less in England.

If a Damascus dealer in antique curiosities offers you a crusader's dagger or sword of welded

steel wire, damasked, with a richly-carved hilt, etc., etc., for five or ten pounds, unless you are one of those eager enthusiasts trusting in their perceptive faculty, clear out of his shop at "double quick," or sure as you're alive he will "stick" you with the implement he offers a bargain. At Colombo, on my voyage out to Australia, we were boarded by a gang of native dealers in Indian jewellery. One of them picked me out as a probable customer; he held on a wire about a dozen gold rings, each garnished with a finely coloured precious stone; though not a buyer of such articles, I asked what he wanted for them. "They are very cheap," he said, "only five pounds each." I confess I am a greenhorn, as regards the value of jewellery, but *not quite* so green "that the cows might mistake me for grass." After examining them, I made him a bid of four or five shillings for the lot; he muttered something beginning with a big B—probably caught on the wing as it was escaping from a British marine hive—and walked indignantly away; but afterwards, when he had blown off steam a little, offered me one for five shillings, which I declined.

At all the places where a ship stops to coal, or for other business, the game of "sheep-shearing" is carried on; travellers seem to think that they can procure an article "on the spot" much cheaper than they can at home, and that the article purchased must be of better quality than when imported into England; the fact being,

that the article is in nine cases out of ten of inferior quality, and the price demanded, double. To avoid being taken in, people who cannot judge of the quality of an article, or who have no experience in making bargains, ought never to attempt to purchase from the unmitigated ruffians who are allowed by the owners of passenger ships to rifle the pockets of credulous voyagers.

When we stopped at Madeira, the last time I sailed to the Cape, out of curiosity, I kept close watch on what I can only designate this "nefarious traffic." I saw many rascally bargains concluded. I had no deck-chair, and as I did not wish to interfere with the convenience of other passengers, I thought I had better buy one while the opportunity offered. I looked around and took note of one I thought would suit my form and convenience, and asked the price of some others. But my dealer was "up to snuff," and waited his opportunity; he had seen, though I thought innocently I had managed my little "ruse" well, that I had my eye on that particular chair, so when I asked him what he wanted for it, he replied, "Eighteen shillings." I walked away; when the first signal was given for the merchants to clear out, I strolled back; mine was prepared, and called out, "You shall have the chair for seventeen shillings." "No," said I jauntily, "I'll give you eleven." He began a long tirade, which I cut short by again walking away. The second signal sounded, and I strolled back again.

He then offered his chair for something less. A fellow-passenger near me suggested that I should not succeed in my bargain ; I persevered calmly, and when the last signal sounded, I carried off my purchase in triumph, for which I paid what I offered at first, eleven shillings, confident that the dealer had secured a good profit out of that sum.

I saw people taken in right and left, buying articles imported from England which they could have bought on much better terms in Regent Street. If the passengers choose to make purchases on shore, they are alone responsible for their errors of judgment ; but I would suggest that traffic on board ought not to be countenanced by owners of passenger ships, and that no dealers such as I speak of, or touters of any description, ought to be allowed to board their ships to exercise their arts upon the unwary. If there are passengers who really want to make purchases, there is in most cases ample time for them to go on shore ; to avoid the exorbitant demands of boatmen it would be easy for every company to have at its disposal a sufficient number of boats to be hired at a fixed tariff rigorously enforced.

Whilst airing one grievance I may as well add another in this place. " Tipping " stewards, etc., has become a heavy tax on the generality of sea travellers. I quite agree that an attentive steward is entitled to an addition to his pay, and there are few travellers who would not

willingly "tip" their stewards. But the system has become a gross abuse of generosity. To rich passengers it is of little consequence what they give; but those to whom money is no object are the minority; we are not all rich, and we are obliged to exercise our generosity according to our means. A voyage to Australia costs, first-class out and home, £105; why should a passenger have to spend twenty per cent. extra on "tips" to stewards, etc.? To say the least, it is unjust.

Of late years a certain number of stewards must be able to take part in the band—an addition to the noise and confusion which the British passenger creates; to me, personally, a perfect nuisance—for which a collection is allowed to be made towards the close of the voyage. There is a collection for the Sailors' Orphan Institution; then there are the bedroom and saloon stewards, and the bath-room steward's tips; a subscription to the amusements' fund; a donation to the head steward, and smaller demands on the passenger's purse. The list I subjoin is, I believe, not exaggerated:—

Bed Room Steward	£1	
Saloon „	1	
Bath-room „		10s.
Sailors' Orphan Asylum	1	
Amusements' Fund	2	
Head Steward	2	
Small Donations		10s.
Band	2	
	£10	

For each voyage, out and home, making a total of twenty per cent. added to the cost of the two voyages. In all phases of traffic the "tipping system" prevails; in sea travelling, in my opinion, it prevails to the extent of abuse, to curb which surely some remedy might be found.

CHAPTER XXIV

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE—E. L. Blanchard—Visit from my Enemy—Mount of Olives—Ride to Bethlehem—A Boating Excursion—Back in London—Great Changes.

I REMAINED a few days at Alexandria. I paid a visit to Cleopatra's Needle, and was surprised and disgusted with the filth which surrounded its base,

I had to pay a visit to the telegraph office, to reply to a letter which required an immediate answer, and there I found a friend. The employé who attended me stared so hard that I made up my mind he would "know me again." When I handed him my telegram, instead of carrying it off, he wrote something on a scrap of paper, which he handed to me saying, "Do you know that name?" "Of course I do," said I, "Why?" "I am a nephew of his," he replied. The name was E. L. Blanchard, the author of many splendid pantomimes produced at Drury Lane, and member of a family of great celebrity in the theatrical world. We "chummed," of course, but as my stay was very short, I only saw him once again, when I called to shake hands and say good-bye.

The short sea passage to Jaffa, about twenty-eight hours, was very pleasant, and when we arrived the sea, for a wonder, was perfectly calm,

a circumstance which I was told by our chief officer, happens about once in a hundred times. Cooks' agent took me in charge ; had it not been for him I should have had some serious trouble, for my passport did not bear the Turkish *visé*. He displayed a florid-looking stamp, I think the German, and presented me as Mr. Santley, the celebrated singer, at which the Turk looked very wise and nodded his approval, so we passed on. Within an hour I was on my way to Jerusalem, accompanied by a reliable dragoman. It was about four p.m. when we started, so we had to put up for the night at Ramleh, where I had a little insight into the mode of life in Moses' time. We arrived next evening at Jerusalem, too late to do any sight-seeing, even had I been so inclined. The only other visitors at the hotel were an elderly English lady and another younger, her companion. They were very affable, so after dinner I spent a pleasant evening in gossip.

The following morning I began my round of visits, which I will not attempt to describe. I am impressionable, but not emotional. I may not have trod on the exact spot, but I was in the immediate vicinity of the ground on which our Saviour suffered willingly the agony of a cruel, ignominious death for the redemption of the world, His murderers included. I can only say I was deeply, awfully impressed.

Sight-seeing I was never partial to ; I was in the tyrant hands of an energetic dragoman, so

I had no alternative but to go wherever he might will to take me. I awoke one morning with a sharp attack of gout. I found my shoe had, during the night, become a very tight fit. I had accepted an invitation to dine early with the English doctor; I had also arranged to go to Bethany by carriage and walk back to Jerusalem over the Mount of Olives. I was in pain, but I knew if I sent for the doctor he would forbid the walk, so we started off, Mr. Dragoman highly amused with my occasional grimaces—he thought it great fun. I certainly did penance for some of my sins; kicking loose stones, of which there is a plentiful supply on the Mount, with a gouty toe, is trying. I dined with the doctor, who after I had ended my meal, ordered me medicine, and proper diet, and censured me severely for risking such a walk before consulting him. My dragoman, when he returned with the medicine I sent him for, having learned the nature of my malady, was very penitent for the levity he had displayed and hoped there was no fear of its ending fatally.

We had a ride to Bethlehem, at least *he* had; it would be difficult to describe my performance. As my horsemanship was exercised chiefly in my youth on a rocking horse, it is decidedly feeble. I gave my guide particular instructions to be sure I should be provided with a quiet animal. He was quiet beyond a doubt; no artifice I was capable of, no exertion on my part could induce

him to move at more than a deliberate walk. He had a pair of shaky legs, and when we were clambering over the rocky road by the pools of Solomon, I kept a sharp look out for any soft place I might tumble on, in case I was suddenly ejected from the saddle. I arrived safe at the high road. "Now," I said to my guide, "I have had enough of riding, I will do a little walking to stretch my legs." "But," he replied, "we have seven miles to go." "No matter if it's seventy," said I; "I have had enough of wooden horses for the present, and I intend to perform the remainder of our journey on Shanks's galloway." "Ah," he remarked with a snigger, "you are not much of a rider!" "Not on such a horse as that," I replied haughtily; "on my own full-bred steed, seated in my own saddle, I am a perfect jockey!"

We stopped for a rest at the "Elijah" (Greek) monastery, where we were most cordially received by a lay brother; he offered us any kind of refreshment we might desire, but I begged for a glass of water; the cats'-meat, etc., which I had partaken of at lunch, and the walk had produced a thirst which water only could quench. He retired, and in about a quarter of an hour returned attended by an inferior, bearing a tray laden with various condiments and a bottle of clear, fresh water. I was about to seize on the latter when he intercepted me, and insisted on my first swallowing a spoonful of cloying jam, which I

had difficulty in forcing down my throat, he then wanted me to eat a sweet dry biscuit, but I struck, and refused point blank ; then he forced me to swallow a cup of excellent coffee ; that performance over, he said I might drink the water, and I swallowed the whole of the contents of the bottle. He was most pertinacious in his endeavours to persuade us to take up our abode in the monastery for the night, but this I obstinately resisted, and we made our escape, promising to pay another visit when we passed that way again.

The accounts of the weather at Jaffa were not assuring, but as I was bound by time, we left on the appointed day and again halted at Ramleh. When we were about seven miles from Jaffa I heard a rumbling noise for which I could not account. I enquired of my guide whence it proceeded. "The sea beating on the shore," said he. "What must the sea be like to hear it at this distance?" I asked. "Wait until you see it to-morrow," was the reply. When I did see it, I wondered how we were going to reach the ship—which lay some two miles away from the coast—in an open rowing boat. The boat was roomy, and the rowers—eight Arabs—stalwart and dexterous. We arrived alongside, and after waiting for a wave to raise me to the proper level, I was chucked on to the deck, right side up, all safe and sound.

I arrived at Marseilles at five a.m. on Christmas

Day, 1890; on Boxing Day I left for London, where I arrived on the 27th. As I left for Australia, so was I received on my return by my staunch old friend, Charlie Lyall.

I was thankful I had not been, like St. Bartholomew, deprived of my cuticle. I was whole in body, and in perfect health. I brought back very little else; what money I had remitted to London had been swallowed up in household expenses; so I returned about as rich in worldly wealth as when I started. I had a good engagement in America for the spring of 1891, and I knew that I should soon have plenty of work in my native land; about anything else I troubled little.

During my absence a great change had come over "the spirit of my musical dream"; a revolution in musical affairs had taken place, public taste, always fickle, and apt to be led by fashion, had set in a new direction. As my ideas are somewhat cosmopolitan with regard to the exercise of my profession, so long as no breach of artistic etiquette interpose, and as I have gone through all phases of that exercise, I was not disconcerted; I had only to fit myself into the new groove and all would be well.

But I had not counted on a stumbling-block, which caused me some anxiety. The concert-givers, who throughout my career had always applied direct to me respecting engagements, had made a change, all engagements were conducted

by agents, the number of whom had already increased to a great extent; the consequence (unaccountable to me) being, in my case, that treaties ended in nothing, and to my cost, I found my income was rapidly declining. I was all the more surprised, as I was in the full possession of my vocal and mental powers. I stuck to my colours; as long as I could pay my way I cared little, I had only to practise economy and wait patiently for further developments.

I had a fair voyage to New York, for which I chose the French line from Hâvre. It was not so pleasant as I anticipated; there was more drinking and gambling than to me was agreeable, but I kept myself to myself, and so the time did not pass heavily. From New York I was called away to Montreal, soon after my arrival, to commence my tour. I was received by my principal, Mr. (now Dr.) Charles Harris, a lively, polished specimen of the young Briton, from whom I experienced nothing but extreme courtesy and kind attention throughout my tour.

I have nothing of interest to say about the concerts; they were pretty much on the same lines as I had been accustomed to in England. I kept to my répertoire of good music, which I need not insert here, as I should think my English friends by this time know it as well as I do myself, though I do not find they are yet tired of it; wherever I go the demand is

always for "Oh, Ruddier than the Cherry," "Non più andrai," "The Erl King," "To Anthea," "Simon the Cellarer," showing that, spite of all attempts to eliminate the dramatic element—judging from modern compositions,—there is a demand for it when the demand can be supplied.

CHAPTER XXV

EMOTION—Workmen—Instruction and Education—Obedience —Pachmann on America—Consolation—Another Job's Comforter—Resolve to turn Teacher—An Italian Criticism.

THE world has become emotional, not in music alone, but in politics, religion, art, science, literature, even in athletic exercises; witness the silly hubbub raised (not to speak of the more solid subscription) on account of the winner of a race, who fainted from *emotion* before he could reach the goal. In equity he ought to have received the prize, but law stepped in and the prize had to be bestowed on another. I was delighted when I learned that an Italian boy was the real victor (I would have been happy to shake hands with and congratulate him), for we English are too apt to look down on Italian genius and perseverance.

The British workman would do well to model himself on his Italian brother; he would find that he is hard-working and frugal in his habits, probably he would be pleased could he limit the working hours of the day to eight and be paid higher wages; but whatever be the number of working hours or the pay, he works his full time (not two hours' work for eight hours' pay), he is content with little food, and that of very ordinary quality, and no variety—he does not

spend one half of his earnings incapacitating himself with various intoxicating liquids, called by courtesy beer or whiskey, and his work, whatever it may be, down to the lowest grade, he turns out elegant and substantial. I speak feelingly, for I have had workmen about my house, and if I happened to be under the necessity of paying a visit to a room where they were *at work*, instead of attending to my business I found them occupied "heating their own irons"; thus, instead of having the pleasure of their company for two or three days, I had to put up with the nuisance of the disorder they created for an indefinite period.

I am neither political economist nor philosopher, it is therefore not my intention to thrust opinions which may be of little or no value on my readers; at the same time, I beg permission to lay before them a few impressions, the result of reflection, on the status of the English workman. By workman I mean any man who has work to do and is bound to do it, whether he be lord or peasant, sculptor, musician, painter, member of Parliament, priest, architect, stonemason, bricklayer, blacksmith, carter, or any other who has to work not only for his own benefit, but for the benefit of his fellow-creatures—a still more important duty.

I have been a traveller, and have visited many countries, but with little exception my work for upwards of sixty years has been done in

England; therefore I confine myself to my native country.

The result of our "System of Education" shows plainly that there are mistakes somewhere. My impression is that the primary mistake lies in the common usage of "Instruction" and "Education" as synonymous terms; they are nothing of the kind, Instruction being but a part of Education.

I think the following extracts will serve to make this clear :—

INSTRUCTION.

1. Act of teaching; information. "We are beholden to judicious writers of all ages for those discoveries and discourses they have left behind them for our *instruction*." (Locke.)

2. Precepts conveying knowledge. "Will you not receive *instruction*, to obey my words, saith the Lord." (Jeremiah xxxv, 13.)

EDUCATION.

Bring up; instruct; train.

"Thy breed, thy brood, instruct, *and educate*,
And make provision for the future state."

—(Dryden, *Virgil's Georgics.*)

EDUCATION.

Bringing up; training; formation of character.

"All nations have agreed in the necessity of a strict *education*, which consisted in the observance of moral duties." (Swift from Latham's *Dictionary of the English Language.*)

INSTRUCTION.

1. The act of teaching or informing the understanding in that of which it was before ignorant; information.

2. Precepts conveying knowledge.

EDUCATION.

The bringing up, as of a child, instruction ; formation of manners.

"Education comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and form the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations. In its most extended signification it may be defined, in reference to man, to be the art of developing and cultivating the various physical, intellectual, and moral faculties, and may be thence divided into three branches—physical, intellectual, and moral education. Under physical education is included all that relates to the organs of sensation and the muscular and nervous system. Intellectual education comprehends the means by which the powers of the understanding are to be developed and improved, and a view of the various branches of knowledge which form the objects of instruction of the three departments above stated. Moral education embraces the various methods of cultivating and regulating the affections of the heart. Religious education, although intimately connected with moral education, may be considered as a distinct branch, and the most important of all. To give children a good *education* in manners, arts, and science, is *important ;* to give them a religious *education* is *indispensable ;* and an immense responsibility rests on parents and guardians who neglect these duties." (*The Imperial Dictionary.*)

A man may be thoroughly instructed, perfect in knowledge, but unless actuated by the Spirit of God, he will not accomplish the work God assigned him—the sole end and aim of a true man.

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> *Brought death into the world and all our woe.*"
>
> —(Milton, *Paradise Lost.*)

Surely we require no more stern reminder than this of our first duty.

"Obedience!" In every phase of life, in the nursery, in the seminary, in the studio, in the office, in the workshop, in whatever position we are placed under a "superior." Obedience can only be learned where there is opportunity for exercising that virtue; that "where" is disappearing gradually, if it has not altogether disappeared.

In my fifteenth year I entered a merchant's office as an apprentice, bound by indentures for a term of five years; the total remuneration I received was a sum of £100, payable £10 the first year, rising in arithmetical progression £5 each succeeding year; I acted successively as Post Office Clerk, Custom House Clerk, Book-keeper, and Salesman; all the routine of which departments I had no difficulty in learning. My difficulty lay in acquiring habits of order, system, punctuality, and—though I cannot accuse myself of being a disobedient youth—obedience! The first work set me was to dust and polish the counter, desks, and other furniture; it galled me, but I did it, and it did me good.

My term of servitude, by which I mean the dusting and polishing and running to the post and custom houses, which did not involve any head work, came to an abrupt termination. My employer, finding I was an expert arithmetician, and probably finding I had profited by my

lessons in obedience, raised me to the important post of book-keeper and cashier; in his absence he left me in charge of the whole office. He was an exacting master, but—except when his Irish blood approached boiling point—just; in justice I must say he was invariably lenient and generous to me; when I left him, at the end of my apprenticeship, we parted very good friends. I must interpolate that the cause of our parting had nothing to do with his will or mine, it was entirely on account of family considerations. Friends we remained, during his life.

It is impossible for a human being to learn obedience in the strict sense of the word, unless there is *bounden* duty to perform. There are a few cases that I myself can call to mind, for instance, those of Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, both scions of opulent houses, who *bound themselves*, and did great work, though there was no contract or necessity to bind them to their duty save their own free will. But such exceptions are rare indeed, and serve only, as we say, "to prove the rule." Every human being, of whatever rank in the world, ought to be bound, during the years of adolescence, to fulfil whatever duty may be imposed by a contract; not only that they learn the business appertaining to that duty, but that they may learn—which is of far higher importance—to be obedient.

Let us go back now for a while to America! Returning from Philadelphia to New York, after

one of my concerts, I met Pachmann on board the ferry boat, crossing the Hudson River ; we had the following dialogue:—

" Ah ! my dear Santley, how do you do ? "

" Very well, my dear Pachmann, and how are you ? "

" Oh, vat a horrible country ! "

" Hush ! the people about will hear you, and may retaliate ! "

" I don't care, it is horrible ; nossing to eat, nossing to drink, except very dear vine. I cannot sleep, I get no rest ; oh, it is horrible ! "

" Well, have patience, you are going to leave it soon."

" Thank God ! I suffer with my liver, oh ! I cannot tell you, awful ! Ah ! you remember ven I vas in London, I vas nice pink and vite, and now I am green ; oh, it is horrible, I never come no more ! "

Poor fellow, he was rather a dismal sight ; but I saw him lately looking as fresh as paint, his bewailed " pink and white " complexion restored to its pristine splendour. He ought to celebrate his recovery with a fantasia on " Oh, the roast beef of Old England ! " I have related my pleasant encounter with a non-expectant relation at Cleveland, Ohio, and another with a washed-out Bacchanalian, a fellow-passenger on my homeward voyage.

My second experience of touring in the United States, thanks to Charles Harris, was a decided

improvement on the first in every way. A tour in England is bad enough; at least there is a chance of getting home for a day or two occasionally to enjoy a few hours' repose, but, in my estimation, no amount of money could compensate for the misery of sleeping night after night in a hot-house, dining day after day in another, putting up at hotels where you must take your meals when the waiters choose to serve them, and putting-up—in a different sense—with the overbearing manners of those same waiters, all amidst confusion worse confounded.

In the kindliness and attention of my audiences I found consolation, much more than in the vociferous applause with which my efforts were received everywhere I went. Though they affected somewhat the "new school" of music, introduced since my first professional visit to America, it appeared to me they relished as keenly as ever the "old school," which I still represented. With all the good-will in the world, however, I could not (I hope any who read this may, in a forgiving spirit, sympathize with me), I really could not pass a great part of my existence cooped up in a railway carriage.

In 1891 I had severe trials to go through; had I not been of robust constitution I should have broken down. After a concert in the provinces, while I was suffering from a severe cold, which I did not announce to the audience, one of my comrades told me in confidence "that I had better give

up public singing, and turn my attention to teaching, as it was evident my nervous system was utterly wrecked, and the strain I was putting on it would make an end of me altogether." In reply, I said I was labouring under a combination of serious troubles, from which I hoped before long to emerge, and that he would find I would be working, and able to do my work, when he had retired from the platform. With God's blessing I pulled through, and am still able to do my work, while the comrade retired some years ago.

In 1891 I made my last appearance at the Birmingham Festival. I had not missed once since I made my first appearance at the festival of 1861. Near the end of the year my father died. The year 1892 opened gloomily; but in the spring, the burden which was weighing me down and sapping my vital energy was removed at a stroke, and I breathed freely once more—still I did not entirely recover for some years from the depression caused by the wearing, wearying, torturing load I had borne so long.

In 1892 I made up my mind, as I had little to occupy me during the "London Season," to turn my attention to teaching. Though I had given lessons in singing "on and off," I had not formed any "system" on which to proceed. I made it my first business to bring my knowledge to a focus, and lay out a progressive course of study from the first rudiments, through all the exercises

necessary to develop the quality and power of the voice and facility of execution.

To avoid interruptions, I went to Rouen, where I knew I could be at peace. There are plenty of quiet walks and quiet, quaint old places to visit in the city and suburbs, where I could work out my ideas undisturbed, as I strolled about. I succeeded in planning my work, entitled *Santley's Singing Master,* which does not contain much original matter in the *form* of the exercises : their utility lies in their *progression*.

Soon after it was published, I received a letter from Florence, written by an Italian, which informed me that " the writer had expected to find something new and instructive in a work by Santley ; but, to his great disappointment, he found nothing that any decent singer did not know, and certainly nothing that an ordinary singer could not execute." Yet, in my experience of fifteen years as a teacher, I have not found more than ten people who could sing the first exercise correctly—a simple scale of an octave of sustained notes—these, with four exceptions, were students from Italy, France, Germany, Australia, America, Africa, and Asia, many of them public singers, pupils of world-renowned teachers. My first volume of " reminiscences," entitled *Student and Singer*, was published November 4th, 1892.

CHAPTER XXVI

At the Cape—Successful Tour—Coach to Johannesburg—Nursing a Weighty Boer—Dust Storm—Maritzburg—Prorogation of Parliament—Zulu Lady's Ball Dress—Acted on my Resolution—Art of Imparting Knowledge—Manuel Garcia—Rage for Money-making—A Great Artiste.

My old love of the sea returned in 1893. I did not care to make a long voyage, and I had a desire to try new scenes; the Cape of Good Hope appeared to me a likely place, so I chose it. I intended to make my voyage, out and home, my summer holiday. John Carrodus, the accomplished violinist, suggested that I might give a concert, or perhaps two, at Capetown, and so clear my expenses, especially as I should find a very good accompanist and conductor, Thos. Barrow Dowling (now Doctor of Music) established there.

Before I left England I received a line from my friend, Carlyle Smythe—my agent and companion in New Zealand, Tasmania, etc.,—stating that he had just concluded a tour with Max O'Rell, and if he could be of any service in arranging a tour for me, or in any other way, he was at my disposal. I replied, asking him to await my arrival at Capetown, as I had not counted upon going further. When I arrived at Capetown there was my young friend waiting for me on the quay. We went straight to the

hotel, and in half-an-hour had settled preliminaries for a journey up country, to be made a combination of pleasure trip and business tour. We made a start with four concerts in Capetown ; the hall was diminutive, and would only hold 450 ; it was crowded each night. We also gave a concert in one of the pretty suburbs, crowded also. At this I could only pipe feebly, my throat being stuffed up, in consequence of not having taken the usual precaution after a sea voyage "to touch up" my obstinate liver, a precaution I advise every singer or speaker to take under similar circumstances. I cannot offer any theory with regard to the action of a sea voyage on the vocal organs ; I know it from experience of others, as well as from my own.

Our first stop, after leaving Capetown, was at Port Elizabeth, where we gave a "recital"—songs relieved by violin solos played by Percy Ould, an able violinist (a son of Charles Ould, the well-known English violoncellist). I had six songs in the programme, and added four more as encores. Ould played four pieces and some encores, so we filled up two hours, quite enough for any concert, in my opinion. Durban was to be our next halting-place. By way of "taking time by the forelock," Smythe took our passages by an "intermediate boat" which in due course ought to have landed us a couple of days before our first concert.

When we arrived at West London, the sea

was in such a state that we could not land; we lay at a little distance from the shore for three days before the lighters could come alongside to receive the goods destined for the port. In consequence of this delay, I landed at Durban at four o'clock, p.m., on the day of the concert. An unknown friend had a carriage waiting on the wharf, and drove me immediately to the hotel, where I swallowed some food in haste, then went over to the Town Hall to run through my pieces with the accompanist, who turned out, either from nervousness or inability, anything but a help. Notwithstanding, I got through my work with great success in the evening. Of my companions I only remember one, who proved a godsend to me, Miss Marie Nightingale, a very good pianiste, to whom I listened with selfish interest. I was determined to put an end to two more concerts already announced unless a better accompanist could be procured.

I approached Miss Marie on the subject, and asked her if she would be willing to help me; she was willing, but was very modest about her ability. I told her what I had resolved, and at last prevailed on her at least to make a trial. The trial was made at a little rehearsal, when she acquitted herself so well I insisted on having her help, and in consequence got through the other two concerts to my entire satisfaction and to her great joy. Miss Nightingale came to England a year after to continue her studies with Fred

Westlake, of happy memory, but she was followed by a suitor, whom she married, and gave up professional life; she left home a Nightingale and returned a Don!

I like Durban; it is picturesque, from the variety of costume and no-costume with which it abounds; the outskirt, called Berea, high above the town, is charming. Maritzburg is also a pleasant, quiet town, where we gave two concerts, thence we made our way by rail to Charlestown, and forward to Johannesburg by coach, a ride of about twenty hours, during the greater part of which I had the felicity of bearing half the weight of a plump Boer on my knees. The road was for the most part over uncultivated plain, not altogether uninteresting, the exhilarating atmosphere compensating for the lack of scenery.

I had heard a great deal about the dust of Johannesburg, but though I had some experience of dust in Melbourne, I had not the faintest notion of what a Johannesburg sprinkling could effect. I turned out one Sunday morning to assist in the music at High Mass; not many yards from the hotel I was caught in a whirlwind, and then I found what dust meant. Fortunately, I had a clean bandana in my pocket, in which I enveloped my head, or I should have been choked. I had to stand still for some time, as it was impossible to grope my way along. When I arrived at the church they were performing a sneezing chorus, choir and congregation in unison, in which I

joined; every article of furniture and costume was thickly covered with dust. It was my only experience of a dust storm, and I hope it will be the last; a London fog at the worst is not in the running. I remained a week at Pretoria, when I had the opportunity of being present at the prorogation of Parliament, and hearing Mr. Krüger, General Joubert, and other notabilities speak; their speeches, being in Dutch, I cannot report.

At Kimberley, coming off the stage at the end of the last concert, after singing "Simon the Cellarer" as an encore to my last song, I met Smythe, who informed me that he had been very busy whilst I was singing, assisting to extinguish a fire which had broken out underneath where I had been standing on the stage. It is my firm belief that Simon, had he been aware of his danger, would have cut off Dame Margery with even less ceremony than usual. The same theatre was burnt down very shortly after: probably I had a narrow escape. One of the directors very kindly drove me over the diamond mines, when I had the honour of picking out a few diamonds from the blue clay; there, however, my labour ended—pocketing is forbidden!

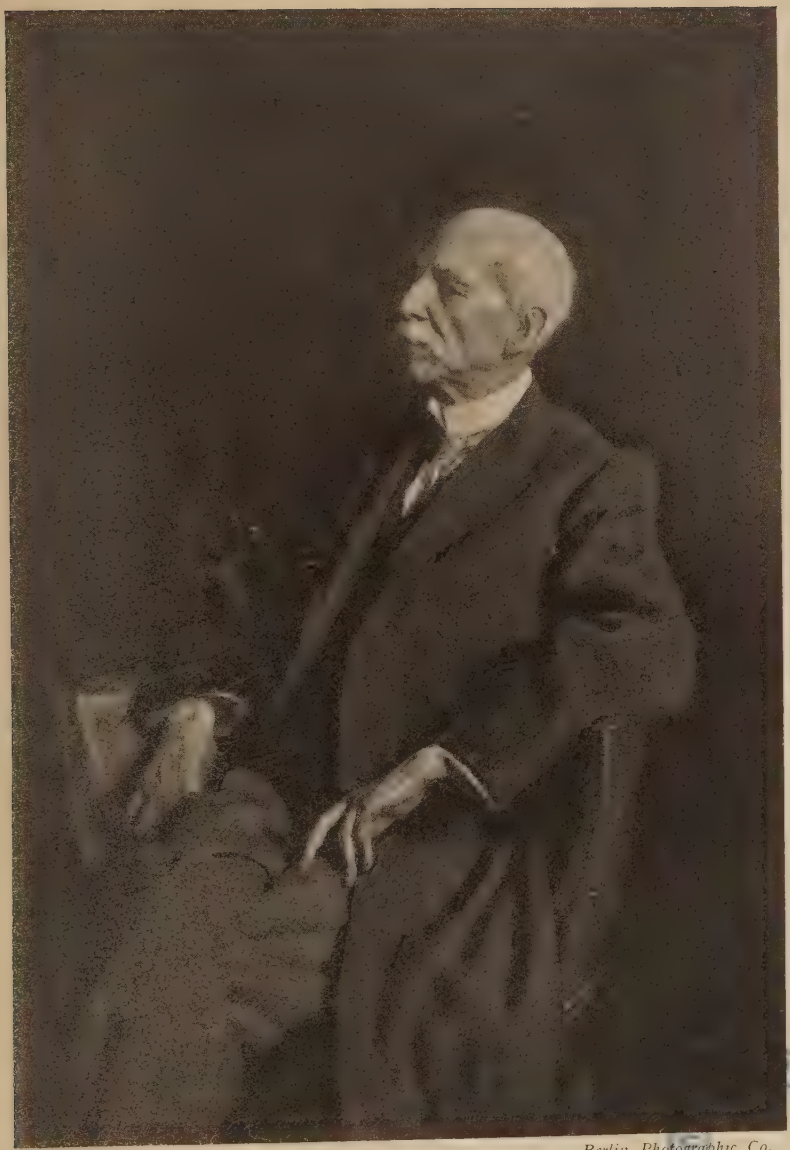
We returned to Capetown, where I gave a concert for the benefit of the "Sisters of Nazareth," which, I believe, resulted in a goodly addition to their funds. I did not return to England in the condition of the proverbial

individual "who went (the proverb does not mention where) for wool and came back shorn." I went to be shorn (amicably), and came back with an order on a London banker for a glittering garment, which clothed my account with my own banker very comfortably.

I also brought with me some trophies : assegais, arrows, swords, walking-sticks, bracelets, belts, collars, etc., all real Zulu and Kaffir work ; the most curious article is a Zulu lady's ball-dress of elaborate beadwork. It cannot be called a covering, it is hardly sufficient in breadth for a baby's belt.

I was assured that the dress is complete ; I still think there must be a skirt missing, or else the Zulu ladies must be even less particular about hiding their personal charms than their English sisters.

In 1894 I commenced my new career of "Teacher of Singing." I had arrived at the years of discretion ; I had formed my theoretical plan of study ; passing over my childhood and counting from my fifteenth birthday, I had spent forty-five years in active experience as a singer, and I considered I was quite competent to teach singing. For a short time I did not find it so easy to apply my theories as I imagined. I soon learned that it was absolutely necessary to make myself acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of temperament, character, disposition, etc., of each pupil before I could succeed in the application of



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SEÑOR MANUEL GARCIA

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A mi querido Santiago

the result of my own experience. In a conversation with Pauline Viardot Garcia on this subject a short time since, she remarked, "There is no doubt that, for the first lessons, a master of singing (and this may apply equally to other studies) ought to pay the pupil, not the pupil the master, as the master—if he or she is a *master*—learns a great deal more than the pupil." In my case I know it is true. A mode of explanation, either by precept or example, may be perfectly clear to one pupil, while to another it is unintelligible.

The art of imparting knowledge, like all other arts, cannot be acquired without special study, and inexhaustible patience. An impatient teacher who neglects this study can never hope to lead a pupil on to artistic proficiency, however gifted, however industrious and persevering that pupil may be. But pupils of this class are as few and far between as angels' visits. Look back at the result of the work done by the greatest singing master of the past century—Manuel Garcia!

At the lowest estimate he must have been engaged in teaching singing for seventy years; thousands of aspirants gifted with good voices must have passed through his hands, yet, how few of that number, with the aid of his intelligence, knowledge, and unremitting zeal, scaled the ladder to the top, and, how many with the same aid, never—if even they approached the ladder—mounted higher than the lowest steps. Some (unthinking) people may say he ought to have

got rid of these many. He could not; Garcia had given up a public career as a singer, finding his voice deficient in power, to devote himself to teaching—"hoping against hope," in the case of the many, with patience and perseverance to impress on their obtuse senses some portion of his intelligence, and so fit them to take an honourable position on the artistic ladder.

If he, a man of extraordinary intelligence, devoted entirely to teaching, only succeeded in leading the few to the summit, what could I expect to accomplish, with inferior intelligence, and devoting only a portion of my time to teaching?

I shall have to talk more of my own doings, for a while, than is pleasant to me; I can only beg my readers to pardon my egotistical remarks, which I can assure them are so only in appearance. I may say I speak of myself impersonally.

The greater part of my work as a teacher has been expended on remedying evils arising from bad teaching, or rather, I would say, no teaching at all, as the word teaching is not applicable to work done by a person ignorant of the subject he or she professes to teach. I have already clearly stated in my book, *The Art of Singing*, the essential attributes which both pupil and teacher must possess in order that their combined labour may result in the production of an artiste perfect, as far as it is possible for a human being to become.

During the last forty years such productions

have been of the rarest ; ambition to reach the top of the artistic ladder seems to have slept or died out. The rage for money-making by ballad concerts and royalty accounts has ousted the desire to succeed in opera, which ought to be the aim of every singer, and without which no singer can claim the title of perfect artiste. Some few earnest, gifted students have attained eminence as concert singers, and many more might have been added to their number, but for lack of knowledge of the rudiments of their art, for which not they, but the ignorance of the greater number of those who *profess* to teach, and the carelessness of the few who with patience and proper attention *might* teach, are alone responsible.

Since Pauline Viardot sang at Drury Lane in the year 1858, only one *great* lyric artiste has appeared at the opera. I sang with her at some concerts in the North of England when she, fresh from her studies, commenced her career as a concert singer. She had a fine *mezzo-soprano* voice, also musical and dramatic feeling, but her vocalization lacked the first rudiments of the " Art of Singing " and her dramatic expression lacked discretion. A few years after I sang in the " Messiah," when she took the contralto part ; her singing was perfect, vocally and dramatically. Since then she has become the greatest artiste on the lyric stage, and the most accomplished English singer I have ever heard. With the true instinct of an artiste she has fought her way to the top of the ladder ;

an example of what can be done with gifts conscientiously exercised, and thus, a model for the emulation of gifted young people who possess ambition to arrive at artistic eminence, with perseverance and courage to surmount all obstacles and difficulties. Her name is Madame Kirkby Lunn.

Early in my teaching career, two young ladies, who had been studying for some time in Paris, came to me to ask my advice, as they were not satisfied with the progress they had made. They were both *mezzo-soprani*, and both, after the course of study they pursued, had lost all control over the notes from E or F to A or B within the soprano stave.

One of them, who must have possessed originally a sonorous voice of sympathetic quality, and sufficient power to warrant her in choosing singing as a profession, told me she had spent nearly the whole of what she possessed—about a thousand pounds—on her lessons and living during the two years she had been studying. After hearing her, I told her plainly that I found her voice and intonation so imperfect that I feared it was out of my power to apply any effectual remedy. She implored me to make an effort, as her means were exhausted, and she had nothing else to turn to to make a living. After much patience and labour on both sides, she ultimately recovered her voice sufficiently to procure a small engagement in a comic opera company.

The other never could have possessed any quality to warrant her in attempting to make a singer. She had a harsh voice, no musical ear, no idea of accent, nothing. She told me a similar story, she had spent her patrimony in Paris. She was a fragile girl to boot, but she was the most determined young person I ever encountered. I told her to give up all idea of singing, but such was her resolution, she insisted, and what was more, she was "*determined to become a singer*." To crown all, her parents (of the puritanical order) were dead against her appearing in public. I begged of her to renounce all idea of singing. Nothing I could say affected her determination, she absolutely refused to accept my advice, and told me that if I would not take her in hand she would find somebody else, less scrupulous than I was, who would. Out of mere admiration of her "pluck," I took her in hand, and now, after some hard struggling, she is doing fairly well—quite satisfactorily to herself—in her native place across the "herring-pond."

CHAPTER XXVII

DISAPPOINTMENT—Use of my Name—Noise—Motors—Airship—Rome—A Cigar on the Pincio—Holiday-making—Contrast between Home and Foreign Resorts—The Arid Palm—Another Visit to the Cape—My Friend Sandy—Accompanists and Accompanying—"Elijah" at Maritzburg—My Last Oratorio at Albert Hall—Pauline Viardot in "Elijah."

AMONG the many pupils I have had, a fair proportion possessing great gifts might have accomplished great things had they possessed sufficient patience to wait until they had studied to perfect their knowledge of the "Art of Singing," before dedicating themselves to the "Art of Money-grubbing," the "Charnel-house of Art!"

Without hesitation, I declare I am thoroughly disappointed with the result of the labour, patience, and attention I have expended on teaching, generally speaking, but I have found consolation in such instances as I give above, where I acted as rescuer from the dire results of bad teaching.

I do not hold myself responsible for the imperfect execution of those pupils who, to gain money and the applause of an ignorant crowd, have abandoned my precepts and returned to the Slough of Despond from which I rescued them, although they may still continue to print on their cards and style themselves my pupils; nor for such as, after inflicting their presence on me two or three times under pretence of taking lessons, without my permission, make capital out of my name.

Other people, without my sanction, make use of my name for public professional purposes. It may be they consider imitation the best mode of flattery, but I am not amenable to such flattery. I do not consider taking my name, imitation, it is simply deception. In France the law does not allow it. A professional person there must, if there is already before the public an artiste of the same name, change his own. The law in England offers me no redress, no exclusive right to the name of Santley, so I have no alternative save (as we say in the North) "to grin and abide!"

The law in France goes as far as this. A celebrated *prima donna*, when she first appeared at the opera, bore the name of Saxe, but the house of Saxe—of Saxehorn fame—backed by the law, insisted on her taking another name; she was then known as Madame Sass.

I pass over the years between 1894 and 1900. Pupils came and pupils went; singers appeared and singers disappeared; vocal music of a mongrel kind appeared, was sung, of which a great deal disappeared; vocal music of a great kind was sung, and "in spite of execrations and ignorant dictations," listened to (and always will be) by those elect natures who prefer gold to pinchbeck; orchestral works, native and imported, were played, and have to be played still, as the unfortunate hearers were so deafened with the crash of thundering drum and the blast of blatant

brass, that they never sufficiently recovered their sense of hearing to hear music.

Are the devil and his hosts let loose and come to wreak vengeance on us poor mortals for their long confinement in the infernal regions? Shall we never again enjoy a few moments of peace on earth, such as at intervals we once enjoyed? Noise, noise, noise, everywhere! "The peace of the valley" is a joy of the past. Motors on land and water rush at "devil take the hindmost" speed, threatening destruction to everybody they meet or overtake in their road, leaving clouds of dust and filthy smoke to choke those who have the good fortune to escape destruction.

And now we are threatened with "doings in the air," whose destructive powers we cannot estimate yet, but of whose power of creating noise I had an opportunity of judging a few weeks ago when I happened to be at Lucerne. Count Zeppelin's airship passed at a considerable elevation over the hotel where I was staying. It was a triumph of genius, indomitable perseverance, and patience to behold, but it emitted a noise of one (or may be ten) thousand "hurdy-gurdy drone" power, which, to me, counteracted materially its claim to admiration. Cities, towns, and even villages, are becoming impassable for pedestrians, and for carriages and vehicles of all sorts drawn by horse or hand-power.

In 1900 I paid my first visit to Rome, in order to fulfil my religious duties in connection with

Pope Leo the Thirteenth's jubilee, and to satisfy at the same time a life-long craving. I had but two weeks at my disposal, not by any means sufficient time to see St. Peter's, but though I could only bestow a cursory glance on all else, I carried away an impression only inferior to that stamped on my soul by my visit to Jerusalem.

It grieved me sorely to find street traffic in this city, above all others, where tranquillity ought to reign, governed by the tyrant motor-car, tram-car, bicycle, rushing at reckless speed through narrow, crowded streets, where few places offer a refuge for the foot passenger, bewildered by bells, hooters, shouts, and execrations, hardly knowing which way to turn for safety.

I did not attempt to solace myself with music. There was a season of opera in course, but as the hour for commencing was 9 or 9.30 p.m., too near my hour for retiring to rest, I preferred counting my rests in bed. Only by chance did I hear a short concert—while I was enjoying a cigar on the Pincio one afternoon—performed by a splendid military band, which discoursed most eloquent music, and enhanced my enjoyment considerably. Thank God, though there was a fine mass of sound, there was no noise, except what proceeded from the Philistine host down below, and that, under the influence of the music and tobacco combined, did not disturb me; my senses were for the moment steeped in forgetfulness of the " rack."

I left Rome stunned. I longed to find a place

where I could be at peace to think over and digest the amount of spiritual food I had swallowed. A happy thought struck me. I went direct to Brunnen, my first Swiss love—

> "On revient toujours
> A ses premiers amours!"

But we do not always meet with the same loves we separated from years before. There were great changes. Thank the Lord the reformer's hand had not yet reached the radical stage. The changes were improvements in material points of accommodation; peace still reigned over that part of the earth; the mountain roads, not then much used, were improved; my legs grown older and stiffer still performed their peregrinations without fatigue. If I found myself at the hour when "rites unholy call each Paynim voice to prayer," I could satisfy my hunger with a good plain but substantial succulent meal, and wash it down with a glass of wholesome wine. What a contrast to the fare offered to the unfortunate traveller in our own enlightened country.

A few years ago I was spending my holiday in North Wales. My "diggings" were within a carriage drive from Rhuddlan Castle. The fit seized me to take a peep at the place where in 1885 I assisted in a performance of the "Messiah," during the first Eisteddfod (I believe), given on a grand scale. Accordingly, I made up a party of adults and children, and we drove over one day. As we

arrived about an hour before lunch time, and we were all pretty well "sharp set," we first went in search of a hostelry to order some food. We found five houses whose signs informed us they were "hotels." I remember they all had grand names, but "what is in a name?". On enquiry we learned that, except in one, there was not a scrap of meat to be had. I took the precaution, on the landlady's invitation, to examine the meat of which that one was the fortunate possessor. I must mention that her ladyship was suffering from toothache, and had her head fastened up in a piece of soiled flannel. I went into the larder, saw, and conquered my desire for flesh meat in that establishment. What I saw I cannot tell: it was a dirty brown substance that produced a feeling of nausea rather than appetite.

In another of the "hotels," whilst I was in colloquy with the landlady, I heard something frizzling, which she told me was chops. Oh, joy! But, oh no! They were already bespoken, and there was not another chop to be procured for love or money in the town, nor would be until Saturday, three days later. The other three "hotels" could furnish nothing but ham or bacon and eggs; very wholesome to those who can digest them, but cloying and calculated to upset the interior economy of those who cannot. Of course we could have bread and butter, or cheese, but I did not feel inclined to treat my friends to a meal of appendices. So we had to "make the

best of it." I chose the best-looking establishment, ordered ham and eggs, and tea. The ham had to be sent for to the provision shop, and the eggs probably had to be laid (they were certainly very fresh), for we were kept waiting more than an hour for our rustic meal. Now, as *Hamlet* said to his mother, "Look on this picture and then on that." Some years ago, when I was spending my holiday at Annecy in Savoy, one day "at the hour," etc., I found myself too far away from my hotel to get back in time for "breakfast at the fork." I was just entering a small village or hamlet, consisting of may be twenty tenements. The jovial demon was raging within. I knew if I did not find him at least a bone to pick he would pick one with me to my sorrow. So I diffidently looked about to find a temple dedicated to the "god of grub." I followed my nose—a remarkably intelligent dragoman in such expeditions—he guided me straight to a hostelry which bore for sign "Hotel de la Couronne d'Or." I entered, still diffident, and was accosted by a plump dame with a smiling face and dressed in plain but clean clothes. She asked me, politely, "What I was looking for?" "Something to eat," said I. "Pray walk in," says she, leading me into an old-fashioned, clean dining-room. "And what would you like, Sir." "Anything you like to give me!" "The table d'hôte is just over, everything is still fresh, and you can have a freshly-made omelette in place of one dish which

has been disposed of." I partook of excellent soup, boiled beef garnished with "cornichons," my omelette (not a badly-made batter pudding), roast chicken and salad, some fresh-gathered fruit and delicious cream cheese (home-made), and I drank a pint of excellent white wine, recommended by the hostess; the whole, including "tip," for two francs and a half. The demon's wrath was quelled, and gave me no further cause for anxiety until I returned to Annecy in time to make myself beautiful to appear at dinner.

People often ask me why I do not spend my holidays in my native country. I reply in friend Pachmann's words: "Der is nossing to eat, and nossing to drink"; on my own account I add, "and the devil to pay!" I do not live to eat and drink, but I must eat and drink to live, and as I cannot find decent food to eat and decent wine to drink in a place in my native country where I could pass a tranquil existence with proper nourishment, I go where I *can* find all I require.

There is another reason why I seek repose in foreign lands. My well-wishers frequently want to know if I do not find the heat on the shores of the lake of Como or Maggiore, etc., debilitating? I reply, "In England during eight months of the year I have to exist in an atmosphere of cold moisture, tempered with the north-eastern blast, and I migrate to sunny climes to get warmed through." The warming process is slow; it takes a month to dry my bones, and then another two

weeks to thaw my marrow. I never interfere with other people's tastes or necessities. I merely state what I like and require. At the same time I know it does me good, and I venture to suggest merely that what I find effective would be likewise more beneficial to many seekers of repose from the business of the world than prowling about in the neighbourhood of glaciers and snow-clad peaks, where the mid-day heat is often unbearable, and the evening cold is always unbearable—unless nature has kindly provided the prowler with a rhinoceros's hide—and dangerous to the ordinary human being unaccustomed to such extreme changes of heat and cold during the same twenty-four hours.

A few weeks ago I made an excursion from Lucerne to Brunnen accompanied by a friend who had never been on the lake before. We had to wait on the quay at Brunnen for the return steamer from Fluelen. What a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream. Peace has departed, modern progress has planted all its various constituents of noise and bustle, the Demon of Destruction rushes wildly over the once quiet roads; the primitive porter is replaced by an official bedecked with gilt-banded cap and gilt-buttoned surtout, his extended palm ever ready to receive the "insults" (*vide* "The Mikado"—Gilbert and Sullivan) of the departing stranger, or any other little stray perquisite that chance may throw in his way.

When I left the quiet village in 1860, I took away with me a little, chubby-faced boy ; one of a family of eleven children, whose poor parents could barely provide for. He lived in my service for two years, when he conceived an irrepressible desire " to go to sea." I found a ship for him, fitted him out, and off he went to Shanghai. I heard from him occasionally that he was doing well, and that ultimately he had set up in the hardware business on his own account at San Francisco. He was one of the lucky people who came unscathed out of the earthquake and fire disaster.

Since he left his home in 1860, he had never been able to return, owing to one vicissitude or another, until this year. He learned I was staying at Lenno, and came over to see me. He had grown into a wiry, elderly man with a grey beard, in whom I should never have recognized the chubby boy. His first words after saluting me were, " My God, what a change. I could not have believed it possible. Brunnen is utterly spoiled." And well he might say so. The modest hotel, at the landing-place, where peace and comfort were to be had at a moderate rate, is now replaced by a palatial residence where nothing but noise and bustle are offered at a modern tariff, augmented by the extortions of " the expectant arid palm," and surrounded on all sides, except the water side, by still more pretentious hostelries.

Legs, except for the pleasure of stretching

them refreshmentwise, might in general be dispensed with. The weary voyager from Lucerne (very nearly two hours' sail) is conveyed by vehicles of various kinds to his destination, and if he wishes, which he does not always, to enjoy the scenery, there are horses, donkeys, tram-cars, motor-cars, funicular railways, always ready to save his poor legs. There is one thing which awaits the invention of some noble genius—a benefactor to his race—a machine to undress the weary traveller, say his prayers for him, and lay him gently on his bed. Perhaps with a little extra trouble it might be fitted with a musical stop to murmur a lullaby and hush him to sleep.

In 1903 I paid another visit to the Cape ; I was away from home two and a half months. Under the auspices of a syndicate I sang at Capetown in three miscellaneous concerts, and in "Elijah." The concerts were not well attended, but the public made up at the oratorio for their absence at the concerts. The performance took place in a large drill-hall ; the hall was densely packed, and the execution of the work was excellent, the chorus, drilled to perfection by Dr. Barrow-Dowling, did him great honour ; the orchestra was not far behind, it only lacked one or two important instruments (not to be had in Capetown) to have raised it to the level of the chorus. I have had much to do with Dowling, both as accompanist and conductor, and cannot in justice forbear saying that his knowledge, judgment, care, and

earnestness, would fit him for a post in either capacity in any country.

With the aid of one who had proved himself a true friend during my first visit (Mr. Alex. Milligan —my friend Sandy), I gave a concert at the Town Hall, Durban ; I ground the organ, and he blew the bellows to some purpose ; we had the hall packed from stem to stern, hundreds of people were left out in the cold, and we were considerably enriched by the net proceeds. Sandy, being head " bottle-washer " of the *Natal Mercury*, refused to participate in the profits, but I forced his share down his throat, threatening him with non-participation in the business if ever I appeared in Durban again. It was he who loaded me with the Zulu and Kaffir trophies, when I was leaving, after my first African campaign ; he is responsible for my statement that the lady's ball-dress is *talis et qualis* as worn by Zulu " belles."

I had no difficulties this visit about an accompanist ; we had the comfort of the assistance of one of the ablest I have known, Mrs. D. MacColl, a distinguished amateur during her husband's life, who, after his premature death, turned her musical talents to good account, fortunately for those who, like all wandering singers, are often placed in a very awkward predicament. It is impossible for a singer or solo instrumentalist to do justice to the work he is performing, or to his own talent, if he is held in check by a bungler who insists on " following " him ; " following " is not

"accompanying." I am often told, when I have to depend on an individual I have never met before, and to whom, therefore, I feel it necessary to give some hints, "Oh, do not trouble, I will follow you." I reply, "I beg your pardon, I do not want you to follow, I want you to keep by my side; you must keep your intelligence alive and your ears open or you will be a hindrance instead of a help."

How could a man who undertakes to assist another up a stony, steep path render any assistance if he follows two or three paces behind? We have our stony, steep paths to climb, and are liable to slip unless our help is on the spot. We get through our work and cover our slips if we are experienced, at the expense of our nerves; while the inexperienced youngsters flounder, and in consequence have to bear the stigma of imperfection. A solo pianist may be able to play perfectly at sight any music put before him; that does not make him an accompanist; he is more likely to be engaged in displaying his own peculiar talent than in paying attention to the person he is accompanying. The most difficult test for an accompanist, in my opinion, is a song such as many of our old English, Irish, or Scotch ditties, where the declamation of the verses is the most important feature; the accompaniment, consisting of a simple arpeggio, or a few dispersed chords, merely to sustain the voice; to the uninitiated it *looks* very easy, but I have known

very few professed accompanists who could stand the test.

I may seem hard upon this branch of the profession, while, on the contrary, I sympathize heartily with its professors; my only object in speaking as I have done, is to advise any of my young friends who desire to follow it, to bear in mind the stale proverb, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Accompanying is a vocation; like all other vocations, it requires study and experience to fit it for the work it is called to do. At the same time performers have no right to demand impossibilities; it is their duty to provide the accompanist with a clear copy of the piece they are about to perform in the key in which they perform it, and any particular marks of expression, or changes of time they introduce into it, clearly defined. Failing this, they deserve any blame that may be attached to their imperfect performance.

I was present at a comic illustration of what may happen through a singer's inattention to business. I was singing at a concert in the provinces some years ago, when a celebrated lady singer, being called upon for an encore, handed a ragged, dirty copy of a Scotch ballad to the accompanist—Tito Mattei—requesting him to play it in G flat—the copy was in D natural. "But," said Tito, "I cannot transpose a song I do not know from D to G flat at sight, before the public; if you had shown it to me at the hotel, I would

play it in any key you like." A slight altercation ensued, which ended in Mattei giving way; he glanced at the song as he went on to the platform, and played the accompaniment perfectly; but the lady found, after about a dozen bars or so, she could not reach the lower notes, and stopped; I guessed what was the matter, there was a G flat in the key, and she took for granted that must be the key note; she wanted it in D flat! Young singers, beware!

I also sang at a miscellaneous concert and in "Elijah" at Maritzburg; both nights we had a crowded house; the concert went off very well; the oratorio: Hum! Ha! likewise Ho! Being alive at the present moment, I hardly need say I survived it! The mayor, the aldermen, and other officials, besides a number of "elect" of the town, assembled in the green-room after the performance and joined in a "Hallelujah" chorus, showing that they were satisfied, so I dismissed my patron "Elijah" from my thoughts, went back to my hotel, ate my supper with good appetite, and after smoking the calumet of peace ("the calomel o' pace," I believe, is the Irish translation adopted by the Dublin carman), retired to my tranquil cot and dreamed that a raven with a human face and barbed tail presented me with a conductor's bâton shaped like a boomerang, and commanded me to collect together a band of Baalites who, like sheep, had gone astray. I cast the boomerang, it missed the sheep,

recoiled on me, stunned me, and I did not recover consciousness until I was awakened by the matin bell.

A propos of Mendelssohn's immortal work, the following anecdote may be found amusing. The last time I sang for the Royal Albert Choral Society (about eight years ago, more or less) was in a performance of "Elijah." I was in first-rate form and, without boasting, can say I executed my part in first-rate style. I departed after the air "For the mountains," as usual. When I reached the top of the steps leading from the orchestra to the west-end door, a nice-looking old lady, accompanied by a young man, emerged from the entrance to the area. I heard their conversation without listening, as they were speaking at full voice. The young man said, "Well, dear, what did you think of it?" "My dear," she replied, "it was delightful, really. I enjoyed it very much." "Was it not a wonderfully fine performance?" continued the gentleman. "It was, indeed," said the pleasant old lady; "there was only one drawback; in my opinion, there was too much of "Elijah" and too little of Mr. Edward Lloyd." I was not surprised or annoyed in the least. As I drove home, smoking my cigar, I wondered—I had often done before, after taking part in an oratorio—whether people go to hear an interpretation of a dramatic work, or merely to hear sundry people sing. I am inclined to accept the latter, and even in that case they do

not always choose the best. Many and many a time have I taken part in "Elijah," when the only piece that aroused the enthusiasm of the audience was "Oh rest in the Lord," sung in such a way as might cause Mendelssohn to turn in his coffin. I may add, that certainly not more than three times in the course of my career, have I heard either that or the other contralto air, "Woe unto them," sung as Mendelssohn intended, either as regards movement or interpretation of the dramatic situation; and never but once the grand recitative for "Queen Jezebel" declaimed with true dramatic fire; Pauline Viardot Garcia was the interpreter.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ANNIVERSARY of my First Public Appearance—Depression—My Jubilee—Earl of Kilmorey's Spontaneous Offer—A Pleasant Surprise — Knighted — Congratulations and Mementoes — Mendelssohn's Note-book, 1832—Conclusion.

WHEN I look back to my first appearance at a public concert, having since experienced so many changes of scene and gone through so many phases of life, I can almost believe my professional birth is post-dated by a century. Half-professional, I ought to say, rather; even then I saw no hope of the button developing into a full-blown flower; no hope of exchanging the drudgery of a counting-house for the life my soul aspired to, however exigent the work it might entail; no hope of satisfying my craving desire to see foreign countries, especially Italy. But I did not allow my desires to interfere with the duty I was bound to fulfil. Everything (lawful) comes to those who wait patiently. I waited patiently, and did my work conscientiously; a month after the twenty-first anniversary of my birthday, the unexpected ray of hope shone! of the sequel you know the greater part; the rest you will soon know, if I have not already worn out your patience.

March, 1903, was the fiftieth anniversary of my first public appearance. Mr. Henry Gilman, who was then manager of the Crystal Palace, suggested

to me that a concert on a grand scale in the transept of the palace, would be a fitting celebration of the event, and begged I would give it my serious attention. I "let it slide," as I had no intention of celebrating my professional birthday otherwise than quietly at home.

1904, 1905, and 1906—until towards the close—were years of considerable anxiety. I began to contemplate being left out in the cold altogether; it appeared to me that I had become a clog on the musical world; while it respected my long service and experience, it no longer felt inclined to make use of them.

In the autumn of 1906, my musical affairs had reached such a depth of depression that I began to think seriously of the few future years of life which might still remain for me. Many acquaintances urged me to organize a celebration of the jubilee of my first appearance in London, which took place 16th November, 1857. Counsel and remonstrance were of no avail until a young advocate pleaded the cause, adopting a line of reasoning which caused my determination—to "let it slide"—to waver.

I overcame my obstinacy so far as to consult a party I thought might be of service in organizing what I conceived a fitting celebration. The proposals I made were received without any expression of warmth or of faith in the venture; the observations on what I had to propose were chiefly confined to "Hum!" and "Ha!" "Do

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THE EARL OF KILMOREY, K.P.

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you think?" and "Don't you think?" By degrees we made a crescendo. "Where did you think of giving the performance?" "What style of entertainment did you propose to give?" and, lastly, "*If* you resolve upon trying it, whom would you propose for the committee and chairman, to carry out your scheme?" These being plain questions, I answered them plainly: "I have plenty of friends on whom I could depend to form a committee, and I have an old and staunch friend who, I am sure, will undertake the office of chairman."

My interview threw a considerable measure of cold water over my expectations; I told my young advocate I did not see any hope of success, and it would be better to abandon all idea of a celebration. But a few days passed after I had aired this conclusion, when I received a note from Lord Kilmorey, asking me to make an appointment, as he wished to call to see me on a matter of business. I made up my mind that a member of his family wished to take lessons in singing, and he desired to arrange convenient hours for the lessons.

My intimacy with his lordship dates back nearly to the year 1860; he was then Viscount Newry; we became acquainted at the Opera, of which he was a frequenter and ardent admirer. He possessed a tenor voice, not of great power, but of very sympathetic quality, and as he expressed a desire to cultivate it sufficiently to use it

gracefully for the delectation of his friends, I made him the offer, which he accepted, to give him some lessons. With a good musical ear, combined with good taste, he made great progress during the short time he was able to devote to singing. I wrote a little song, "Nellie darling," which I dedicated to him, and which he sang charmingly; thus we became intimate friends, and though we met only on rare occasions of late years, our friendly intimacy has never slackened. He kept the appointment I made to see him; he marched in with military stride and saluted me with a friendly smile, then went with military precision straight to work at the object of his call. "When I met you at the Crystal Palace in June last, did I not hear you say that next year, 1907, you would celebrate your jubilee?"

"Yes, on 16th November, 1907."

"Good! Now, I am not going to ask for your consent, for you will have to give it; I am going to organize a big affair to celebrate the event. You are not to interfere in any way; a committee will be formed, of which I will act as chairman; we will arrange for the place in which the celebration shall take place; we will invite all your old comrades who are still before the public, and some that, though they have retired, I am sure will leave their retreats to do honour to you by taking an active part in the concert; in fact, everything will be arranged connected with the affair; and you shall not have anything to do

with it, except to sing two of your best-known songs, and pocket the proceeds."

I was so overwhelmed with this act of generosity and the affectionate way in which he offered it, I could only murmur: "Thank God, you have saved me!" After entering into a few particulars relating to the celebration, he left me and my little advocate happy!

The particulars of the "celebration" I need not enter into, as it took place so recently. To those friends and admirers who took an active part in it, to those who spared time they could ill afford, to attend meetings, to those who gave their services to form an attractive concert, and to all who by their substantial generosity helped to realize the brilliant result of the "celebration," I offer my heartfelt thanks.

His Holiness Pope Pius X, through the instrumentality of my Archbishop, Dr. Bourne, sent me his Apostolic Blessing and good wishes for the success of my jubilee. I made a pilgrimage to Rome during the month of May to thank His Holiness in person. After giving me his blessing, he said, with a loving smile, "I hope you may live to see another jubilee, then I will send you my blessing again!"

Throughout my career I never sought for, coveted, nor expected "honours." On the 1st January, 1887, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, conferred on me the title of "Commander of the order of Saint Gregory the Great," of which I had

not had the slightest hint until I received notice of it from the Vatican ; for that I have to thank the Passionist Father, Vincent Grogan, through the intercession of His Eminence, the late Cardinal Manning.

A few months after my jubilee, I was the recipient of a pleasant surprise, an "honour" which I certainly had never looked forward to. On the morning of the 4th November, 1907, the first letter I opened was from the late Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman ; it was to ask me "in case His Majesty were pleased to bestow on me the honour of knighthood, would I accept it ?" I had only one, a family objection, to propose ; my young advocate proposed *per contra* binding reasons for my acceptance ; my duty to my Sovereign ; my duty to my profession and professional comrades ; and, lastly, the great honour of being the first singer on whom the honour of knighthood would fall. I am a loyal, loving subject of my Sovereign, a staunch conservative of the honour and dignity of my country, as becomes a man whose only desire is to be worthy of the name of Christian ; therefore I accepted the honourable title it might be His Most Gracious Majesty's pleasure to bestow on me. On the 16th December, 1907, I knelt before my Sovereign as Mr., and rose Sir Charles Santley.

On the 24th January, 1907, I was invited to meet the members of the chorus of the Hallé concerts, in the Town Hall, Manchester, before a

performance of " Elijah," in which I had to sing on that evening. In the name of the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, the chorus master, Mr. R. H. Wilson, presented me with a handsome silver cigar-box as a token of their affection and esteem, and in remembrance of the many occasions on which we had worked together between January, 1858, and the 24th January, 1907. During that time I cannot call to mind having missed the annual performances of the " Messiah," and only one or two of " Elijah," except the two years I was absent in Australia.

On the 31st January, 1907, between the parts of a concert in which I took part at Norwich, I was presented by the Mayor, Mr. W. R. C. Howlett, on behalf of the subscribers, with a handsomely bound folio volume containing the annals of the Norwich Festival from 1824 to 1903, with copious finely-executed illustrations, and portraits of the various eminent artistes who took part in the triennial celebrations.

On the 16th December, 1907, the day on which His Most Gracious Majesty conferred on me the honour of knighthood, I took part in an organ recital with Mr. George Riseley, at Bristol. On making my appearance I was received by the audience—standing—with a splendid ovation, to which I responded with a few words of cordial thanks ; and between the parts of the concert I received a deputation of all the principal musical societies in Bristol, to offer me their united

congratulations on having attained my jubilee, and having received the honour of knighthood.

On the 18th December, 1907, after taking part in a performance of "Elijah," at Hanley, Staffordshire, I was invited to meet the Mayor and members of the Borough Council, with a few friends and the performers in the oratorio, in the Mayor's private room. After an eloquent speech, His Worship presented me with two beautiful Wedgewood vases, as a souvenir, offered me by my friends in Hanley, of the many times I had been able to afford them some little solace amid the cares of the world. In thanking the Worshipful the Mayor, and the kind friends by whom I was surrounded, I had to express my regret that on that occasion I had not been able to do my work to my satisfaction, as I was suffering from the remains of a severe cold. The Mayor of Stoke-on-Trent, who was present, in a witty speech, turned the mourning into laughter, and we parted merrily.

On the 27th December of the same year, I accepted an invitation to a reception at the Produce Market, Liverpool, offered to me by the members of the provision trade, to which I served my apprenticeship from 1849 to 1854. The principal resolution, "to wish me health and happiness," was proposed in most eloquent terms by Mr. George McKibbin, the head of the firm of McKibbin & Cordukes with whom I served my time, whose acquaintance I first made when he

was still a baby in long clothes. The resolution was responded to with uproarious applause. In offering my cordial thanks for their hearty reception and kind expressions of friendship, I reminded those present that I was the oldest member of the provision trade among them.

On the seventy-fourth anniversary of my birthday, 28th February, 1908, I was entertained at a reception held by the headmaster, Mr. H. V. Weisse, the masters and boys at the Liverpool Institute, the school at which I received my education. I entered in 1840 and left to begin my apprenticeship in 1849. To the headmaster during my time (and for some years after), Mr. Alexander McIlveen, I owe the foundation of any good I have been of, or have done in this world, and I feel sure that a number of my contemporaries, if there are any still alive, would say the same; and I congratulate the directors of the Institute on their good fortune in having secured so worthy a successor to him in Mr. Weisse.

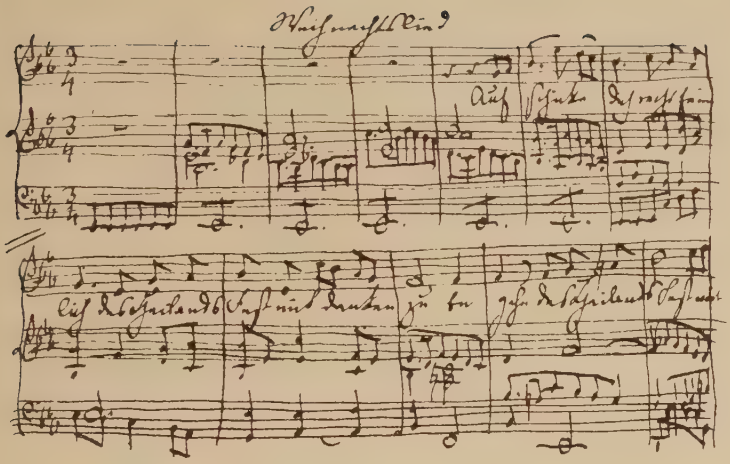
We had a short musical entertainment in the fine Lecture Hall, where I made my first public appearance in 1853. The boys' share was the soprano and alto parts in three choruses from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," including the difficult double chorus "Wretched lovers"; and one or two "four-part songs"—the tenor and bass parts being ably supplied by the masters; the music studied under the direction of and the performance conducted by Mr. Weisse himself. I can

only say I was astounded at the precision, intonation, and delicacy of the execution of all the numbers.

In return for their offering, I gave them "Oh, Ruddier than the Cherry," and one or two of my other favourite ditties, accompanied by Miss H. McCullagh. At the conclusion of our little concert, the head boy of the school stepped forward and read a very graceful address congratulating me on having attained my jubilee and the honour His Majesty had been pleased to confer on me, and he then presented me with an elegant silver bowl as a souvenir from himself and comrades to the head boy of nearly sixty years ago.

In reply to the touching address, I told the boys how much to me the value of their handsome present was enhanced by the knowledge that (as Mr. Weisse informed me) it was purchased with the boys' pocket-money, their parents having been prohibited from subscribing so much as a farthing. I am sure nobody can find fault with me when I say it was the most joyful episode I experienced in connection with my jubilee and subsequent honour.

On the 11th April, 1908, I was present at a banquet given in my honour at the Exchange, Station Hotel, Liverpool, by the Liverpool branch of The Incorporated Society of Musicians, of which Society I had recently been elected a member. Before the banquet the committee organized a "musical afternoon" at the Eberle



FROM A MS. NOTE-BOOK OF MENDELSSOHN'S

LUDGATE HILL

A pencil drawing by Mendelssohn *(ibid.)*

Hall, in close proximity to the hotel. The "Schievers Quartett" played some concerted and solo pieces, and I sang some of my well-known songs, including, of course, being the work of Liverpool's most celebrated musician (John Liptrot Hatton), "To Anthea," accompanied by Mr. H. A. Branscombe.

The Lord Mayor had most graciously consented to preside at the banquet, but was, unfortunately, obliged to absent himself from Liverpool, called away by important business. His place was ably filled by Dr. J. C. Bridge, organist of Chester Cathedral. We were entertained with several eloquent and witty speeches. All present expressed unbounded satisfaction with the way in which the arrangements for both concert and banquet had been organized and carried out by Mr. Ernest Young, Secretary of the Liverpool branch of the I.S.M.

I have left to the last a most precious gift presented to me by my neighbour for many years, Mrs. Swinburne, an excellent pianiste and musician, as a souvenir of the celebration of my jubilee. With her permission I publish the kind letter which accompanied her gift; a note-book which Felix Mendelssohn carried in his pocket in the year 1832, containing water-colour and pencil drawings, sketches of songs, etc., for his sister Rebecca. The accompanying facsimiles will furnish a better description of the little book than anything I could write.

On the 25th February last I was presented with a laurel wreath by the members of Mr. John Kirkhope's choir between the parts of a performance of "Elijah" at Edinburgh.

Here I conclude. By the grace of God I have been able to do my work with few interruptions for upwards of fifty-five years, and am still able to do it at the age of seventy-four whenever I am called upon; and will continue to work as long as it is God's will to preserve me, my voice, and faculties.

I take no formal "Farewell"; we may meet again. If it should not be here, I hope we may meet where there will be one Composer, one Conductor, and that we may all join in one choir to sing His praise for ever and ever!

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